THE

GENESEE COUNTRY

BY

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What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-arm ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men.
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excell cold rocks and brambles rude,—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state;
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.

—*Sir William Jones.*

THE quadri-centennial anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated with great pomp in Chicago by the Columbian Word's Fair. That great discovery introduced a new era in history—the great era of the pioneer. He was never known before. There has been scarcely anything else known since. The history of modern times is the history of the pioneer.

Nineteen years ago we had another great centennial year. We then celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of a great, free, and enlightened nation founded in the forests of the New World by the arms of the pioneers. The men who started in from Maine to Georgia and undertook to push a thousand miles of frontier line were, as Lowell happily and truthfully says, "men with empires in their brains." The thousand miles of frontier line has moved steadily onward until it is now awakening the echoes of those distant solitudes where once "rolled the Oregon, and heard no sound save his own dashings." A well organized nation of seventy millions is established on the labors of the pioneer, and will ever hold him in honored remembrance.

Lowell says that Cooper created but one character—but that one was enough for fame—the white hunter, Natty Bumppo. On the shore of Otsego Lake a lofty granite shaft upholds an effigy of the brave child of the forest,

arrayed in his hunting shirt, his coonskin cap, and leggins, and holding "Kill Deer" in his hand. Thus one aspect of the pioneer has been caught by genius and immortalized. But Cooper came pretty near supplying another character when he wrote up Billy Kirby, the wood-chopper of Otsego. The stalwart young giant who laid the edge of his axe against the loftiest pine as though the felling of the monster was a mere trifle; the youth who made the woods vocal with his songs at the sugar-making; the youth who was the life of every bee and frolic and turkey shoot; the man who was ever ready to lend his great strength to the constable or sheriff in making the arrest of a law-breaker; the man who could storm an outlaw's stronghold and look without a quiver into the barrel of his rifle while calling upon him to surrender,—certainly came very near being a character.

But those flitting young men passing from forest to forest and from settlement to settlement, with all their merits are far from being the best types of the pioneer. They are remembered with love for their amiable traits. But you see the pioneer in earnest when you see the man who took his family into the woods and fought out the problem of existence there. Some genius will yet bring out the Endicotts, the Putnams, and the Lincolns into as distinct relief as the Bumppos and the Kirbys. The finest literature in the world will yet cluster around the early settlements of America and the American pioneer. A great subject will surely one day find a great voice. Some great character will typify the whole movement. His shaft will not stand by a secluded lake but rather on the shore of the mighty ocean itself. The figure will have a suggestion of Bumppo, Kirby, Endicott, Putnam, and Lincoln; as the typical pioneer will represent all those characters fused into one.

The on-rush of history since the pioneer got abroad is simply amazing. America has been made since the battle of Bunker Hill; the revolutionary settlements were but a mere fringe along the Atlantic coast; the site of Batavia was then buried in the wilderness two hundred miles beyond the remotest settlements. Think of all the history that has been made since Bunker Hill! Think of Rochester, and Buffalo, and Cleveland, and Cincinnati, and Chicago, and St. Louis, and San Francisco. Yet the interval since Bunker Hill is comprehended by two lives. A gifted friend of mine who is still in vigorous health and who has a prospect of many years yet before him, has written a spirited poem on "The Fifer of Bunker Hill." The poet who is now living an honored resident of Batavia, got the materials for his poem at first-hand; he conversed with the fifer of Bunker Hill, and heard him blow on the identical fife the tunes that stirred the hearts of the Old Continentals to stubborn battle. What of the limitless future, if so much has been accomplished within the scope of two generations?

I could describe the homes of the Vanderbilts and the Astors, of the Rhinelanders and the Roosevelts. I have traversed the Beacon street of the Modern Athens and have viewed the statued thoroughfares of our National Capital. But these sights have never stirred my feelings half so much as a little structure that I once saw in the Old South Church in Boston, stirred them. It was a model of a Puritan's cabin—the cabin of the first pioneer. In the capacious fire-place with its well swept hearth a generous supply of logs was resting on the identical andirons that upheld the feul for those who looked death and history in the face in that dreadful winter of 1620—that

winter of dire exposure and starvation. The pots and kettles that cooked their clams and such other meagre provisions as they could command were near at hand; and the cranes that upheld them were in place. The dishes were arranged away with housewifery taste in a neat but humble cupboard. A few chairs of the olden time were on the clean floor, together with the plain table at which the pioneer ate his humble meal. The cradle that once held the child of Rose Standish ere she and the little darling both went down to sleep under the snow of that winter of death was there carrying its eloquent silence down to remotest posterity. Over against the cradle was the spinning wheel whose music played an accompaniment to Priscilla's throbbing heart as she heard the message from Miles Standish and prayed that John Alden might

THE PIONEER CABIN AT SILVER LAKE, IN THE HEART OF THE GENESEE.

plead only for himself. On the wall was the flintlock that had "seen service in Flanders," that had brought food from the forest, and that had kept the prowling savage at bay. Here indeed was history. Beacon street with its luxury and culture was but a stone's-throw away. I turned from it with indifference and took off my hat to Plymouth Rock.

The Old South was teeming that day with relics of the colonial period, the period of America's first pioneers. Those relics were exhibited for the purpose of raising a fund to save the Old South itself from falling into the hands of the modern speculator.

I will mention one other relic to show the kind of men that were nursed in the cradles of the woodland cabins. On a table with other relics was a small rapier sheathed in a faded scabbard attachad to an equally faded belt. It was an insignificant little object. Never in my life, however, have I been so moved as I was at the sight of that small weapon resting in its faded cover.

It had belonged to an obscure farmer who had been awakened from his slumbers by the midnight alarm of Paul Revere, as the latter dashed through the settlements on his flying steed and reported that the British soldiers were moving out from Boston. Our farmer was already in the service of his country as a minute man. He had drilled his neighbors of Acton town, and was honored with the appointment of captain. He had fed his animals for the last time on earth, and had retired as usual, with his armor of warfare on the chair by his side. The dusk of morning found the Acton company hovering on the heights of Concord town, feeling their way to battle. The roar of destruction came on the breeze from Lexington; and immediately the victorious regulars came marching with gleaming bayonets and well-drilled step into the streets of Concord. They despised the straggling companies of common folks that made a show of resistance on the hills. They saw that there was no coherence, no organization, no drill. Opposed to their muskets and bayonets were only the squirrel rifles and such heterogeneous weapons as happened to be in the houses of a pioneer settlement. The militia at Lexington had disappeared before the withering fire like late snow flakes before the burning rays of the rising sun. Again and again the patriots fell back before superior numbers, superior equipment, and superior training. The torch was applied to the stores at Concord; and the regulars faced back to Boston to tell the story of their success. The Acton company was in their front, its commander raging like a caged lion. He sullenly gave way with his little band until the bridge was reached and crossed. There his patience was exhausted. Turning to his men he said: "This thing has gone far enough; I propose that we make a stand right here." The little rapier flew from its sheath; and at the word of command the squirrel rifles were discharged into the faces of the regulars. At the return volley Captain Isaac Davis fell forward on his face, no longer an obsecure farmer, but one of the most renowned heroes that the world has ever produced. I need not stop to tell the story of Concord fight, how the struggle at the bridge brought all the neighborhood down upon the regulars, how every wall and fence and building became a breastwork of blazing weapons, how the fleeing British were saved from utter annihilation only by the timely arrival of heavy re-enforements, how the rescued remnant fell upon the ground with tongues protruding in the last stage of exhaustion.

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

The gatherings of pioneers are eminently proper, eminently useful, and pre-eminently agreeable. It is eminently proper for those who have stood together in the hour of trial and danger to meet and talk of old times, old scenes, and dangers past. This feeling brings the surviving soldiers flying from all parts of the land to attend the reunions of their old regiments. It is like a family reunion, for once a common danger drew them together closer than brothers. These gatherings of pioneers are eminently useful; for they bring out the best kind of history for the instruction of the on-looker, viz: the history of the eye-witness or of the actual participant. When Æneas held the Carthaginian queen and her people spell-bound with his story it was because he was able to say: "All of which I saw and part of which I was."

"The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."

And what is more agreeable than the story of old times? When the ship-wrecked Trojans were tossed ashore on the wild inhospitable coast of Libya, far from their destination, ruined and undone, not knowing which way to turn in their deep distress and sorrow, their leader endeavored to arouse their spirits by assuming a cheerfulness which he did not possess, and by reminding them that some day these dire adventures would be something pleasant to talk about.

"*Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

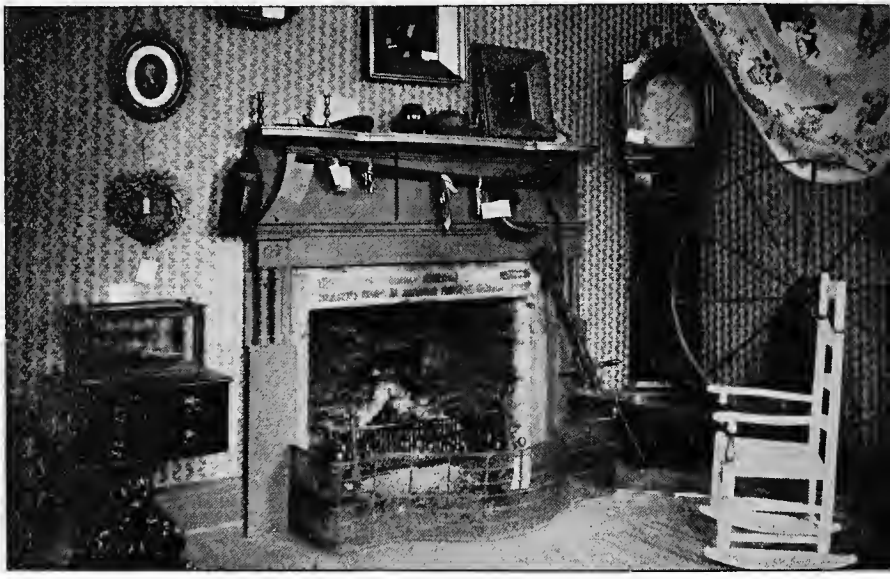
It is the community of danger and struggle, that need of mutual helpfulness, which gives the word neighbor its true meaning. He is my neighbor who helps me in time of trial and who comforts and cheers me in my loneliness and sorrow. The old settlers have fought the battle together; they have visited each other in sickness and in health; they have followed one another to the tomb. The old settler has his neighbors all over a county; the city man does not know, nor want to know, the family residing next door. The old settlers band themselves together and form a local aristocracy. This is right. It is the aristocracy of worth; the test of time is on the article; its genuineness is established beyond question. Every pioneer is a new nobleman; and every man who has the courage to go somewhere and be an old settler may become the founder of a house. Greeley's pithy "Go West, young man," was a suggestion to go and get a dukedom.

I have spoken of what has been, and what is. But what is to be is greater than all. Our pioneer has been moving on parallel lines. He has been true to the adage that "westward the course of empire moves." But he will soon have no west. Then will he take to his meridians; and some future historian will tell of his doings at Baffins Bay and Cape Horn. He will then deploy his skirmish lines through Africa and eventually reach the Amoor.

Cæsar built a bridge and crossed the Rhine; but he hurried back again because he encountered there a man who was destined to make a better history than he could make. The pioneer emanates from the German forest; the Anglo-Saxon is the world-maker. But he does not make the world for Cæsar. He makes the world for families and for old and new settlers. In the world of the Anglo-Saxon every man has freedom and scope to follow the bent of his tastes and aspirations. He has the opportunity to make the most out of his life without having any one to molest or make him afraid. The pioneer is the pioneer of liberty. Every old settler is not only a nobleman, he is a fraction of a king; a king powerful and beneficent, a king before whom all the other monarchs of the earth are beginning to bend the knee, a king to whom all the other monarchs of the earth will yet be obliged to surrender their crowns, thrones, and dominions.

I have said that genius would yet write up the story of the pioneer and paint him on a canvass that would do justice to his manly traits. Let me close this passage with a vison seen by genius before the first pioneer entered the wilds of America. The golden ages of literature were the fifth century before Christ in Greece, the first century before Christ in Rome, the fifteenth

century in Italy, the sixteenth century in England, and the seventeenth century in France. In each of those periods human genius reveled in its powers and brought forth the noblest productions under the very stress as it were of necessary creation. Shakespeare had his contemporaries and his compeers, the glorious galaxy of the Elizabethan age, men who rank in our literature as stars of the first magnitude; though their radiance was somewhat obscured by the sunlight of his imperial powers. On hearing that Virginia was to be settled the poet Drayton gave vent to his enthusiasm in an impatient burst of song and prophecy:



PIONEER HISTORY—AN INTERIOR IN THE OLD HOLLAND LAND OFFICE.

Ye brave heroic minds!
Worthy your country's name,
That honor still pursue
Whilest loitering hinds
Lurk here at home in shame,
Go and subdue!

Britons, you stay too long!
Quickly aboard bestow you!
And with a spreading gale
Swell the stretched sail,
And with vows as strong
As the winds that blow you!

And cheerily at sea
Success you still entice
To get the pearl and gold
And ours to hold
Virginia, earth's paradice!

In kenning of the shore,
Thanks to God first given,
Oh! ye, the happiest men!
Be frolic then!
Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide heaven!

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
And those from whom we came,
And plant our name
Under that star
Not known to our worth!

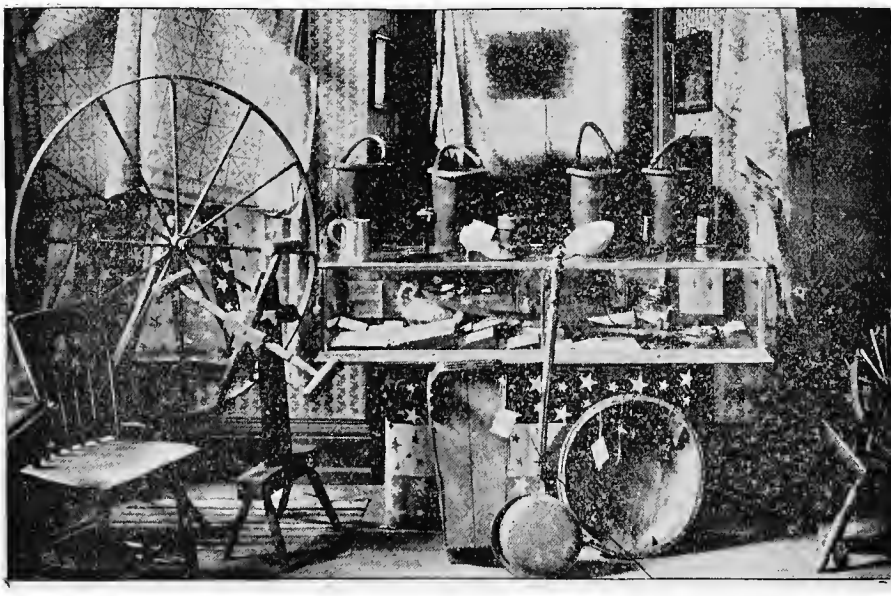
And as there plenty grows
Of laurels everywhere,
Apollo's sacred tree
You it may see,
A poet's brow to crown
That may sing there.

"BEFO' THE WAH."

ANY one who chances to overhear any conversation anywhere in the South will not fail to hear the phrase "befo' the wah." And he will not fail to hear it again and again if the conversation continues. This is because the older population of the South have lived in widely differing eras; and they cannot avoid making comparisons. The war broke up the whole structure of *ante bellum* society. Old customs and old characters have disappeared forever with the conditions that brought them into existence. Those vanished customs and characters were very picturesque; and literary art is now doing its best to stereotype and preserve them. They will be preserved in art. But the North also has its "befo' the wah," as well as the South. We also are living in a new era; the change in customs and characters has been nearly as great here as there. Our older people have their minds filled with mighty comparisons, with reminiscences of things that have utterly and forever vanished. But the war was not the cause with us; though it happened to be nearly the dividing point between the old and new. The cause with us is invention. There are those living who have seen the sickle cutting off the grain; they have seen the gentle sickle give way to that wonderful stalwart cradle that piled down its swath more rapidly than a score of sickles; they have seen the crashing cradle give way to the singing reaper, with which one small boy could pile more sheaves than had been previously put together by half a dozen stalwart men. They have seen the mower's scythe give place to the clicking mowing machine; they have seen Maud Muller retired by the horse-rake; they have seen the hay gathered on to the wagon without a pitch-fork, and have seen it packed away in the barn with grappling hooks worked by horses. They have seen the sower scatter the seed with his hand; they have seen the farmer hoeing out the weeds from his corn; and they have seen him digging his potatoes with a spade. They have seen the house-wife plying the

spinning wheel and the knitting needles; they have seen her churning the butter by hand; they have seen the flying shuttle in the farm-house weaving the substantial linsey-woolsey to clothe the entire household. They have seen the stage-coach with its unique driver; they have seen the prosperous way-side inns. They have seen the burning wick in the saucer of molten lard; they have seen the tallow candle, made first by dipping and then by moulding. They have seen the spelling-school, and the husking bee, and the quilting party, and the log-raising. And so I might go on with multitudes of things that have been in recent times, but now are not, and never again will be.

But I wish to dwell a moment on one great change and its consequences. I refer to the change in the method of pioneering. The pioneer as



GRANDMOTHER COULD DESCRIBE THEM.

a home-seeker will go on until he has taken the last corner of the earth. But the pioneer as a character has almost disappeared. Soon he must be sought in the pages of literature alone. It seems a paradox to say that settlement has been quickened, but the settler can no longer be found. But it is true. There are no longer any new settlements. But old settlements are constantly found on new ground. I have seen the silent prairie empty to the distant horizon; I have been on that identical prairie in the midst of a settlement as old as this of the Genesee. The houses were just as large and white; the barns were just as large and red; the school-houses and churches were just as commanding; the roads were in just as good condition; the villages and cities were just as well built; the stores were just as well packed with necessaries,

comforts, and luxuries. The people had not a single privation. It was an old settlement. I am relating a fact; I am describing a miracle that I have seen. But it has thousands of counterparts. It is a constant occurence. But what wizard or magician is doing this? I saw him at the World's Fair. Any one could see him that had any wish to do so. He was the first thing to be seen on entering the grounds from the 63d Street gate. He stood on the left hand just before you struck that great quadrangle of buildings balanced by the towering shaft of the Administration Building. It was the little wheezy locomotive, "DeWit Clinton," and its little ramshackle train of coaches. When that little thing started on its first journey from Albany to Schenectady the mightiest social revolution in history was begun. The death-knell of privation was rung with that first little bell. The pioneer is no pioneer if he does not have to suffer and be brave.

Before the coming of the locomotive the uninhabited wilds were attacked by the "prairie schooner," or covered wagon. And the prairie schooner was a picturesque institution. It carried a brave family with a humble outfit. It carried those who knowingly and willingly accepted great privations for the sake of independence. It carried genuine pioneers; it meant new settlements far from home; it meant keeping Indians and the wolf at bay and waiting a generation for even ordinary comforts. The pioneers were a quiet set; they did not publish their intentions from the house-tops. But as they looked into their winter's fire they kept up a mighty thinking; and just as soon as flowery May afforded grass for the animals and a temperature that could be endured, the white sails of the land ship were spread from Lake Erie to the Gulf, and the forward movement of the vanguard of civilization began. It was picturesque. They started singly and in trains; others followed and followed, until the season was well advanced. And every year the pioneer swarmed and moved on to his new abode.

The locomotive moves civilization without a vanguard; hence the locomotive has killed our pioneer. It would be a rare sight now to see a prairie schooner; it is as obsolete as the old stage coach. The wild Oklahoma rush is not the pioneering of history; the latter is gone forever. All honor to the vanished vanguard! I encountered an Oklahoma boomer on the grounds of the World's Fair. He had done his rushing and got his claim, and a few days later he was doing up the Fair, as smug a looking personage as any one there.

No, in opening up a new country now, the railroad has to go on ahead. And as soon as it is determined where the next town must be, the town will be there on short notice, often within a few days after the definite establishment of the station. At some of the more desirable points the houses are built on wheels ready to be run on the corner lots as soon as it is known where the corners must be. So, within a week after the arrival of the first train, the enterprising commercial traveler alights with his gripsack, is driven in a bus to the "best hotel," and proceeds to sell goods to "all the stores in town." A man may go out and admire a sociable community of prairie dogs in a region not otherwise inhabited. Within a month he may hear a company of commercial travelers gravely comparing the hotel accommodations in ————; and lo! and behold! ———— is right on the site of the enterprising and hospitable little canines. I say hospitable; for they had been giving the owls and the rattlesnakes free lodgings for a thousand years. The locomotive

puffed them and their prescriptive rights out of sight and into nowhere; and it puffed a settled civilization into instant existence. Even the Indian cannot bear the smoke; he hears the toot and the bell and moves sullenly on. The Greaser, the Chinese, and the South African will have to get out of the way of the puffer. The ships distributed civilization somewhat; but nothing can compare with the railroad in extinguishing the old and establishing the new. The British fleet used to be the world's civilizer. It was a rough process, but a somewhat effective one. But the palm has passed away from it to the peaceable offices of the Vanderbilts. It is sometimes questioned whether maps would not be better if not cut up and marked with so many railroad lines. Not at all; the railroads indicate the exact position of the frontier and the state of the world in regard to civilization. No device of coloring could tell a tithe as much as do the railroad lines themselves. The Anglo-Saxon started to get the world with his gun; and he would have had it in time. He is getting it now in enormous morsels with his railroads. We will not be here to see what he will do next. But the problem will not be deferred long beyond our time.

THE GENESEE COUNTRY.

THE picture which captivated me most fully of all at the Columbian World's Fair, was one of whose existence I was not aware until I encountered it on an end wall, and not at the middle of the wall at that. It was honored with a middle elevation, but it was put as far into the corner as possible. It was no centre-piece arranged to attract and hold admiring thousands. So far as I know no trumpet had ever sounded its fame; nor have I since heard an allusion to it. I know of but one worshipper who offered any special incense before it. But he was an ardent devotee; and he came to it again and again, to commune with it and to let it sink deep into his soul. He was not an art critic; and he may be wrong; but he had his feelings and he yielded to them.

> Wonderful! Wonderful! the charm of color
> Fascinates me the more that in myself
> The gift is wanting. I am not a painter.—*Longfellow.*

The voice of the world and the voice of the management said: "Look elsewhere." He did look elsewhere, and with much enjoyment; but he ever returned to his own little love with increased idolatry. He saw by the name of the painter that they dared not put it off the middle line; but, as I said, they accorded it every indignity consistent with that one concession. Its theme was not that of battles—"the pomp and circumstance of glorious war;" nor was it the lively chase, with hounds and stags and mounted horsemen and flying foxes. It was not a scene of stampeding buffalos and pursuing Indians. It was not a struggle in the jungles; it was not an encounter with the Numidian lion. It was not an exploit of the buskined huntress of Greece; it was not Actæon torn by his own dogs. It was not a picture of sirens or beautiful nymphs, or conch-blowing Tritons, or howling Polyphemuses. It was not the stately procession of the great with gorgeous costumes and graceful attitudes; it was not the wholesome home of the decent poor. It was not the persecution, nor the amphitheater, nor the Indian massacre. It

was not the pre-Raphaelite study of interiors and quaint characters; it was not the humor of the monastery. It was not one of the thousand marines; it was not one of the luscious Dutch landscapes. It was not a representation of a royal family, a portrait of a distinguished person, or a study of an ideal head. It was not an inspiring allegory; it was not a side splitting joke. It was not of animals on the farm, or at the fair, or on the mountains; it was not of shepherds or shepherdesses, or pet lambs. It was not the sailor's yarn; it was not the rural marriage; it was not the procession to the "Derby" or the "Grand Prix." It was not a storm on the Alps; it was not the yawning canon; it was not the sombre fiord or the wave-dashed promontory. It was not the still life of knifes and forks and sliced ham; it was not the impressionist's blur of nature in her sombre moods. It was not the Norway pine; it was not the mountain cedar; it was not the spreading elm; it was not the symmetrical maple. It was not the Grand Turk, nor the stern Puritan, nor the dashing Cavalier. It was not the parting, nor the return, nor the quarrel, nor the reconciliation. It was not the tulip, nor the rose, nor the chrysanthemum, nor the lily of the valley. It was not a peep into lonely lakes, or unvisited water courses; it was not a sight of dashing cataracts. It was not a corner in a barnyard; it was not a cottage on a hillside; it was not a ponderous wind-mill by the sluggish canal. And so I might go on with my principle of exclusion, describing my picture by negations, until it would seem that I had ruled out the artist's entire realm. Every one of the subjects mentioned was found in the Art Palace, treated in masterly style with glorious effect, and showing that there is infinite room for originality after the subject has been handled a thousand times. I might sum up all the other themes by saying that my picture was not one of them. It contained no mountain and no lake, no purling stream, no dashing cataract, no house, no human being, no ship, no sea. Perhaps you will say that my new process of exclusion will rule it out of the universe? Not quite; neither the artist nor myself is so etherial as to get away from God's universe; though we may both happen to find a sip of pleasure outside of the beaten track. It is true that we are told that the poet

> Gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name."

But I have not "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," and I am quiet sure that my artist friend was perfectly sane.

But I will be merciful at last, and let my little secret out. My painting was entitled "Ripening Sunbeams." Please notice that I did not rule out the sky.

> "Aloft on sky and mountain wall
> Are God's great pictures hung."

The mellow rays of an August sun are pouring down through rifts in the fleecy clouds. Below is a patch of fine wheat (not a wheat-field—even a fence would distract from the glorious process that is going on with such powerful silence.) The gold descends in a flood; and the wheat seems to reach up for it in its hurry or eagerness to be transmuted. The lavish giver and the eager receiver seem to understand each other; there is bounty on the one hand; there is response on the other; there is beauty all the way through. Never

have I seen so great a theme so greatly handled. It would be paltry praise to say that was a fine sky effect. It was the finest of the fine; but that was only an incident in the artist's purpose. It would not over-shoot the mark to say that finer wheat never appeared on canvass; but that is not the point; the glory of the picture is in the play of silent and subtle forces. It is not in the ripe grain that the artist reaches his triumph, but in the *ripening* grain. You see the golden sunshine come down; you see the wheat drinking it in; you see the green giving way to the gold; you see the *process* going on right before your eyes. It is marvelous; it is exuisite; this conservation of energy treated with the eye of a poet and the brush of a great artist, The man who can do that can afford to wait for recognition; for it must come as surely as day follows night.

"And now Maestro pray unvail your picture
Of 'Danae,' of which I hear such praise.

TITIAN, *drawing back the curtain:*
What think you?

MICHAEL ANGELO:
That Acrisius did well
To lock such beauty in a bronzen tower,
And hide it from all eyes.

TITIAN:
The model truly
was beautiful.

MICHAEL ANGELO:
And more that you were present
And saw the showery Jove from high Olympus
Descend in all his splendor.

TITIAN:
From your lips
Such words are full of sweatness.

MICHAEL ANGELO:
You have caught
These golden hues from your Venetian sunsets.

TITIAN:
Possibly.

MICHAEL ANGELO:
Or from sunshine through a shower
On the lagoons of the broad Adriatic."

I was glad to see, before I left, the label of a gold medal stuck in the frame. When the committee got down to business they realized what an unobtrusive gem had been thrust off into the dark corner. The painter of this master-piece was already in the ranks of the immortals; it was the English artist Millais.

Poor old Falstaff in his last extremity "babbled o' green fields;" and that brief interval of beautiful delirium almost redeemed a life of worse than swinish sensuality. That great hulk of repulsive coarseness had somewhere within it the not entirely stifled soul of a child. He had been born for better things; yet, "nothing in his life so became him as the parting with it." Yes, the green fields are beautiful. Delicious is the soft verdure of the young spring, fragrant with beautiful flowers smiling back to the sweetly caroling birds.

In the spring a brighter crimson deepens on the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;
In the spring a lovlier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.
—*Tennyson.*

Sweetly beautiful are the green fields in early summer.

And what is so fair as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune;
And over it softly her warm ear lays.—*Lowell.*

Fine are the green fields in heavy foliaged July.

Sometimes walking, not unseen,
'Long ledge-row elms, by hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,

THE LOWER FALLS OF THE GENESEE AT ROCHESTER.

Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames of amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
And the milkmaid singing blithe;
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorne in the vale.—*Milton.*

But glorious above all to me are the fields in August, the time of the ripening and the ripened grain. The fields are now transfigured; and they do "shine as the sun." Truly they shine as the sun; for their glowing harvest gold is simply ripened sunshine. At the time of this autumn splendor

a landscape of the Genesee Country is a glimpse of Paradise. I never can stand on a Genesee eminence in early August without thinking of the Savior's temptation. The Genesee country is pre-eminently the land of the golden grain. Rochester was the "Flour City" long before it became the "Flower City." I have a fancy that the gold on the Genesee grain has a richer tinge than I have seen elsewhere. And I am quite positive that the waving cereal has a more delicate form and texture than can be found in any other region. Perhaps I am wrong. But such are my impressions of the beautiful Genesee country, glowing with that which is to me the most beautiful product of nature. I wish that Mr. Millais would come and look it over. I have said that the artist has generally to improve on nature; no artist can ever do justice to the harvest gold of the Genesee.

There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
—*Moore.*

In an article on the "Blue Grass Region of Kentucky" recently contributed to the *Century Magazine*, a cultivated traveler says that he had long debated in his mind as to which is the most beautiful region in the world. The question gradually narrowed itself down to three places; the famous Blue Grass Region of Kentucky, the gentle uplands of Surrey in England, and the Valley of the Genesee in the State of New York. After weighing the matter thoroughly and conscientiously he confessed that he was constrained to award the palm to the Valley of the Genesee, even while tuning his harp to sing of the Blue Grass Region. The three divinities of Olympus have again submitted their charms to the judgment of a second Paris; and again has the Venus of New York carried off the prize of comeliness from the Juno of Kentucky and the Minerva of England. We can say with perfect modesty about our Valley that it is very fine. It is not our fault if an impartial outsider pronounces it the finest of the fine. I verily believe that these unapproachable glories of the Genesee will yet be the theme of song and story. The fairest region on the face of the earth cannot fail long to attract the poet and the artist. It is as yet an untouched preserve of all that is daintiest, choicest, best. I cannot help feeling that it will furnish its own poets and painters, as well as its own magnificent characters. How Virgil would have reveled in such a setting for his "Eclogues" and "Georgics!" What increased inspiration for his "Bucolics" would not Theocritus receive from a glance into the present glories of the Genesee! Those divine bards would miss the helot, the slave, the serf, the bare-kneed peasant.

"Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thystilis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned hay-cock in the mead."

But they would see hundreds of miles of waving grain that would make the harvests of Sicily pale; they would see far and wide the cattle and sheep and horses on a thousand hills and in the quiet wide-spreading vales; they would see all the processes of agriculture carried on with the most improved implements and driven by the highest intelligence. It is no Corydon nor Tityrus that occupies that two-story white house with the green blinds, embowered in a few lofty trees, and fronted with a lawn planted with shrubbery and flowers. It is no impoverished victim of a thousand years of injustice who is packing that big red barn with the products of a fertile farm. It is no wretched captive from the north or south who is following that plow or directing the setting of those tiles, or trimming that orchard, or gauging that new fence to a perfect bee-line. It is the best blood of the Saxon race, most of it filtered through Old England and New England on its way to this "Happy land of Canaan" in the country of the Genesee. The artists often find the element of the picturesque in squalor. Any artist who needs that seasoning for his genius would not find it in the land of the Genesee. There is no squalor there. But to me there is a grace in thrift; there is poetry in prosperity. But among all the products of the Genesee country its most astounding product is boys and girls. And you would expect it from such an ancestry. They are such sturdy, manly lads, and such beautiful, queenly lasses. There "all the men are brave and all the women fair." And they are such ambitious young folks; they choke down all the high schools, and normal schools, and colleges that are at all get-at-able. They swarm in the Genesee country, and hosts of them fly away to take possession of the rest of the land. Happy the land that attracts the fair young lives that go forth from the vales and uplands of the Genesee country. Never was finer seed of empire ready to be sown. The new lands of the west call it one way: the growing cities of the east call it another. But with all the drafts upon it the Genesee country maintains the full level of its population.

Any one wishing to get a good idea of the Genesee country would not do ill to start in at Batavia, the ancient headquarters of the Holland Land Company. This beautiful little city, planted by the wisdom and foresight of Joseph Ellicott at the junction of two great Indian trails, lies right across the water-shed of the Genesee.

Every community has its peculiarities. The Batavians dote upon schools, shade-trees, and side-walks. The school fever is doubtless due to the fact that the town was started by college men and patriots. Thanks to the Holland Purchase the very first clearing in these woods was graced by the highest society in America. And Batavia has never lost the social tone. When Secretary Carlisle and the President's entire cabinet came here in 1894 to dedicate the old Land Office to the memory of the illustrious Robert Morris, they found a community ready to receive a king. The display was colossal; the reception was princely; the hospitalities were lavish; but, most noticeable of all, the etiquette was absolutely unerring. Something of the grand manner of the olden time may have departed; but the ease and correctness of the present social leaders of Batavia show that they are "to the manner born." The ancient pioneers of the Genesee country would not blush for the delicate, tactful, hearty hospitalities of their descendants.

The profusion of shade-trees may be due to the natural love of the forest in those who saw the noble forest go down. I leave to some future writer to account for the passionate love of Batavians for good side-walks.

The Batavians put $85,000.00 into their high-school building, and made it one of the finest examples of school architecture in the State. In keeping with the sensible ideas manifest all through the town, they gave this noble building three acres of elbow-room. These acres they have planted with ornamental shrubbery and have adorned with curved driveways and fine flag walks. I will not stop to speak of the beautiful interior and its decorations, but will hasten on to say that this building, whether by accident or design, was placed right on the water-shed of the Genesee. From one entrance the water flows away into the Genesee; from the opposite entrance it sends its drainage to the Tonawanda, a tributary of the Niagara; and it is so near to the water-shed of Lake Ontario that one might almost say that it sends its waters to all points of the compass. Just east of Batavia there is a grand point of view from which one can look off miles upon miles, upon miles, into the basin of the Genesee. Those miles, upon miles, upon miles, of Stafford and Le Roy, are but an unbroken succession of noble farms; and seen in the golden August time, it is, as I have said before, a sight fit for the gods. The well-painted house, the clump of trees around the homestead, and the big red barn, are everywhere. And those big red barns are such infallible evidences of fertility. And oh! that grain! glinting to the edge of the far horizon! And so it is all the way down to Rochester, thirty two miles away; and so it is all the way up to Scottsville, Caledonia, and Avon; all the way up to Geneseo, Mount Morris, and Nunda; all the way up to Portage, Angelica, and Belvidere. And what suggestive names; Angelica (a place fit for the angels), Belvidere (beautiful to see), Genesee (the beautiful valley). I have not followed the Genesee beyond the State line; but I left it there, just reeking with fertility and rejoicing in that overpowering Genesee grain. At Portage, Mount Morris, and Rochester, the usually quiet scenery is varied with gorges, cataracts and falls, that are not only picturesque but even grand. But I must call you back to the point of view east of Batavia, and ask you to swing around to the north through the noble lands of Byron and Elba. It seems but Paradise intensified. Such continuity of noble farms! Such endless succession of big red barns and comfortable homesteads! Such ravishing beauty of spreading vale and rolling hill! Such constant glint of the delicate burnished gold! Northwest of Batavia you are on another elevation known in the neighborhood as "Inspiration Point." Again you are looking over miles upon miles, upon miles of beauty, richness, and prosperity. It is no longer the Valley of the Genesee proper; you are now gazing out upon the Ontario Slope. But while it is not the valley proper, it is still the country of the Genesee. Where all places are superlatively glorious it is natural for you to think each point visited the best; and it is not strange that you should think on reaching Oakfield and Alabama that you have reached the best of all. Come back again from east Batavia on to that wonderful plain over which the Tonawanda comes winding slowly down from Alexander, and over which it goes winding slowly away to Pembroke and the Niagara. The Genesee fertility is still there; the red barn, the white house, the golden grain are omnipresent. It is an object lesson to the

children ; for when asked what is a plateau, they say it is a high level region like this on which we live. The Tonawanda has the unique characteristic of being a river on a hill, a river without a valley. It is a common saying in the region that you can drain more easily out of the Tonawanda than into it. But it is a beautiful stream, creeping quietly along until it wakes to terrific life at Indian Falls. After that dash over the rocks, that rush through the deep gorge. it is prepared for the angry plunge at the great Niagara and the devouring fury of its gorge and whirlpool.

But to return, you can box the compass with roads leading out of Batavia ; and, to see what the Genesee country is like, you have but to drive out on any one of those roads. You need not fear for your vehicle as you speed along the well-kept highway ; and you may speed and speed for days. You will not leave prosperity ; you will not leave beauty ; you will not leave civilization. As "Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise," so here fields peep o'er fields, and red barns on red barns arise.

You will never strike a lonely road which drives your mind in upon itself with dreamy reverie. On the contrary you will be constantly impressed with the frequency of those solid homes of prosperity. They crowd thickly upon one another at all times ; and at times they thicken into a sort of unintentional and extemporaneous hamlet. This I suspect is due to the settling in of a son, or a daughter, near the father. But if so, I defy any one to tell which was the parent estate ; a proud equality prevails everywhere ; the son is quite as well-to-do as the father ; he has his own big evidences of solid prosperity. You will query whether there are farms enough for so many houses. But when you see that they are all living on the edge of their farms, the mystery will be solved ; the great stretches of field extend away back, to join with other stretches that front on another populous highway Furthermore, the Genesee farmers are learning how to keep their children at home by learning how to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. It will soon be a century since the rank Genesee soil was first tickled by the plough ; yet, instead of showing any signs of exhaustion, the two blades of grass are springing up everywhere where one grew before Of course there is enormous response in the Genesee loam to any sensible treatment. Nature has been lavish to the region ; and when she has been met half way by the intelligence of many, the result is as you see, two or three fat farms where one was found before. Nothing is more gratifying than this process of subdivision ; the dreariest thing imaginable is the reverse process of consolidation, the obliteration of once happy homes.

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

But glorious that land where wealth accumulates, and men of the finest mould thicken in along the highways.

I have said that the big red barn is an infallible sign of fertility. This sign never fails ; go where the big barn is, and you may predicate fertility in the soil ; go where the soil is fertile, and you may safely predict that some day it will be dotted with big red barns. But the big white house, with its fresh coat of paint, its fresh green trimmings, and its well-kept little front of lawn and flowers and shrubbery, and with its large sightly trees casting a

grateful shade from their picturesque bunches of foliage, is an index of an entirely different matter. It is an index of the population; it is an index of race and civilization. I have been where the big red barn abounded and where the big white house was missing. I needed no explanation; the story was on the face of things. I have been where the big red barn abounded, and where the neat backyard and tidy smaller buildings were wanting. I have been where the big red barn abounded without a single rose. It is the highest glory of the Genesee country that you never get away from the big white house, the house that sends forth judges, generals, governors, senators, and presidents.

I have looked down into the pellucid depths of the St. Lawrence river where its crystal water emerges from Lake Ontario, pure as a metal that has been seven times through the fire of purgation, pure as a soul that has been seven times through the fires of meekly accepted affliction. As the bright element sweeps on to lap in its chaste embrace the beautiful Thousand Islands, I have seen reunited the waters from each side of the Ross Street School; and with them I have seen intermingled the waters from all over the beautiful Lake region of Central New York. There also are the waters from Cleveland, and Toledo, and Detroit, and Chicago, and Milwaukee, and distant Duluth. The waters of a continent are moving across to the eastern ocean; and at every step they are dropping their sediment into the great line of purifiers that nature has placed along our northern border, the Mediterranean Sea of the New World. Out of all this purifying comes the crystal flow of the St. Lawrence. An exactly similar process has been going on in the other direction; but it has been the flow of humanity, filling up the unoccupied spaces of the earth.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The flow of humanity has been dropping its sediment at every stop; the law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest has been constantly skimming the cream, constantly removing the upper and clearer portion into the next receptacle; until the new lands could furnish at a first crop such characters as Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan.

The law is still in operation; though the multiplication of railroads and fast steamship lines has arrested somewhat that wonderful process of human infiltration. The movement must not be too rapid if the sediment is to settle entirely to the bottom. The Genesee region was settled when the movement was not too rapid; it did not catch a turbid flow. Therefore this region will long stand pre-eminent for the quality of its people, as well for the quality of its animals, its cereals, and its scenery.

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright, and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

Four long years of mingled feeling,
Half in rest, and half in strife,
I have seen thy waters stealing
Onward, like the stream of life.

Thou hast taught me, Silent River!
Many a lesson, deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song.

Oft in sadness and in illness,
I have seen thy current glide,
Till the beauty of its stillness
Overflowed me, like a tide.

And in later hours and brighter,
When I saw thy waters gleam,
I have felt my heart beat lighter,
And leap upward with thy stream

Not for this alone I love thee,
Nor because thy waves of blue
From celestial seas above thee
Take their own celestial hue.

Where yon shadowdy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear.
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.
* * *
'Tis for this thou Silent River!
That my spirit leans to thee;
Thou hast been a generous giver,
Take this idle song from me.

—*Longfellow.*

THE GENESEE COUNTRY IN WINTER.

Not only around our infancy
Doth heaven with all its splendor lie;
Daily with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb, and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;
* * *
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis only heaven that is given away;
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

—*Lowell.*

No story of the Genesee would be complete without some account of its winter. It has a winter; the active lands lie dormant and quiescent, gathering strength for another year of great production, for another round of varied glories. But though the fields sleep, the spirit of beauty does not sleep; it is active all the season through. The winter scenes in the Genesee country are nearly always surpassingly beautiful. I do not call a Siberian winter beautiful; I do not see beauty in snow that glistens and crunches. I do not see beauty in a weary frozen sun, accompanied by one or more pale reflections of his desolate self. The vaporous breath, the stinging hands, the snapping of the trees under the action of the frost, do not excite pleasurable feelings. There is no beauty in the blinding and destructive blizzard, though there is sublimity of the most awful kind. Such things make exiles of people; not exiles into Siberia, but exiles out of it. It makes them long for "a draught of the warm south." Nor do I think a winter of constant

rain and slush beautiful. But the golden mean between those two extremes is exceedingly beautiful. When the snow flies in frozen particles furiously driven, it is terrible; when it "falls like wool" nothing is more beautiful.

Out of the bosom of the air,
  Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
  Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silently and slow descends the snow.—*Emerson.*

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
  And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
  With a silence deep and white.

WINTER IN THE GENESEE COUNTRY—THE OLD HOLLAND LAND OFFICE ROBED IN THE "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

Every pine and fur and hemlock
  Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the meanest twig on the elm tree
  Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new-roofed with Carrara
  Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,
The stiff rails softened to swan's down
  And still fluttered down the snow.—*Lowell.*

That is the way it snows in the Genesee country; and I know nothing more beautful. You do not want to be in-doors during such a snow storm, nor after it. After it!

Hear the sledges and the bells,
  Silver bells.
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
  In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
  With a crystalline delight—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
  Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.
—*Poe.*

After coming down like wool I have seen the "beautiful snow" lie like a warm white blanket of purest ermine around the roots of the bare trees, while aloft those trees made tracery with their bare branches and twigs against as beautiful a sky as the eye of man ever rested upon. The skies in the Genesee country are always fine; in the winter they are simply exquisite. No brush nor pen can convey an idea of the cerulean blue that domes a Genesee landscape in winter.

"How brightly gleams that arch of blue,
Beyond the green arcade!"

may be truly said of any well-shaded town in Western New York in Summer; but the sky that shows through the naked branches is beautiful beyond all description. The winter seems to have cleared the atmosphere of all exhaltations so as to open the blue vault of heaven to our gaze. Nature with her rare painting power distributes some white flecks of clouds, through which the luscious blue can intensify itself and show to best advantage. And it is such unspeakable blue! such ravishing blue!—not heavy blue, but delicate, tender, entrancing blue. I have seen it once before; on a rare day in October far up in the Catskill Mountains I saw just such delicate and melting blue as can be seen on any clear winter day in the land of the Genesee. And that is the beauty of it, the days are so generally clear. And even at the time of the winter solstice the sun is not crushed; he gleams bright and comfortable in the southern sky as if he had only withdrawn his overpowering effulgence in order kindly to let men see what a glorious heaven is behind him.

"One sun by day; by night a thousand shine."

The Geneseeans are not sure of prolonged sleighing; they catch it somewhat on the fly. But they are sure of immunity from annoying rains; and the bare roads are soon worn smooth by the passing wheels; so that locomotion is seldom long impeded. But the Genesee skies are always beautiful, whether the ground is bare or not; and when the bare trees rise out of a coating of warmest white snow, spreading their graceful arms and delicate finger-tips to the vision overhead, nothing could be more beautiful. It is winter transfigured, glorified.

And the sky at night is as resplendent as that which the Psalmist saw on the Syrian plain. I have seen the young moon shine in the winter sky of

the Genesee like a crescent of the most highly burnished silver among constellations that were determined to show their remotest star.

One of the very, very fine paintings in the Art Palace of the World's Fair, and one that won the award of a gold medal, was "A Snowy Day on Fifth Avenue, New York," by Mr. Childe Hassam of that city. It was very fine. It was clear that Mr. Hassam had "been there." And I have been there many winters when that beautiful snow dropped down and temporarily enveloped the Metropolis. Of course we knew that it would soon end in horrible slush; but we would endure the deformity for the sake of a few hours of beauty. I have known it to stay long enough in the city even to get out the sleighs. That is the way it snows in the Genesee; but it stays with us longer, and leaves us in a more gentle manner.

WINTER TRANSFIGURED, GLORIFIED—THE DELICATE TRACERY AGAINST THE TENDER BLUE.

I stood at the window and witnessed
The silent work of the sky,
And the frequent flurries of snow birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.—*Lowell.*

And I have seen those snow-birds congregate on a single tree until it was black with their little bodies, and there set up a concert of joy that would rival the melody of the groves in Spring. They were in their element in the soft, fleecy, kindly snow.

Another prize painting in the Art Palace was a "Winter Landscape," by Charles A. Platt of New York. It was very beautiful; and it just represents our Genesee country when robed in its winter glory.

In the Genesee country a very constant winter pastime is skating. The coming senators and the fair young princesses that are growing up around them, are out by the thousands on the frozen streams describing their beautiful circles, learning a natural grace of carriage, catching the spirit of harmony as they interweave their May-pole dances on the glassy surface, and, above all, laying in a stock of vigor for their studies and their careers. And among them you will see their teachers, whose presence acts as a regulator, but who have not come there for reasons of discipline.

But the long forbearing sun begins at last to assert himself; step by step he mounts to his supremacy. With the departure of winter goes something of the delicate azure; but it is succeeded by the glory of effulgence; the all dominating sun monopolizes about himself the whole matter of beauty as well as strength and sovereignty. Now is the time to watch "the dappled dawn arise;" and now is the time to observe the glorious sunsets. It will well repay any one to get up betimes in the land of the Genesee and see "Rosy fingered Aurora" lift the curtain of the dawn and usher in the god of day. Homer never saw a finer transfiguration scene in the sunny isles of Greece. But many who are not up betimes to catch the morning glory may yet enjoy the marvelous play of colors with which the evening sun takes his leave in the beautiful land of the Genesee. I had witnessed many a glorious sunset before I was startled by a vision that burst upon me one evening as I sat looking out of a west window in the Richmond Hotel at Batavia. Across the pretty Court House park, down West Main street, just above the famous old Land Office of the Holland Purchase, I saw the heavens bathed in fire. But it was the fire of the scenic stage, with all the gorgeous coloring of the latter intensified a hundred fold, and with none of its lack of harmony. It was not a sight; it was not a view; it was a vision. I was truly startled; I could not keep still; I got up and walked out to view it down the street. The imperial sun was indulging himself in one of his imperial pictures. It was overpowering.

Slow fades the vision of the sky;
The golden water pales;
And over all the valley land
A gray-winged vapor sails.

* * *

But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed.

* * *

Too soon those smiling hills must wear
Their coat of wintry brown;
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down.

But I shall see a summer's sun
Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
The golden water glow.

A lover's claim have I on all
I see, to have and hold;
The rose-light of eternal hills.
And sunsets never cold.

—*Whittier.*

THE MOUND BUILDERS OF THE GENESEE.

ALONG the valley of the Ohio are to be found some remarkable earthworks of a very ancient date. They are unquestionably the work of man; yet the country has not even the slightest tradition of the people who erected them. Who those people were, and what uses they made of the mounds, are matters of pure speculation. To get some idea of what the original dimensions of those mounds were, one has but to remember that the strongest fortresses of the Revolutonary War are already nearly obliterated. By looking sharply one can still trace a portion of the earthwork of Fort Washington, that proved so disastrous to Lord Rawdon's first assault. But even where it is still visible, you could haul a loaded wagon over it. Yet behind that disappearing line a devoted band of patriots sent back the answer to the British general that if he wanted that fort he must come and take it. Surrounded, cut off, overwhelmed with numbers, they could but strike one last blow for honor. With bleeding heart Washington, from the Jersey shore, witnessed the expiring struggle of his brave detachment. He who can trace the earthworks of the neighboring Fort George must have a sharp eye indeed. Old Fort Putnam at West Point, the post which Arnold tried to betray, has still some projections of crumbling stones, still some casemates that have not disappeared. Another century will leave even the stone line of Fort Putnam conjecturable. But down in the Ohio valley the earthworks still tower to a height of sixty or seventy feet, after the lapse of possibly tens of thousands of years. We saw at Chicago the remains of the Cliff Dwellers of the Colorado canons, a people who are supposed to have ceased to exist eight thousand years ago. But to them the Mound Builders were an ancient race, perhaps a forgotten race. With all the appliances of modern science and art our engineers would not care to take the contract for duplicating those mounds. Hence we wonder at Ancient America. Hundreds of thousands toiled for generations to place the Pyramids in the Valley of the Nile. But they were equipped with the best of tools and machinery. Myriads of savages with empty hands could not have piled the hillocks of the Ohio. But long before the Mound Builders had begun to exist, the mounds of the Genesee country were completed. And, strange to say, we know all about the building of the beautiful mounds of the Genesee. "There were giants in those days;" the pretty mounds that dot the region, giving in places a charming hillock to almost every farm, were piled there by a race of giants. And the giants worked so tenderly while putting the last touches upon this beautiful country. They had a keen regard for symmetry. The base of the lovely hillock is usually a perfect circle; though for variety a rectilinear or other pleasing form is often interspersed; and the curving ascent varies all the way from a gentle rise to a decidedly sharp incline. The settlers of the Genesee, led in by Robert Morris just a century ago, knew what those pretty eminences were for; for with one accord they planted their big white houses and their big red barns right on those inviting little summits. Thence they could "view the landscape o'er" and command every foot of their farm.

So the lawn is often a sloping lawn in a level country. And it is always pleasant to look up at the houses. It is pleasant to look down upon a wide-spreading plain of prosperity ; but it is not pleasant to look down for the premises of a single estate. Yes, the builders and the final occupants understood each other ; the Mound Builders of the Genesee were making home-plots for the settlers of the Genesee. It is almost amusing sometimes, but never unpleasant, to see the principle carried out to the utmost extreme. At times the giants sent their work up to very considerable heights ; but up went the big white house and the big red barn with them.

A MOUND OF THE GENESEE—THE HOME OF PIONEER HEMAN J. REDFIELD.

Often you will see those thrifty premises standing in mid-air away up above the highway. And when the mound is large enough, what a sightly position its sides give for the omnipresent orchard of the Genesee.

We are told of Titans and Giants who once inhabited Greece ; we are told of the pulling up of forest trees by the roots, and of the piling of Mount Pelion upon Mount Ossa, in the attempt to storm Olympus. But we treat those stories as interesting fables growing out of the active imagination of the most poetic and delightful people that have ever appeared on the face of the earth. But the giants who did all this work in the region of the Genesee were no myths, no figments of the imagination; they were the most solid facts that the world has ever known. And, as to strength, they would

not only tear up trees by the roots, when it served their purpose, but they would even tear the granite out of the mountain's side, and carry tons of it a thousand miles. But it was not rough granite which they placed in the mounds of the Genesee, to obtrude an unsightly annoyance ; it was material nicely pulverized, and well adapted to assume the smooth symmetrical forms which everywhere prevail. True, they got much of their material from mountains ; but the way they crushed and pulverized it would be the despair of modern road-makers.

Our Mound Builders were Canadians, every last one of them ; and all the earth they piled so beautifully in the Genesee country was Canadian earth, every last bit of it. The United States has not the least intention of disturbing Canada; but the question often arises "Will Canada ever come into the Union ?" Canada is already in the Union to a very great extent. Every Genesee farmer who rejoices in an elevated house-site is sitting down upon a comfortable bit of Canada. There are some Canadians who are in favor of annexation. I once met a fine representative of that class. In reply to my inquiry as to why he wished to bring Canada into the Union, he said that his five sons had settled across the border, and that his heart was following his children. When I met him he was just boarding a train at the Grand Central depot in New York, after a tour in Europe. As we sped along he told me of a little deception that he had practised abroad. In answer to inquiries as to where he came from, he told them truthfully that he came from America. In every instance they assumed that he was from the United States, and accorded him special honor as a citizen of the great Republic. He did not have the courage to disabuse their minds of the false conclusion ; and having felt the dignity and benefits of American citizenship, he was more than ever bent on trying to get them. His heart was following his children. Will Canada follow the beautiful children that she has sent on ahead? It is for Canada to say ; no dream of enforcing empire is nursed on this side of the border ; though there is some musing on the question of manifest destiny.

But the Genesee country is not the only region in which the Canadian giants have been building pretty mounds of Canadian earth. They have scattered them all the way from Cape Cod to Puget Sound. Canada has been coming over the border all the way along. But it was in the country of the Genesee that those beneficient cyclopes ran riot. Here they seemed to be on their mettle; here they seemed to have a plan, and a beautiful one. Elsewhere they dropped their burdens somewhat regardless; here they wrought with a view to the finest landscape gardening. Here the material was carefully distributed around into multitudinous mounds; and every eminence, great or small, was modeled to a turn.

And it is noticeable how thoroughly the seal of adoption has been put upon those beautiful strangers. The Pyramids, when completed, were encased in a coating of the finest marble. The mounds of the Genesee country have been encased to their very summits with the rich productive loam of the region. The plow in rising out of the plain does not enter a foreign land. The surface is thoroughly homogeneous ; though the native strata support so many beautiful foreign burdens.

We are told in the beautiful Greek myth that every God in Olympus con-

tributed some fine quality to the rare perfections of Pandora. She is therefore appropriately called the "Gift of all." The final touches to the beautiful Genesee region were given by all the Canadas. It is therefore the Pandora as well as the Venus of the world.

I must relate some other exploits of those benficent giants who toiled so assiduously for our comfort and delectation in the long ago. On a sightly eminence in the Mohawk Valley, overlooking one of the finest bends in that beautiful river, stands one of the finest mansions in the State of New York. Around it is a sweet little park in which grass-lawn, flower-beds, and ornamental shrubbery are beautifully disposed. In this little park is a charming little artificial lake, fed from a spring of the purest water on the hill above. This lake has its little island of mossy rock and shrubbery, imitating nature to perfection. A miniature bridge connects the island with the mainland. All kinds of water plants are growing in the water in rank luxuriance; and the sweetest of water lilies of every hue are smiling on the surface. A rustic summer house invites to repose on the beautiful border; and near it is a tall white pole for the American flag whenever occasion shall require that it be flung to the breeze. Out of the centre of the lake a delicate little fountain keeps up the supply of water that gently trickles away in a little shady cascade that seems a piece of nature. From that lake went up the lilies that cheered the last moments of General Grant on Mount Macgreggor. I stood beside that lake while the worthy matron of that mansion was clipping the beautiful lilies to be sent to the dying Mrs. Harrison up in the Adirondack Mountains. Around the entire park was a border of glowing geraniums. Banks of flowers and beds of flowers were disposed here and there with an unerring sense of harmony with all the surroundings; and the flower-beds often arranged their contents into a pleasing word or motto. The conservatory was aglow with orchids and all other rarest flowers and delicate plants. Other fountains played about other plants; and, taken all in all, the setting of the mansion was a veritable paradise. I have been specific because this was not purchased beauty; it was not the domain of an autocratic landscape gardener; every touch was the reflection of the thought of the cultured pair who dwelt within the mansion. As a painter touches his canvass from week to week, and from month to month, and from year to year, so had that worthy man and excellent matron been slowly perfecting their own picture. They touched it here and there to produce an effect that was satisfactory to themselves; and the final effect was an artistic creation. And as the park grew, so grew the house. Every nook and corner inside and out was a personal study; and all was studied with relation to the surroundings. That far glimpse of the river was never forgotten in planning for towers, balconies, verandas, etc. Twice was the house demolished before the present solid mansion was fitted to the scene. But it is now a perfect fit; and the æsthetic sense is more than satisfied; it is ravished. The building is of delicately tinted stone. But no two pieces of stone are alike; no two pieces came from the same quarry; their original beds were separated by hundreds and thousands of miles. The stone is all hard granite, but every piece has a structure and tinge of color different from those of its neighbors. You see the streaks of color beside the sprinkling; you see the black, the brown,

the green, the pink tinge, and endless shades of each. And every slightest variation means a new quarry. But it is all Canadian stone ; and it was all quarried and transported to the Mohawk Valley by the same giants that built the mounds of the Genesee. Only a few of the quarries have been located ; and of those few some are within the Arctic Circle. It was very expensive to build this Pandora residence, even after the material was delivered free; but in generous minds expense is not considered where an idea is involved.

A man who builds such a house, and who perfects such an estate, is a public benefactor. But the man of whom I am speaking and his excellent wife have not allowed their benefactions to be restricted to those of an inci-

A MOUND OF THE GENESEE—THE STATE PARK IN BATAVIA.

dental nature. The lilies were sent not to the suffering wife of a President, but to the depressed and stricken woman. I have seen the flowers culled there for the humblest sufferers; and I have known those humble sufferers and other humble ones not stricken with bodily ailments to receive in a quiet way something more substantial than flowers.

Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair.
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crowned,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests of pranks that never fall,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.—*Goldsmith*.

I have noticed that our artists are the best almoners. As soon as our rich men become interested in beauty they begin at once to melt with philanthropy. I do not mean commercial beauty; there is much of that bought in the market simply because it is the vogue. The man who has his feelings sufficiently awakened to enjoy fine pictures and fine effects, is sure to have his feelings awakened to the note of sorrow.

Our Canadian giants, as one of their diversions, built a dam across the Mississippi Valley and made two of the largest lakes in the world. Lake Superior and Lake Michigan are but the enduring fish-ponds of the Canadian mound builders.

Those giants were very deliberate in their work, as all good artists are. The bright stones of the Mohawk Valley were transported from the Arctic regions at the rate of about six feet a year. So the length of time they were on the way is only a little problem in multiplication. And the *debris* came to the Genesee mounds at about the same rate of motion.

The coral insect adds his little contribution to the growing reef and dies; the silk-worm weaves himself to death in leaving a legacy of beauty and comfort to the world. So our strong, all-forceful mound builders died in the moment of achievement. But their death was attended by instant dissolution; their vanishing voices could be heard in the purling streams; and their spirits translated could be seen aloft in the golden clouds and in the rainbow arch.

I need not tell the people where to look for the charming bits of Canada to which I have been alluding. But if they ever go to Batavia, N. Y., they will see one of the finest examples right in the heart of the town. It is about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and rises out of the plain like a well-turned inverted bowl or bell. The State of New York has seized upon this beautiful eminence for itself, and has embellished it with all that the utmost art of landscape gardening could devise. If it could be dropped down into Central Park, New York, instead of blushing for its condition, it would be "the cynosure of wondering eyes."

Again have beauty, art and philanthropy met at a common center to make their common cause at once sweet and strong; for at the very summit of this glorious bowl or bell, in the very centre of all this loveliness, the State has placed a school of instruction for its afflicted children—the children from whom the beautiful sky, and the glorious sunset, and all the ravishing beauty of hill and dale, and flowery fields, and golden grain, have been forever shut out. Yet the State does well; for the presence of beauty can be known to those children even though its forms cannot be by them described. The visible beauty translates itself to them in notes of touch and sound.

How the Titan, the defiant,
The self-centred, self-reliant,
Wrapped in visions and illusions,
  Robs himself of life's best gifts!
Till by all the storm-winds shaken,
By the blast of fate o'ertaken,
Hopeless, helpless, and forsaken,
In the mists of his confusions
  To the reef of doom he drifts!

Sorely tried and sorely tempted,
From no agonies exempted,
In the penance of his trial,
And the discipline of pain;
Often by illusions cheated,
Often baffled and defeated
In the tasks to be completed,
He by toil and self denial,
To the highest shall attain.

Tempt no more the noble schemer,
Bear unto some idle dreamer
This new toy and fascination,
This new dalliance and delight!
To the garden where reposes
Epimetheus crowned with roses,
To the door that never closes
Upon pleasure and temptation,
Bring this vision of the night!—*Longfellow*.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house where Gods may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base;
And ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain
To those turrets, where the eye
Sees the world as one vast plain,
And the boundless reach of sky.—*Longfellow*.

THE HEROES OF THE GENESEE.

WHEN the stage is ready you like to see the hero step forth. A beautiful country is a stage for a hero. With him the romance of the region is complete. Around him a literature can spring up and bloom, Nature has her charms, but they are all enhanced by association with interesting, and especially with strong and noble human lives. What a shade would pass over the immortal heather of Scotland if the names of Bruce and Wallace were withdrawn; what a cloud would settle "on Ben Voirlich's head" and darken the bewitching waters of Loch Katrine. True, it would still be immortal as the land of Burns; but Burns is only an additional hero. The "Merry homes of England" have given Arthur, Alfred, Richard, and Nelson to romance and authentic history. Charlemagne gives an added brightness to the sunny fields of France. The Alps have an added glory from the shadowy Tell and the more substantial Winkelried. Even

> "Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
> And force a stubborn soil for scanty bread,"

men and patriots of the finest mould could be developed. The massive frame of Herman is ever leading the hosts of imperial Germany.

Smiling Italy where

> "Whatever fruits in southern climes abound,
> That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground,
> Whatever blooms in torid tracts appear,
> Whose bright succession decks the varied year,
> Whatever sweets salutes the northern sky,
> With vernal lives, that blossom but to die,
> These here disporting own the kindred soil,
> Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil."

is the land of Brutus, Cato, and Rienzi. Russia has the strong, though not altogether winning, characters of Peter and Catharine. Poland can never oversing the praises of Sobieski and Kosciusko. These names are the strongest obstacles to assimilation with the nations into which she was so ruthlessly partitioned.

> Hope for a season bade the world farewel,
> And freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell.
>
> * * *
>
> Departed spirits of the mighty dead,
> Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled,
> Friends of the world, restore your swords to man,
> Fight in Freedom's cause, and lead the van;
> Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return,
> The patriot Tell, the Bruce of Bannock burn.
>
> — *Campbell.*

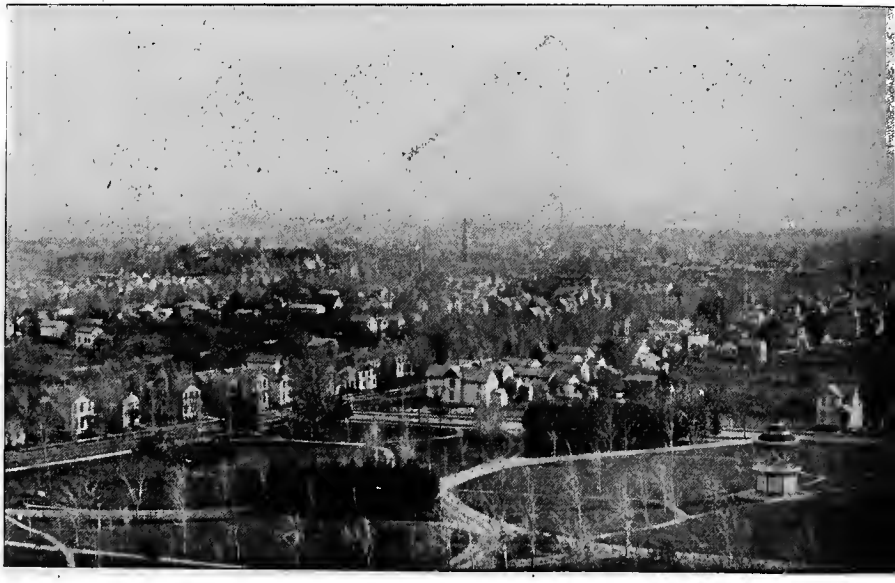
Hungary has outgrown that "Scourge of God," Attila, and now rejoices in one of the noblest heroes, Kossuth. Greece, that sweet "Mother of Arts

and Eloquence,"—Greece, with her famous mountains, the abodes of the gods, with her gentle vales, the haunts of the Muses and the Graces, with her groves and thickets of fawns and dryads, with her nymph-inhabited streams, with her "Sunny Isles"

"Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung,"

with her plains and passes dotted thickly over with the foot-prints of mighty deeds, would need a roll as long as the catalogue of Agamemnon's ships to name the heroes whom she has given to

"The few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."



VIEW FROM A MOUND OF THE GENESEE—THE HIGHEST CITY IN THE STATE, SEEN FROM THE STILL HIGHER STATE PARK.

But the new world has already contributed many heroes to the bead roll of fame; and of those few several are of the Aboriginal population. "There were brave men before Agamemnon;" but they lacked a Homer to save their names from oblivion. There must have been brave men in America long before the coming of Columbus; for it could not be that the brave men found here by his contemporaries could have been without their prototypes. Montezuma was every inch a king. His royal brother Guatemozin could, in point of character, put to shame the men who put him to the torture and to death. A few words of his have come down to us that revealed a high-souled man, a veritable hero. We are told of the "Seven Wise Men" of Greece. Of the

wisdom of some of them we have left but a single sentence; yet it is enough to show that the appellation was correctly given. When led forth a prisoner, in sight of the irons of torture, Guatemozin was asked where the treasures of his kingdom were concealed, he replied that it was the duty of a prince to protect the possessions of his country, not to betray them. He was then stretched upon a gridiron, together with some of his companions, and slowly roasted over a fire. The tormentors would roast the secret out of them. A sufferer beside the king turned to him in his anguish and besought that he might tell. The dying monarch silenced him with the gentle rebuke: "Am I resting on a bed of flowers?" It is brave to rush into danger; it is braver to endure to the end for a principle. When Gautemozin succumbed, a hero of the highest type was added to the immortals; and the capability of his race for the attainment of high character was vindicated. There must have been just such characters during the many preceding centuries. In Virginia the English found a robust leader of men in the stormy Powhatan; and they found a sweet type of merciful womanhood in his gentle daughter, the princess Pocahontas. She came over to the side of civilization; and her blood is still flowing in the veins of the best in the land, a mark of honor rather than a taint. Philip in arms for his people was as strong a character as Richard or Saladin. And when run to earth his fall was like that of a noble lion. His life and death were heroic; he was a large figure from first to last. Pontiac and Tecumseh are but two other Philips storming over the pages of American history. What if some of those people did torture the helpless? It was their creed. But the courses pursued toward them by the strangers were not always in accordance with the creed of the latter. That creed was the Golden Rule. When the Indians tortured they thought that they were doing right. It was wrong. But it was wonderful how much of right they knew, and how staunchly they adhered to it.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way.

Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud topt hill an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of wood embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste.

Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be contents his natural desire;
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.—*Pope.*

This is not the best theology. But it is all the poor Indian had for a guide. Had he been more kindly dealt with, the Christian faith might have found more ready access to his judgment, his conscience, and his heart. But, heathen though he was, he was, after all, a man of great wisdom, of deep heart-experience, and of strong principles; and he could rise to truly heroic stature in the vindication of his principles. Though bitter and unrelenting in his enmities, yet how faithful he was in his friendships. Cooper has not over-

drawn him; Chingaghgook was equalled by Massasoit, by Logan, and by Red Jacket and Red Cloud. And how I wish that some Cooper would evoke from the misty past some of the long line of aboriginal heroes of the Genesee.

The warlike Iroquois, who had their hunting grounds in the country of the Genesee, were a race of intellectual and high-spirited men. The famous Red Jacket was at once a hero, a patriarch, and a sage. The white men took his lands, but they gave him to history and romance. But how many an unrecorded Red Jacket must have passed from the "Beautiful Valley" to the happy hunting grounds before him. The poor Indians never had a Homer; so all their heroes have been swallowed up in oblivion. Red Jacket was the highest and finest type of Indian character; and he was the last of his line. He closed the history of the Aborigines in the "Beautiful Valley." A grandson of Red Jacket, Col. Eli Parker of General Grant's staff, was a shining light of civilization. He was a man intellectual, scholarly, cultivated, courteous, and brave. Yet his blood was only that of the Iroquois. No, I should not say only; for that might imply some reflection. His was the blood that has vanished from the land; and he showed what that blood was capable of.

But the Iroquois were not only brave, manly, and capable; they were also endowed with some rich special gifts. They were all poets of a very high order; and they were all born orators. As to poetry Homer himself could not more easily convert all nature into glowing metaphors and similes than could the red man of the Genesee. And when the chief rose at the council fire a Webster might take lessons in oratory. It needed not the white man's eye to discover the beauties of the region; the very name Genesee means the "Beautiful Valley." It needed not the white man's ear to construct a sweet and euphonious combination of sounds. The geography is song to the ear where the red man's nomenclature survives: Genesee, Geneseo, Nunda, Canisteo, Tonawanda, Erie, Ontario, Oneida, Onondaga, Oswego, Ohio, Missouri, Mississippi, Minnesota, Minnehaha, Wisconsin, Iowa, Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Massachusetts, Dakota. The gentle Irving writhes over the white man's contribution of Podunk and Slabtown and Mud Creek and Hogg's Tavern, and more than intimates that while the one seemed to have the ears of a seraph, the other seemed equipped with the capacious appendages of a Midas (or some other family of the *genus asinus*.)

> Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
> The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
> Many a deed of faithful daring
> May obtain no record here,
> Wrought where none could see or note it,
> Save the One Almighty Seer.—*Trench.*

When the poet strikes his lyre to sing of the Genesee, I hope the meed of a spirited canto will be given to the vanished children of the Iriquois, to the forgotten Hiawathas, and Minnehahas, and Guatemozins, who lived, and loved, and suffered, and triumphed in these vales centuries before the white man came with his axe, his gun, his cities, and his books. There can be no doubt that they withered at our approach; we can afford to give them at least the one return of remembrance. A great historical society is forming in the Genesee country with a view to collecting and preserving all the relics and

traditions of human life in the region. The old Land Office of the Holland Purchase has been secured both as an interesting relic and landmark in itself and as an appropriate depository for all the gleanings of this region's history and traditions. I hope that the most scholarly and searching investigations will be made into the Indian period, and that they may be rewarded with rich discoveries and abundant material remains. I am sure that the society would prize the Indian antiquities so obtained as highly as any class of its possessions.

A MOUND OF THE GENESEE—THE STATE PARK IN BATAVIA.

A LITERARY DIGRESSION.

I LIKE romance of the heroic kind. It is stimulating toward the highest endeavor. It picks one up out of the groveling commonplace, and makes him build castles in Spain. I like romance; but I detest romances. The world has been highly blessed by the one; it has been wofully cursed by the other. The boy or girl who sits down to read romance is feeding on angel's food; the boy or girl who sits down to read a romance is absorbing deadly poison. It is almost impossible to make a scholar or a man of a boy who becomes addicted to the reading of trash. In condemning bad literature I do not allude solely to the literature of crime, the real crime that finds such glowing description and such flaring headlines in the newspapers, nor to the imaginary crime that gluts the dime novels. The literature of sin is not always the literature of crime.

By bad literature I mean much that has no sinful purpose. I mean more: I mean all the literature that is not good. How many books are printed; and yet how few new classics are added to literature. I admire unstintedly the literary art; I detest extremely the literary trade. I do not like the literature that is forced, at so many cents or so many dollars a line; I do not like pot-boilers in literature any more than pot-boilers in art. I like the book that comes forth like the song of the linnet or the nightingale, because it cannot be repressed. I like the book that, like the song of the linnet or nightingale, contains not a single false note.

"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnet.
Das Leid das aus der Kehle Dringt
Ist Lohn das reichlich lohnet."

I like the book which has a message, but which is as free from vain or sordid purpose as the warbling of the feathered songster of the fields. I like the book that is not aimed at anybody's pocket; I like the book that is not aimed at anybody's prejudices; I like the book that is not aimed at anybody at all except its author. I like the book that is measured solely by its author's own ideals. I like the book that has been touched and retouched with loving care because of a sense of some lack, or because of some new flash of creative vision. I like the book that grows up out of the art motive and on art principles. I like a book that is a work of art. I like the book that is "a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever' added to the treasures of the world. Only such a book has a right to exist. I think it is just as much an offense against taste and culture to pack a library with worthless books as to pack a gallery with worthless pictures. I think that the very worst reason in the world for getting a book is that it is called for. Many books are called for with a vengance for about six weeks, more or less, and are never heard of after to the day of doom.

I like romance because it is the working of the art-spirit among the facts of human life. It sifts its elements; it never seeks the cess-pool. It is the poet's function to "hold the mirror up to nature;" but it is the mirror of the poet's interpreting mind, not the lens of the lifeless camera. Pot-boilers and kodaks are a great strain on art. Surely the burden of this age recalls "The Old Man of the Sea."

True, our writers of romance are not always unerring in their touch. Nor are our artists. Some pictures will sell readily for a hundred thousand dollars where others are something of a drug at a hundred thousand cents. The critics could drive a coach and four through the structure of Cooper's romance; yet I wish that even a Cooper might write of the Genesee. Give us all the Irvings, Scotts, Thackerays, Hawthornes, and Coopers that you will; but spare us from the nobodies that keep so many presses going. Pile our mythology and folk-lore mountain high; but spare us the infliction of the goody-goody, wishy-washy, namby-pamby stuff that is turned out for our children at the rate of so much a yard of shelf room.

I frequently have the inquiry discharged at me: "Have you read———?" "I have not." "Well, now, you must go and get it right away; it is splendid." I always warn my young friends not to read splendid books; it is

enough for them to read good books. "Is it a good book?" "Well, everybody is reading it." "Have the critics recommended it to the high school classes?" "Well—well,—everybody's reading it." "Is it a book that everybody will be reading and talking about five years from now?" "Well,—n—no—I hardly think so." "Well, then, I need not be in a hurry to get at it. The ignorance that seems to put me at a little disadvantage now will be a great credit to me about this time next year."

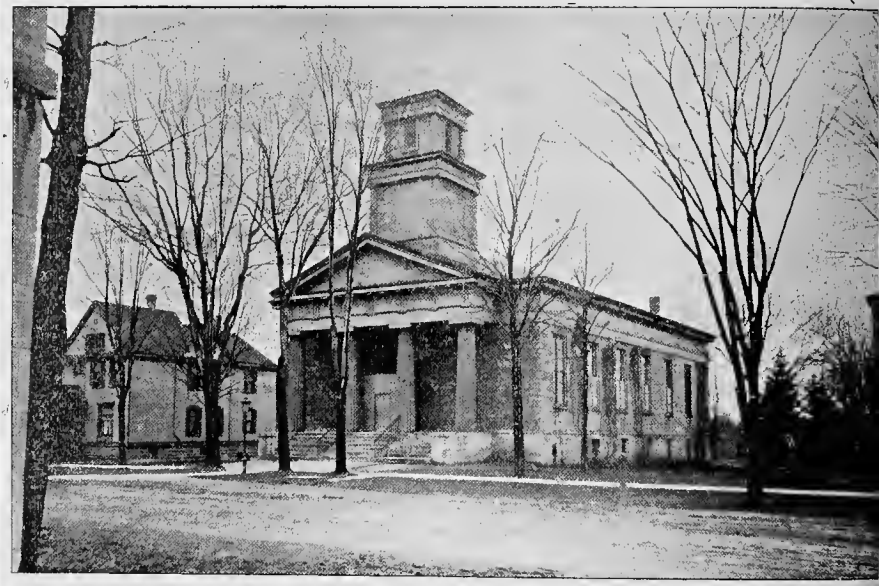
I am often sorely tried by book agents. To a large majority of them I feel strongly tempted to say: "That thing is of no earthly use to me; it is made with a shovel. I regard it as a serious offense to sell trash in the book-stories, a crime to sell it by subscription. Get out!" But I do not say that to the poor honest venders of what they think is pretty fine. I merely try to awaken their pity at my poverty and to escape under that or some other convenient plea. It is better so. But when one comes along with a book that has a spinal column, and that contains some manifest evidences of authorship, I may or may not buy the book (that has to depend on the state of my poverty). But I do almost invariably say to the worthy vender something equivalent to this;" you are a missionary, my friend. Go on and sell that book in every house in this country. No matter how they may scowl upon you; no matter how they may take down shot-guns at you; no matter how they may set the dog upon you; no matter how they may call in the hired man to eject you; go on and sell that book. It is needed. People can be brave in selling soap. You can afford to be brave in selling such a good book. God bless you!"

But books and reading are not my theme; the heroes of the Genesee are. There are other heroes of the Genesee besides the Hiawathas, the Red Jackets, and the Cornplanters.

THE LATER HEROES OF THE GENESEE.

WE HAVE been looking into the Genesee of 1895. Let us lift the curtain on the scenes of a hundred years ago. That most cultivated and graceful of French writers, Viscomte de Chateaubriand, made a trip through New York to Niagara Falls in 1790. This is what he saw on the way: "An American population is making now toward the concessions of the Genesee. * * The abodes within the clearings here offer a curious admixture of wildness and civilization. Within the recesses of a forest that had previously only heard the yells of savages and the noise of wild beasts, we often come across a patch of cultivated land, and perceive at the same time the cabin of an Indian and the habitation of a white man. Some of these finished houses in the woods recall the tidiness of English or Dutch farm houses; others, half completed have but the dome formed by the standing forest trees for a roof. I was received in some of these, and found often a charming family, with the comforts and refinements of Europe—and all this within a few steps of an Iroquois hut." This on-coming "American population" consisted almost with-

out exception of the soldiers of the Revolution, who, on their return to civil life, found themselves compelled to move on. They had seen the beauties of the Genesee country when they came up with Sullivan to chastise the Iroquois for the atrocities in Wyoming and Cherry Valley; and they had then resolved to make the beautiful country their future home. Yes, those settlers who were bringing the "tidy homesteads of England and Holland" to grace the vales and the uplands of the Genesee, and who were to dot it all over with "charming families," were the men of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, the men of Yorktown, the men of Monmouth, Bennington, and Saratoga. Where could you find heroes more thoroughly tested, or heroes in a better cause? Almost every settler was a hero with a record. That was the seed. We have witnessed the fruitage,



PIONEER ARCHITECTURE—A REFLECTION OF THE PARTHENON—A FORESHADOWING OF THE COURT OF HONOR.

It will be noticed that the disbanded armies of the Revolution did not go forth as dissolute bandits to scourge the earth, but as founders of "tidy homesteads," as the providers and protectors of "charming families." Three times since then have disbanded armies of their descendants poured back into the bosom of the Genesee country to become the best of citizens after being the bravest of soldiers. The "tidy homestead" developed into the "big white house" already alluded to. But the home has never been without a soldier. The children seen by Chateaubriand were destined to rush to the front in that fringe of fire which surrounded the Genesee country in 1812. They were the men of Lundy's Lane, of Fort Niagara, and Lake Erie. They were the men

who picked off the heroes of Waterloo from the stringers of Plattsburgh bridge, and who manned the victorious fleet of McDonough. They were the men who brought the wounded Scott from Lundy's Lane to Batavia. Their children followed the same Scott to Cerro Gordo, Chapultepec, and the City of Mexico. The children of those followed their own lion-hearted leaders to the battles of the Great Rebellion. Wadsworth and his men always found the brunt of the battle. It was his troops that sustained the first shock at Gettysburg; it was his troops that sustained the first shock in the Wilderness, where he poured out his heroic life. A few days later it was a Genesee man with Genesee troops who was promoted on the field of battle for deeds of unparalleled prowess at the famous "Bloody Angle" of Spottsylvania. Sheridan at Five Forks was not more the incarnation of determined effort than was Emory Upton at the bloody breastwork of Spottsylvania. A few days later it was a Genesee man with Genesee troops who made the first rush into that awful sacrifice at Cold Harbor.

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die."

And so Martindale rushed in with his sixteen times six hundred. In all the battles of the Valley the soldiers of the Genesee shared all the glories of the old Sixth Corps. It was the Sixth Corps alone that Sheridan did not have to rally at Cedar Creek. It was into the guns of the Sixth Corps that the Confederates looked for the last time at Appomattox, before laying down their arms.

The furious assault of Johnston upon McClellan's left wing at Fair Oaks fell upon the soldiers of the Genesee, Colonel Brown of the 100th New York was seen for the last time inspiring his gallant regiment to a stand against overwhelming numbers. When the famous assault was made upon Fort Wagner it was this same regiment of Geneseeans that went up the deadly parapet side by side with the colored troops. This same regiment was destined for another deadly assault that has become historic, that upon Fort Gregg before Petersburg. It would be long to speak of the deeds of the 1st New York Dragoons and all the other fine regiments that went out of the Beautiful Valley. They all found fierce work to do; and right gallantly did they do it, shedding an added lustre upon a region already renowned for its heroes. When the Mississippi was to be forced open it was a Genesee man, General Quinby, who found the hottest part of the line at Port Hudson. Soldiers from the Genesee scaled Lookout Mountain, stormed the heights of Kenesaw, assisted in the hard-won victory at Peach Tree Creek, fought in the bloody battles about Atlanta, worried Johnston in his last struggle at Bentonville, and witnessed his surrender. The gallantry of the western soldiers is well known. It makes a great page in the history of the Great Rebellion. Yet a western officer in writing of the Atlanta campaign says that he one day witnessed a sight that made a lasting impression upon his mind. It was just the sight of a New York regiment marching through the woods. He was impressed with the natty air of the entire force. Not a foot dragged. With arms at right shoulder shift they moved along with a gait as elastic as though they were walking on steel springs. He has left us a picture of a regiment from the

Genesee. Such a snap-shot is quite as vivid as anything that could be given by the kodak. He saw the *elan* of a true soldierly race,—not the stolid professional soldiery of Europe. He saw the fourth generation of men who performed the double duty of making the wilderness to blossom like the rose and of upholding the honor of the American flag. He saw the sons of the soldiers of Mexico, the grandsons of the soldiers of 1812, the great grandsons of the soldiers of the Revolution. Those airy young fellows had been on the route step for nearly three years of monstrous battling since they first left-front-ed-into-line at Fair Oaks. Those springy feet had sprung into line at Gaines' Mill, and Savage Station, and Malvern Hill, at Manassas, Antietam, and Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, at Lookout Mountain and Kenesaw and Resaca and Peach Tree Creek. And now a thousand miles from home they are moving on to new battles of the most sanguinary character as airy and chary as though they were moving out to their first parade. To be a soldier in secluded woods, and that after three years of heavy campaigning, is a very high test of the soldierly instinct. It looks like drinking in soldiery with mothers' milk. Too often the veteran thinks that he has earned a right to be careless, to be even a little slouchy. Not so with those who come of a triple ancestry of soldiers. That regiment would dress its line and adjust its guns to a proper and uniform angle if it were going down in a quick-sand.

If you want the history of America go into almost any of the big white houses of the Genesee country and you will find it all in family tradition.

The heroes of the Genesee did not put down the Rebellion. But they had quite a hand in the matter. Their hand was on Rebellion's throat from first to last; and they never relaxed their grip until the giant was strangled.

> "We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more,
> From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore;
> We are coming, we are coming, our Union to restore;
> We are coming, Father Abraham, six hundred thousand more."

Those were the men that put down the Rebellion; and it is sufficient praise for our Valley to say that in that national pæan there was heard a ringing note from the country of the Genesee.

And just a word for the other side. Their valor was approved by the fact they gave our five times six hundred thousand heroes about all they cared to do. The suppression of the great Rebellion was no holiday excursion; it was no child's play. The poor fellows who were worsted have the one consolation that they "fit well;" and no one who wore the army blue wishes to deny them that solitary consolation.

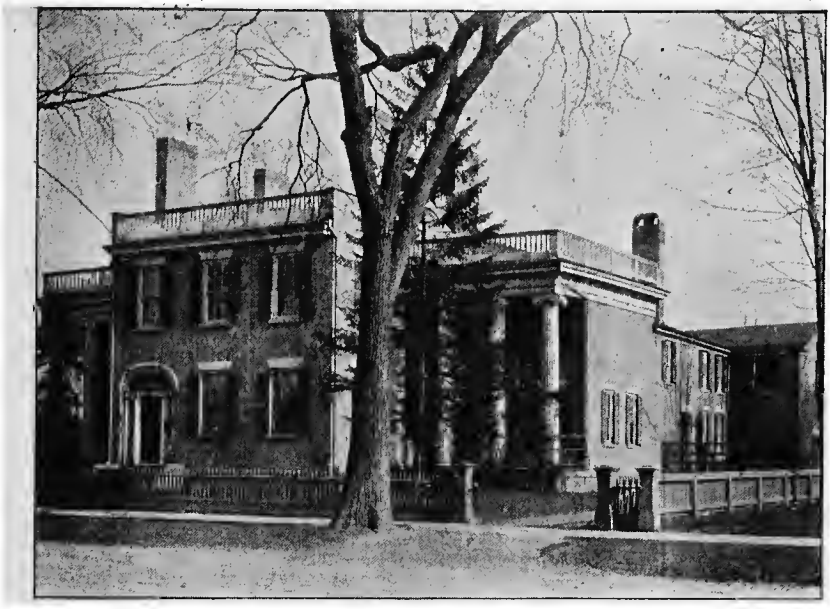
The boys in blue came to have even something of a tenderness for the stubborn "Johnnies."

> "The joy which generous warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel."

It was Greek against Greek; it was American against American. The hate that might have survived was utterly drowned out by admiration for each other's courage; and the first to "clasp hands across the bloody chasm"

were the very men who had been fighting each other to the death. Victory was precious; but victory with reconciliation was a blessing scarcely to be hoped for. But we owe both to the soldiers. Grant gave his prisoners their horses with which to plow their lands and raise bread for their children. Grant's soldiers gave the poor fellows their forgiveness and called them brave.

I well remember the furor created by the first appearance of young Miss Thompson's "Roll Call After the Battle;" and there it was in the English collection at the World's Fair credited to Lady Butler. Many an individual thing seemed an ample reward for the expense and time given to the fair; and the sight of this picture was one.



PIONEER ARCHITECTURE—THE HOME OF TRUMBULL CARY.

To see what a hero is like you have but to look at any one of the faces in that picture; the faces of men who have come up out of "the leaden rain and iron hail" of carnage; the men who have received the shock of the heavy dragoons; the men who stood firm to receive the magnificent bayonet charge bearing down upon them "dressed on the centre;" the men who have rushed in wild melee to rescue their endangered standards, or to capture those of the enemy.

The colonel sits on his horse looking mournfully on the gallant remnant of the thousand whom he reviewed yesterday. Then every belt had to be precise, every coat and button in order. Now he has no word of complaint for hatless and coatless men who, in the ruin of their uniforms, are still "every

inch the soldier." The orderly with book in hand is calling the old familiar roll. The handkerchief about his head, the bandage round his arm, tell their own story. You can see that he has been shot in the head and arm; but you can see that the poor fellow is now shot through the heart by the ominous silence that greets the old familiar names. And if there is anybody that loves the boys it is the "orderly;" if there is anybody that the boys dote upon it is the "orderly." "Adams, Allison, Amsden, Anthony, Appleby, Arthur, Atterby, Ashton, Atwater, Austin, Avery, Baldwin, Ball, Bean, Beardsley, Beckwith, Belden, Bemis, Benedict, Bentley, Benton, Bernard, Bertrand, Biddle, Billings, Bishop, Bostwick, Bosworth, Bowen, Boyle, Brown, Burns, Burton, Bussey," * * * . "Howard" responds with a cheery "Here!"—but you can see that the poor fellow with all his attempt at jauntiness is scarcely able to stand in the line. He tries to persuade himself that he is not holding on to anybody; and the others are trying to persuade him that they are not holding him up. "Jones,"—"Here!"—at the middle of the line without a button on his coat, though trying amusingly to be presentable, and wondering that he is not hurt like the rest of them. And so the orderly reaches the end of his dismal roll mainly in dreary silence " * * * Walker, Walsh, Walton, Ware, Warren, Washburn, Watson, Weaver, Weems, Willis, Williams, Wilson, Wolcott, Wormly, Worth, Worthington, Wright, Youmans, Young." Never again will that complete roll be called by that or any other orderly. The roll will stand on the records; but the ominous star (*) of silence will stand before many a loved comrade's name, while a foot-note tells of La Tour d'Auvergne—"Dead on the field of honor." Look at those surviving heroes! They are not a set of hyenas sated with blood; they are the most tender-hearted as well as the most gallant of men. To them every silence in the roll call is a most crushing sorrow. You can see it in their expressions, but with it you can see intermingled the soldierly instinct to show a bold front, and even to seem gay while their hearts are breaking. Each seems to be determined not to be the lugubrious one of the crowd. No holiday soldiers those; but men with the stamp of "veteran" impressed on every lineament. Out of Spottsylvania they are ready for Cold Harbor; out of the withering assault on Donelson they are ready for the more withering defense at Shiloh; out of the destructive carnage at Winchester they are ready to retrieve the fortunes of the Union at Cedar Creek. The soldier is the soldier; and one cannot avoid making the application to our own boys. People still in active life among us have seen the unbroken thousands of our dear ones go forth with bright uniforms and fresh banners proudly waving. They have seen the return of the haggard, tanned, and battle-worn remnants marching under tattered and blood-stained banners showing on their folds how many times the roll was called after the battle.

"What can the great attraction be?
What do the people rush to see?
A handful of haggard men.
* * * *
The men are old, the boys are men,
Grown gray before their time.

Let him who would ask what the Union cost go to the Capitol at Albany and see the battle flags of the two hundred regiments of the Empire State

furled forever with their eloquent story to posterity. The soldiers who went forth came back "either with their shield or on it." The most of them were on the shield; but they were on it only as an awful aggregate of numbers that went down in the hour of battle with their eyes on those very flags; in the hour when those very flags were receiving those holes and tears from flying missles; in the hour when those flags were receiving that saturation of the blood of heroes, and that soiling from earth made moist with heroes' blood. Then let him go to every other capitol of every other loyal State and see the same scene repeated.

Miss Thompson (or later Lady Butler) has not scattered her talent. She is of that high class of geniuses who believe in doing a few things well. The soldier has been her subject. After showing him immediately after action she proceeded to show him in action; and the result is another immortal canvas. With all due respect to the great painter of "Friedland," I think that the most powerful battle-piece in existence is her "Charge of the Scots Greys." A distinguished critic has said of the "Angelus" that the painter succeeded in painting sound. In the "Scots Greys" Lady Butler has painted to our hearing the thunder and the earthquake. But to the eye those muscular horses and those strong men flying like a whirlwind to the point of attack are a vision of all that is sublime in war. The horses themselves are bent on winning—heads down, nostrils distended, eyes glaring fury, the iron-shod hoofs with the great muscles back of them are determined to assail and trample down all before them. It is a picture of the irresistable. And yet such disipline! In the mad rush eyes are turned on the guidon, swords are flashing the signal of command where voices and bugles are utterly drowned. It is grand; it is perfect. And yet a young woman has done this. The "Roll Call" was painted by a girl in her teens. But "Thanatopsis" was written by a boy who had scarcely reached his teens. Aeschylus could write the "Persians" and create the drama because he had been down in the depths of the struggle; he was one of the immortal ten thousand who charged down with Miltiades from the mountain on to the plain of Marathon, and swept away the three hundred and fifty thousand Persians who had landed for the invasion of his county. But how did young Miss Thompson get her power?

"THE ARMS AND THE MAN I SING."

Arma virumque cano.—*Virgil.*

SPEAKING of the Great Rebellion naturally brings to mind the great leader of the victorious Union armies. We often get very inadequate or even incorrect notions of people by merely reading about them; and a very brief personal encounter will often do much to rectify the conception. I had the good fortune to meet General Grant; and as the encounter was very instructive to me I venture to give an account of is here.

We were pleasantly astonished one Spring by learning that a man was moving into Dixie with the evident purpose of staying. He proclaimed at Paducah that he came not to molest peaceable people but to deal with those

who were in arms against the government. He hastened around to find those armed naughty ones; he found them at Belmont and struck them a stunning blow. After that it was on to Fort Henry, on to Donelson, on to Shiloh, on to Vicksburg, on to Chattanooga, on to the Wilderness, on to Spottsylvania, on to Cold Harbor, on to Petersburg, on to Franklin, on to Nashville, on to Kenesaw, on to Atlanta, on to Allatoona, on to Savannah, on to Winchester, on to Cedar Creek, on to Richmond, on to Five Forks, on to Appomattox. A friend of mine saw him soon after Appomattox receiving an ovation in one of the northern towns. I asked him how he looked. Well he said he wore a dingy sort of a cheap army overcoat and looked bored. That was a little disappointing. But we were often disappointed. We waited eagerly for the illustrated papers to see what the hero of Belmont looked like. O disappointment! It was only a tame looking bewhiskered man with a sort of cavalry hat pinned up at the side. To make a hero of that extremely common place looking individual was quite a tax on our powers of idealization. After the startling capture of Donelson out came that pinned up hat and those long whiskers again. But they never came afterward. Thenceforward we saw the familiar square figure with closely trimmed whiskers, and the hat that never was fastened at the side. Still it was not a dashing figure. And we naturally look for a little dash in a hero. But we got used to it, and found that the picturesque is not an essential element in the winning of battles. But he did not lack picturesque subordinates. To find the *beau sabreur* we need not go beyond Sheridan, Custer, and Kilpatrick. To find the ideal knight, handsome, majestic, capable, brave, successful, we need but look at Hancock. To find the blasting eye and the very fury of war we have but to look at the mustached face of Logan.

In his "Gentleman of Laporte" Bret Harte presents us a party of prospecting miners suddenly happening upon a little habitation in a clearing. This opportunity to get much information, and possibly a little tobacco, was not to be lost. So the party advanced upon an individual who was chopping firewood just in front of the little cabin. On being accosted he begged to be excused, and suddenly disappeared into the interior. Presently he re-appeared arrayed in an immaculate linen shirt, a silk hat, and white gloves. Removing the hat with the grace of a Chesterfield he begged to know the pleasure of his visitors. On the brow of one of the wanderers there were all the signs of a coming storm. He moved upon the bowing gentleman with the fierce interrogatory: "See here, Stranger, what's this ere that yer a givin' us?" "I beg pardon, I don't comprehend!" "What do you take us for; do you think we're going to stand biled shirts, and silk hats, and,—." The narrator of the incident said that he could not report with any degree of clearness what occurred just at that point. But when the atmosphere cleared somewhat he discovered himself in the crotch of a tree; and he saw the rest of his party similarly disposed in the neighboring foliage; while the gentleman, hat in hand, was still bowing low to know their further pleasure. The first to climb down was the irate miner who had brought on the cyclone, or whatever it was. Approaching the bowing gentleman he once more addressed him, but in language very conciliatory: "See here, Stranger, there are exceptions to all rules. As a rule I don't approve of biled shirts, and silk hats, and white kid gloves, and things; but I want to say to you, Stranger, that you're entitled

to wear just what you please." And speaking of the picturesque, General Grant relates that there was just one officer in the Union army who dared to appear before his soldiers in full regimentals; and that one was General Charles F. Smith, the hero of Fort Donelson. When General Smith rode down the line with waving plume and gorgeous uniform, with his tall form erect in the saddle, and sitting his horse so as to bring tears of mortifiaction to the eyes of a Buffalo Bill, no one grinned, no one jeered. After coming out of that awful assault on the left a soldier was asked how he felt going up. "Well, I just set my teeth and kept my eye on the old man. The way he sat that horse in front of the line and coolly pushed aside the obstructions was very re-assuring." That "old man" could "wear what he pleased."

IN THE SHADOW OF GREATNESS.

If it is true that Xerxes led four millions of men to the invasion of Greece, then he is the only man that ever commanded a larger number of troops in the field than General Grant commanded. But Xerxes lost about all his great army in a series of disasters due to his egregiously bad generalship. Of successful commanders no other man has carried as large a responsibility as rested upon the brain of General Grant. And as nothing succeeds like success, no other man was so successful. It is eminently fitting that a mausoleum costing half a million dollars should be placed over his remains in Riverside Park. The greatest captain in history should be honored in a great way.

General Grant has been much criticized. I used to have a stock of such criticisms. But they are all obsolete; I do not use them any more. The Confederate Ceneral Buckner visited General Grant on that mountain of eternal sadness, a few days before the great hero's death. The conciliatory words of

the departing great man to his late foemen are a lasting heritage to the nation that he saved. In New York, on his return, Buckner was a listener to a sharp discussion of General Grant's character and career. One said that he lacked so and so. Buckner remarked: "That may be true, gentlemen, but I tell you General Grant was a very near man." Another said that he lacked so and so. Buckner remarked as before: "That may be true gentlemen, still I must insist that General Grant was a very near man." And so Buckner met every single criticism with the constant phrase "a very near man." At last they lost patience, and demanded to know what he ment by calling General Grant "a very near man." "Well, gentlemen, I will tell you. You remember that I once had fifteen thousand men in Fort Donelson that I was compelled to give away to somebody; and General Grant was right there *near* by to take them. Some months later my friend Pemberton had just twice as many men in Vicksburg that he had to give away to somebody; and this same General Grant was right *near* by to take possession of them. At last it became necessary for General Lee to give up the whole southern army to somebody; and, behold! it was the same General Grant that was right *near* by to take them in. I tell you, gentlemen, he was a *very near* man."

Well, I was full of criticisms too. I thought this and that about him. But the scales at last fell from my eyes so that I could see him as he was. The historian McMaster says that we know much of General Washington and of President Washington, but that we still have to become acquainted with George Washington. If that be true, I hope that when we become acquainted with George Washington we shall have no occasion to grieve. I know whereof I speak when I say that we have no occasion to grieve for the character or traits of Ulysses S. Grant. He will bear the flashlights of history. He needs no pall of charity. His simplicity was the very antipodes of vulgarity. His heart was as free from guile as a babe's, and as warm in its sympathies as a woman's. He erred not on the side of stolidity, but on the side of a too great trustfulness; he thought that other people were as honorable and highly minded as he. Of his intellectual powers. of the richness of his culture, and of the charm of his presence, I shall speak later. I will now relate the circumstances of my conversion. They were somewhat dramatic, and in no small degree amusing.

Toward the close of his first term in the presidency I was doing up Washington for the first time. I invaded the Capital and ascended its beautiful dome without a tremor. I looked into the Treasury Building, the Patent office, and the Smithsonian Institute. The awful White House I deferred to the last, in order to get my courage screwed up to the sticking point. At last, one morning after a good sleep and a good breakfast, I moved upon the Executive Mansion. I went to the north entrance and leisurely contemplated the famous building. All contemplations must end; so at last I turned on my heel and started back to the hotel. But I did not go to the hotel. I do not undertake to give the reasons why. Hypnotism is a convenient explanation of a course of conduct entirely contrary to one's usual habit. Whatever the cause I found myself back at the gate again. I never trespassed before nor since; it is not my habit. After a pause I found myself entering that gate and moving on toward that mansion. My reason remained, though my will was gone. I reasoned that I was guilty of gross trespass, perhaps of some-

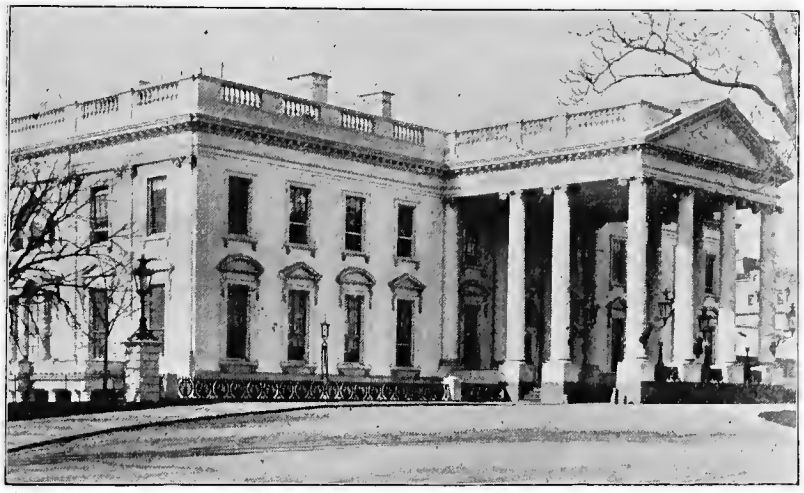
thing like treason; and I wondered how far I would go before they would either arrest or eject me. On I went to the very corner of the house and touched it. Now I thought if I live through this I will have something to tell. Again I turned on my heel; but again I did not get to the hotel. I heard the rustle of a newspaper; and a figure that I had not noticed before straightened itself up on a park seat near me. I was not particularly startled; I was desparately reconciled to either arrest or ejection, whichever the event might be. But the figure was that of a benignant gentleman who asked me without any preliminary the blunt question: "Have you been inside?" I could have taken arrest with a fair degree of composure; but this question upset me. "Go in," said the benignant gentleman, "it is the regular thing." "And go where you please." I presume that I said something; though I cannot now recall it. He, however, said no more, and seemed inclined to return to his newspaper. I could not interrupt a man who evidently wanted to read; so I drifted away from him pondering deeply.

How quickly one slides down the hill of recklessness when he once begins. I had intruded upon the President's grounds; I now invaded his residence. I entered and walked down the main corridor. Colored domestics were flitting back and forth about their duties; but no one seemed surprised at my presence. I was "monarch of all I surveyed." The Persian magnate gives over his castle to the visiting guest. But woe to the guest that would take it. But I took the White House, and held it without disaster. After doing the corridors I felt constrained to do the rooms that were at my disposal. I peered modestly into a few; but I had to take possession of the famous East Room. I held it alone while I thought of its history from John Adams to Grant. I took another stroll in the corridors and then turned on my heel to go to the hotel, feeling that I had had great adventures. But again I did not go to the hotel. As I moved toward the door a couple of gentlemen brushed by me. A remark from one of them in passing turned the whole tide of events. "He came rather unexpectedly, didn't he?" I instantly divined who was meant by "he." It was August; and Grant had been tarrying at his cottage at Long Branch. He was now in that building. I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to see him. But how to effect my purpose required some pondering. At last I hailed a flitting colored gentleman. "Is President Grant in?" "Yessah."

"How can a person get to see him?" "O, its vahy easy, sah. You just go up that flight of stahs, sah, to the first landing, sah, and turn in to a doh, sah, at the left hand, sah. That's Gen'l Dent's room, sah, the President's private secketay, sah. He'l get you a chance to see the President, sah." A slight movement of his hand toward his head, and of his head toward his hand; and he was flitting again. I did as directed. For an example of perfectly beaming urbanity commend me to General Dent the brother of Mrs. Grant. He sat high behind a sort of banker's screen with a little window before him. He beamed and beamed on me from ths minute that I appeared at the door-way until I presented myself at the little window. His countenance intimated eloquently that he was glad beyond all measure that I had come at last. And when I told him my name and that I desired to pay my respects to the President, he could not altogether repress a little paroxysm of delight. He passed me out a blank card with a perfect ardor of kindness (it would be wrong to call it unction). "All right, Mr.——— just write your

name, please, on that card; and I will send it in to him at once. Just at present he is closeted with the Secretary of War, and may be engaged with him for a short time. But I think it will not be long. He will send for you as soon as he is disengaged. Please have a seat and make yourself entirely at home." Another melting beam; and that ended my first and last interview with General Dent. Having tucked me away cozily the General proceeded to beam upon his duties. I sat down and sat there just one hour. Some men were already sitting; and others kept dropping in at intervals, until there were about fifteen sitters all told. I did not know what the ultimate formality would be; I could only await developments. I thought that we would be called in the order of our cards. The hour was not altogether lost; for I was much interested in the various types that constituted our party. We were called *en masse*. A very straight young colored man appeared at the inner door and read off in ringing tones the names on all the cards that had been sent in. He then faced about like a drum major. We took the hint and formed single file to follow him. He marched us quickly to the right and then quickly to the left off to some remote part of the house; and he quickly stepped aside on reaching an open door. Through that door the rest of the file marched. Just inside the door stood a gentleman who gave a cordial shake of the hand to each of the party who had done him the honor of calling upon him. It was THE MAN OF APPOMATTOX. He had read our names; and the sequel will show that every name was fixed in his memory. He took the hand of each and looked kindly into each pair of eyes, as he allowed us to identify ourselves; and the sequel will show that the identification was not needed a second time. "Mr.—?" "——" "O, yes, Mr.—— I am glad to see you;" and so he passed us each into the room. It transpired that nearly all of us had very precious axes to grind; but like a true gentleman he left that to transpire, and assumed that we came there with the highest motives imaginable. No stolidity about that. That little action at the door marked the very acme of good breeding. He needed no master of ceremonies to be gracious in his name and to take care of the forms of his court. His breeding was so high that he was incapable of condescension. His breeding was so high that he could afterwards meet all the sovereigns of the world without jarring their dignity or losing his own. I have heard it said that the presidency polished him. I do not so understand it. The victory that first revealed General Grant's military talents also revealed the gentleness of his heart, the dignity of his character, the delicacy of his touch, and the finish of his politeness. When Donelson fell, and his name was ringing through the land, instead of inflating himself with self-importance, he thought only of the feelings of the unfortunate. He was the general until the fort surrendered; he was then the gentleman; and he won his greatest victory after the arms were grounded; for he disarmed his prisoners of their hate. He gave strict orders that no act should be perpetrated, no word uttered, that could possibly mortify the prisoners. He made a call of courtesy upon the captive officers and insisted that they should meet him at his own mess. He did all that a gentleman could do to put them in countenance; and they never forgot it. It was the Commander of Donelson who rushed to Mount Macgreggor when he learned that his great antagonist was passing away. Could anything be more gentle than his treatment of Lee and Lee's veterans? General Grant's kindly instincts disarmed

the whole confederacy of its hate. The one consolation that the Confederates had in their final defeat was that they had been defeated by General Grant. While they stood in arms he was remorseless. "Unconditional surrender; I propose to move immediately upon your works." "Why does Thomas delay? Why is not that line moving up Missionary Ridge?" "I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer." Words of death and destruction. But the very moment they submitted he was gentleness itself. No, the Presidency did nothing for Grant. He adorned the Presidency. My contemptible criticisms began to fly to the four winds from the moment that I encountered him in that door. It was not the Grant of the newspapers; it was Ulysses S. Grant himself; and Ulysses S. Grant himself was a revelation to me. He stood at that door in his prime, at the zenith of everything. I never



THE PRESIDENT'S MANSION.

have seen a man to whom the word wholesome would more fitly apply. He was an example of perfect health. The warm strong hand bespoke perfect circulation of the blood; the eye, the face, the body showed that every organ was in prime condition. He was fifty; but there was not the least suggestion of approaching age. His nerve was as steady after his mighty deeds and cares as if he had never done a thing in his life. But his presence was wholesome from a moral point of view. You felt that you were in the presence of a good man as well as a great one. He was of medium height, square built, and strong. I have heard such a figure described as being built from the ground up. It would be called a sturdy figure. I remember that he had a very fine shoulder. But he was so well proportioned that no part was conspicuous. He was well dressed, though not in broad cloth. He wore a square-cut business suit of darkish stuff of good quality. He was well dressed without the slightest suggestion of style. I would call it an easy suit, and a man at ease in it. The room was oblong. A long table in the middle extended

lengthwise of the room. Covered chairs were arranged at intervals around the table; and other covered chairs were arranged at intervals around the wall. We drifted to the seats around the wall. The President took a seat at the head of the table and faced to my side of the room. It chanced that I had drifted to a seat within a very feet of him; so I heard every word that was said during the hour that I was in the room, and had Grant manifesting himself to me at very close range and under very trying circumstances. As soon as he was seated he was interviewed at once by a gentleman who took a seat at my side of the table and presented his face to me in profile. I was far enough away to be at a civil distance, and yet near enough to hear all that was said and to observe the workings of the President's mind. That side chair became the anxious seat for a long succession of petitioners who had failed to get satisfaction in the departments, and who now brought their own side of the story to the President himself. I became a little panicky when I found that my companions were all there on business, while I had come there as a mere idle interloper. But there I was; and all I could do was to let matters take their course. I would have given a great deal to be out of my predicament, and yet I would not for ten times as much have lost the opportunity of seeing General Grant for an hour under fire.

He allowed each petitioner to say all that he had come to say, without the slightest interruption. His repose of manner was wonderful; he never fidgeted nor even moved in that chair; he sat there like a statue. And his control of his countenance was as noticeable as his control of his nerves; his face gave absolutely no sign as to how the petitioner's case was faring. But the instant that his case was all in the President was talking; and that talk was a revelation. It showed that he had been the best of listeners, and that while his face was absolutely impassive he had been mentally probing the case to the very core. And he spoke like one who had a grip of it at the core. It was the voice of a master-mind. The petitioners were generally very strong men, and they seemed to have much at stake. I think there was no petition that had reference to appointments or politics; they seemed to be all concerning business interests that were affected by the action of the departments. Some said they came to appeal to his sense of justice; others were disposed to impress upon him what would be to the interest of the public service. He shrank from neither; he was willing to be a Solomon or a ruler, whichever character they chose to assign him. When Solomon spoke the builder of the Temple would have been delighted with the clearness of his exposition; and when the ruler spoke he surprised us by showing that every slightest detail of government was of interest to him, and that he was in the practice of following matters down to the minutest details. He never said that he would take a matter under consideration; he proceeded to deal with it on the spot. No weak point in the case of the *ex parte* advocate could escape him. But while his logic was remorseless his manner was never unkind. He did not play the school-master; he rebuked nobody. On the other hand he showed no disposition to shield his subordinates. In defending an action of the government he took pains to show the soundness of the policy and the correctness of the business principles on which it was conducted. He took away the breath of the petitioner and mine by naming committees of experts to whom the matter under discussion had been submitted for advice. He sought to cajole nobody;

but on the other hand he resorted to no sarcasm nor biting expression of any kind. He sat there strong, calm, dignified, kind. He left no doubt as to when the matter was ended; but his manner was so correct that while some evidently went away crest-fallen, none could have gone away feeling that he had been in the slightest degree misused. As a rule they addressed him with respect, and had regard for his dignity; but I saw some attempts to button-hole him. He gave no sign; he left them to decide on how they would "work" him. And there he sat like a statue while case after case came and went. I used to think that General Grant lacked the faculty of speech. I have never thought so since I heard the flow of classic English that came from him in discussing those cases. I call it a flow; for he never hesitated the shadow of an instant for a word; and if his language could have been taken down on the spot it would have stood as a model. You could not change a word; you could not have improved one of his sentences if you had six months time for furbishing it up. But his language was Doric in its clearness and strength; his crisp sentences came forth like a series of his own conquering battalions. There was no sting; but there was the force of truth clearly apprehended and tersely expressed. I have since read every word of his Memoirs, and much of it more than once and more than twice. In that great work he speaks just as he spoke in that room, like a man that has something to say and knows just how to say it. Grant's story of the great convulsion is a mighty contribution to history; but his book from a literary point of view is another immortal classic. It will take rank with Cæsar's Commentaries in point of simplicity, directness, and lack of self-consciousness. He does not laud Grant; he asks no laudations for him; but he shows Grant at his great problem as no other man could have shown him, because no other man knew him so well. There is not an offensive note in the book; it takes a great man to keep out the big I in writing of himself; he writes of Grant as dispassionately, as severely, as any one could write of any third party. After seeing him there I could have told what kind of a book he would write. I have compared him to Solomon as they appealed to his sense of justice. Such an appeal did not fall upon deaf ears. He asked no questions; but, like Solomon, he knew how to probe a motive. "I cannot do what you ask me to do, Judge; it would involve an inconsistency. You ask the United States to take the initiative in undoing an action of its own. The United States has already acted in this matter through its courts, through its Attorney General, through its Secretary of the Interior. But I'll tell you what I can do; I can remove the Attorney General; I can remove the Secretary of the Interior——" (Not the slightest change in the impassive countenance.) "Mr. President! I would not for the world have you misunderstand me; I am not here to prejudice your mind against any official. I have no doubt that they have all acted conscientiously in the matter; but things have been so persistently misrepresented to them that we have been deprived of what justly belongs to us. I am here only for justice." "The Attorney General will be in this room to-morrow at eleven o'clock; the Secretary of the Interior will be here at that hour; the other parties to this suit will be notified to be represented; you be here to represent your people. I will have this whole case gone over again in my presence. If it shall appear that you have suffered any injustice you shall have all the redress which the administration is capable of giving you." Sol-

omon had thrown out his adroit feeler; and then Solomon had spoken as the just judge. "Mr. President, I am satisfied. Good day, sir." But as they were thinning out I began to be a very uncomfortable wall-flower. How could I with any countenance account for my presence in such a room of business? I saw no retreat; it would not do to run away; I was there through idle curiosity; and I must go and confess it, and take the consequences. It was not pleasant to think what those consequences might be. I did not want to be last; so I watched an opportunity and started for the anxious seat with a little frank speech on my lips.

I shall never forget the grave countenance that looked right at me as I approached that chair of anxiety. It was not forbidding; nor was it in the slightest degree reassuring; it was just an unreadable enigma. The figure was still as a statue; as it had been for the entire hour. The finest passages in his previous talks had been unaccompanied by a single movement or gesture, unaccompanied by a single emphasizing facial expression. It was a case of the oracle pure and simple; but not at all oracular in form nor manner. While he did settle things, he never intimated either that he was going to settle them or that he had settled them; he just settled them; and then awaited his next task. It was clear that I must take the initiative; and I took it. I was desperate again; I did not know what was to come; I did not much care; I was as desperate as when I heard that newspaper rustle in the park. The others sat before opening the ball; I began my speech while still on my feet. "Mr. President, I have no case to present; I simply called to pay my respects, and to gratify a very natural desire to see the President." My speech was not long; it contained but two sentences; yet the last sentence had to be hurried through in the midst of a scene which the first had created. By the time the first sentence was completed the impassivity had utterly disappeared from the face of the sphinx; it became the face of a man convulsed with merriment. It was as perfect a dissolving scene as I have ever witnessed. The eye that had been so grave was twinkling with uncontrollable amusement, the features were wreathed in as hearty a smile as I have ever seen. The President did not laugh; but I thought that the smile extended down to his knees and his toes. This was another very interesting revelation to me; I never knew before that General Grant had any sense of the ludicrous; I had never associated him with a single joke. But now I saw why his nerve was so good; he saw the funny side of life as keenly as any man living; and it rested him. I have never fully decided in my mind whether he was convulsed at my unhappy predicament, or at the fact of encountering a fellow in there who did not want anything. But he did not try to recover himself; having been surprised out of his dignity and repose, he just let dignity and repose go about their own business. He moved in his chair; he reached up his hand and took mine with a strong, hearty grasp: "Mr, ———, I'm very glad to see you, sir, sit down;" and his hand delivered me into the chair. "Where are you from?" I told him that I was from New York; and he proceeded to marshal his small talk and do his best to entertain me. There was action now in all his features, and in his entire frame. I was becoming a little more panicky than if he had repulsed me. He was opening up a process that had no end, while others were still waiting there; and I knew not what other engagements were demanding his time and

attention. I seized an opportunity to excuse myself for not wishing to trespass upon his time or to add to his burdens. He silenced me momentarily with a very emphatic gesture: "Don't be in a hurry, Mr. ———; it is true that I have a great many callers, but then (with a twinkle in the eye and *sotto voce*) you see that I have a broad back." The incomparable gentleman; I had assigned him the character of a host, and he had resolved to acquit himself in that character to the last point of courtesy and hospitality. I broke in again with the declaration that I felt it my duty to go. He put on an injured look, seeing that I was determined to go; he reached out his hand, seized mine, held it till I was on my feet, then squeezed it with a most hearty and prolonged pressure: "Mr. ——— I am very glad to have seen you, sir. Come again!"

I saw him once afterwards, about four years later, while he was still President I was returning from a day at Long Branch. As I alighted from the train at Sandy Hook I saw that the President had just alighted from the car ahead. He walked down to the boat a few steps ahead of me. He wore a silk hat that was not glossy new; he had on a white linen duster; and in his hand he carried his own satchel. He was going to the city, and seemed unattended by lackey, guard, or friend. The intervening years and the increasing cares had caused a little sprinkling of gray among the dark hairs; and there was now a slight suggestion of the elderly gentleman. I had seen him with his mansion thrown open to the world; I now saw him moving among the people without the slightest precaution against danger. His protection was his innate goodness, his remarkable worth of character. Who would kill him? Not those whom he led to victory; not those whom he consoled and assisted in defeat.

THE GREATEST HERO OF THE GENESEE.

ONE cannot visit Concord Bridge, or Bunker Hill, or Saratoga, or Yorktown, or Mount Vernon, without being stirred to the very depths of his soul with memories of the great struggle for American independence. That great conflict determined not only the destinies of America, but the condition of mankind throughout the world. The sublime Declaration of Independence voiced the yearnings and aspirations of humanity everywhere; and the success of the American people in throwing off despotic power and enthroning the popular will, has stirred all other people with hope and determination. Other nations have taken up the maxims that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," that "government is of the people, by the people, for the people." Under the operation of these maxims the thrones of earth are either disappearing entirely or are becoming the obedient servants of the popular will. Constitutional liberty is springing up everywhere, and human rights are becoming entrenched within laws of the people's own making. The world is going on fitting itself for freedom and habilitating itself with freedom, all because the American Revolution was successful. It goes on doing so un-

der the assuring adage that "What man has done, man can do." Such is the overpowering effect of example.

The revolutionary struggle was the great epoch in the history of the world, the turning point between the old order of things and the new.

The intelligence and courage of the colonial farmers will be the theme of song and story to the end of time. Their deeds will acquire only added lustre as the centuries slip away. "Those were the times that tried men's souls;" but the men of that day had souls equal to the occasion.

> "By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> There once the embattled farmers stood
> And fired the shot heard around the world."

And, Oh, what farmers they were! Their furious onslaught at Concord bridge was repeated in the death-grapple at Bunker Hill, where they thrice hurled back the advancing foe, and were beaten at last only by the exhaustion of their ammunition. They fell back in sullen retreat from Long Island only to seek new fighting ground. With shoeless feet and tattered garments they entered upon long retreats and famous forced marches; year after year added only to the intensity of their sufferings, until the horrors of Valley Forge expressed the high-water mark of human endurance. Yet, out of all this privation and suffering they could spring upon the enemy at Trenton and Princeton, and Saratoga, and Yorktown, and force him to the wall.

One visits the old South Church and looks with reverence upon the mute but eloquent relics associated with those brave deeds; and one is similarly affected in visiting the headquarters of the American commander at Newburg, the famous old house with the seven doors and one window, the house from which Washington gave his last orders to his army, the house in which he sternly refused a crown. There it is as he left it; and it will be kept so for ages by the State of New York. The furniture is the furniture he used; you see his inkstand, his autograph letters and orders, a lock of his hair; you see articles that belonged to his Adjutant-General Hamilton, and to other distinguished officers of his household; you see nothing within or about the building but what was used in the Revolutionary struggle. In the midst of those objects with so great a history the imagination is stimulated to call up the men who used them and the times in which they were used. And in the midst of such material reminders one is stirred up to be a better citizen, a truer patriot.

Go a little farther South to Tappan, where Andre was condemned and executed. There is the church (or a restoration of it) in which the famous trial was held, where the intrepid bearing of the prisoner won the sympathies of the entire populace and almost melted his stern judges to clemency. But they were men who could perform a painful duty, and could visit a great crime with a great punishment. When the condemned man appealed to the Commander-in-Chief to modify his sentence, so that he might die the death of a soldier rather than that of a felon, the appeal had but a few yards to go, to another headquarters still preserved intact, in which sat the benevolent Washington with heart bleeding for the unfortunate man, but with the reso-

lution to let the stern laws of war take their course. There is the chair in which he sat while sympathy wrestled with duty ; there is the old fireplace into which he gazed ; and around it are still the same beautiful tiles from Holland that recall at once the good taste of the period and the restful pleasure they must have given the last distinguished occupant of the dwelling. Here again the sacred precinct is surrounded with the protection of the law ; another shrine is preserved and reserved for the veneration of American patriotism. It is kept as nearly as possible as Washington would wish to see it ; no profane speculation can pervert it to ignoble uses ; it is dedicated forever to the visualizing of the greatest period in history, or until slowly consuming time alone shall cause it to disappear from the sight of men.

All know that Mount Vernon is placed under the same protection, and nothing but long delayed decay may remove from the sight of men the appointments of Washington's home, and the tomb in which his remains lie buried.

The thousands that pay their tribute of veneration to those interesting spots will only be increased by other thousands upon thousands as the years roll by. But had the Revolution failed, how long would the interest in an unsuccessful rebel have survived ? or how much interest would there have been felt in places associated with unsuccessful rebellion ?

That the Revolution was menaced with failure is a truth most appalling to the student of history. The courage and determination of the American farmers did not fail ; but the brave American soldiers could not win battles with starved, and debilitated, and frozen bodies, and with empty hands. The provisions, the clothing, the pay, the ammunition the equipments, the *materiel* of war of the American soldiers did fail. They failed not until the treasury was empty ; they failed not until the credit of the country was exhausted, until the notes of the government were so depreciated that the pay of a colonel would not buy oats for his horse ; they failed not until the substance of the colonies was consumed by forced loans. This was their last resource, and this failed ; the next inevitable step was the failure of the Revolution itself. The colonies learned the bitter lesson that help comes not to the losers ; it comes to the winners. Help finally came from a friendly nation ; but it came to the victors of Saratoga, not to the vanquished of Long Island and Brandywine, not to the shivering martyrs of Valley Forge.

The Roman Curtius leaped into the chasm that his country might be saved ; the American Curtius, the renowned Robert Morris, leaped into the chasm of his country's distress ; the chasm closed, and his rescued country marched over him to victory. He threw his wealth and credit into the scale of his country's wants, and he sent to Holland and successfully negotiated there a series of loans backed by his own private credit. This Holland money relieved the situation ; it turned a new and unlooked for stream into the exhausted treasury ; food and clothing and arms and ammunition and equipments and weapons were bought ; the sad stories of Long Island, and Brandywine, and Germantown, and Valley Forge were changed to the pæans of Bennington, Saratoga, Monmouth, and Yorktown. The Revolution did not fail. An indirect result of all these transactions was the Holland Land Purchase in the Genesee country made from Robert Morris himself.

On the banks of the Tonawanda there is situated a beautiful and thriv-

ing town called Batavia. It is well-known that Batavia is another name for Holland, just as Britannia is another name for England, just as Caledonia is another name for Scotland, just as Hibernia is another name for Ireland, just as Gaul is another name for France, just as Iberia is another name for Spain, just as Helvetia is another name for Switzerland, just as Hellas is another name for Greece.

The town of Batavia was so called because it was made the local headquarters of the Holland Land Company, the investors in the Holland Purchase. In the town of Batavia, on the very bank of its winding and gently flowing Indian stream, stands a stone building, which has stood for nearly a century. This building is famous throughout Western New York as the Old Land Office of the Holland Purchase.

THE OLD HOLLAND LAND OFFICE ON THE BANK OF THE TONAWANDA

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise."

If ever a building deserved preservation, it is this same old Land Office. If Mount Vernon, and Tappan, and Newburgh are shrines, the old Land Office should be a shrine of shrines; for the man who made the sale to the Hollanders saved the other buildings from being regarded as so many worn-out barns. This great landmark in our history should be saved from ignoble uses, and from needless wear and tear; it should be put into a condition to tell its silent but eloquent story to as many generations as possible. Over the portals of Mount Vernon, and Tappan, and Newburgh, and Faneuil Hall, and the Old South Church, the appropriate legend might be inscribed:

"Heroism did its best to win Independence;" over the portals of the old Land Office should be written in letters of gold; "The Revolution did not fail."

The flag of a nation redeemed should float above this hallowed structure; the portrait of Robert Morris should be hung upon its walls; it should be his monument; and its fac-simile should appear on the pedestal of every statue erected to him by his admiring and grateful countrymen. It should be reserved to no other purpose than to contain mementoes of the settlement, growth, struggles, and triumphs of this fair land. As an object lesson in patriotism and statesmanship it could have a most uplifting effect upon each growing generation.

The Hollanders made the purchase not because it was land, but because it was fine land. When one travels among the fertile lands of the Genesee country; when he sees the waving grain, the luxuriant meadows, the fat pastures, and the mammoth barns, he thinks of Robert Morris and the Revolution that did not fail. And he congratulates each prosperous farmer that the title deed of his estate runs back to such a distinguished name as that of Robert Morris.

After signing the transfer of the Purchase the Atlas of the Revolution disappeared into a debtor's prison; and we have no word of complaint from his patient lips against the ingratitude of that country that needed him no longer. Curtius had voluntarily sprung into the chasm. He could not complain if the chasm closed over him and his country moved on to its destiny.

But in the Genesee country, where Robert Morris last appeared, wrestling like a Titan with his self-imposed burdens, his name should be ever kept green; and suitable honors should be there accorded to his memory.

The old Land Office should be preserved with religious veneration; its walls should be graced with his portrait; and his statue should adorn its grounds.

Every man in the land of the Genesee should deem it not only his privilege but his right to contribute to these honors. Almost every piece of real estate in this favored region has at the basis of its title one of the greatest names in history. Every farm recalls the life and fortunes of one of the purest of patriots and one of the greatest of men.

Let the Genesee country do its duty to this grand and neglected man, and it may be that then the indifferent nation will wake up to a becoming sense of shame for its disgraceful neglect of its greatest hero and martyr. He gave all; the country took his all, and took it ravenously, and then—left him to poverty and oblivion!

I would not detract from the glory of Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, and Grant; they all deserve to stand out in heroic proportions before the imagination of all generations. And we all rejoice that while they were great historical characters, they were also good men. But in the Pantheon of fame where their figures stand immortal, I see an empty pedestal. On that empty pedestal I would place a figure fitted in every way to stand in their company; nor would I have its proportions reduced one whit below those of the others. Need I say that I would fill that empty pedestal with the figure of the Atlas of the Revolution, the unapproachable Robert Morris?

"There were giants in those days." But some men are more than giants; they are demigods. You cannot measure them by ordinary standards; admiration is not enough; you must revere them.

There were many giants in the Revolution; but that struggle revealed three Titans fighting in the van; those three were Washington, Franklin, and Robert Morris.

There is no need of invidious comparisons. It is, perhaps, sufficient meed of honor to our hero to say that none of the others out-measured him. Like all the others he was utterly free from selfish ambition, and, like them, he was willing, when his work was done, to sink gently back into obscurity. A kind fortune has preserved the others from an oblivion which they did not dread; let us here in the Genesee country endeavor to resuscitate and rehabilitate their glorious compeer, the Curtius of American History, the Atlas of the Revolution, the man that seemed of all others providentially born for his time, the gentle Robert Morris.

PATRIOT—NOT FINANCIER.

A CONTEMPORARY writer deems it sufficient meed of praise for Robert Morris to compare him with Jay Cooke. He more than intimates that Morris was a mere self-seeker who over-reached himself and came to grief. I regret to see one of the noblest and greatest characters in American history or in the history of the world, disposed of in such an off-hand and unjust manner. Jay Cooke was a mere banker who handled and disposed of the securities of our government during the War of the Rebellion. He handled them as a mere matter of business; and, while he may have helped the government, he did what he did solely for his own interest.

Morris, on the contrary, was a patriot who labored with might and main from first to last to win American Independence, and to establish the American government upon the firmest foundations. To achieve those great ends he put everything in peril—his good name, his life, his fortune. It was with no selfish aim that he signed the Declaration of Independence, and thus voluntarily placed a halter above his neck. The signers took all the chances of martyrdom; and it was many years before they knew that they would not be martyred. They took the chances of death; but it was the disgraceful death of a felon, a death on the gibbet, branded with the odium of treason.

It was with no selfish aim that Morris came to the rescue of Washington in 1777 and prevented the dispersion of the patriot army by instantly raising $50,000 on his own private credit.* It was with no selfish aim that he as-

*PHILADELPHIA, December 30, 1776.

SIR—I have just received your favor of this day, and sent to Gen. Putnam to detain the express until I collected the hard money you want, which you may depend shall be sent in one specie or other with this letter, and a list thereof shall be enclosed herein. I had long since parted with very considerable sums of hard money to Congress, and therefore must collect from others—and as matters now stand, it is no easy thing. I mean to borrow silver and promise payment in gold, and then collect the gold the best way I can. . . .

I am dear sir, yours, etc.,

ROBERT MORRIS.

sumed the burden of the whole expense of the war after the means and credit of the government had completely failed. He was not speculating in the securities of a strong government; he was simply bolstering up with his own private means the weakest and most desperate of causes. He simply added his labor, his thought, and his money to his life, and said with a persistency nothing short of sublime, "The Revolution must not fail!"

Will history say that this was a case of Robert Morris working for Robert Morris? History will perpetrate no such sublime injustice; though history has as yet been too silent in regard to his great deeds. The children of this generation can speak with familiarty of the subordinate officers of the Revolutionary army; but the men of this generation have to ask about the man who held that army together, who fed and clothed and supplied it, who pointed out its way to victory, and who hurled it on the foe. Yes, the men of this generation have no answer when Robert Morris is characterized as a mere financial adventurer, who somewhat miscalculated his opportunities, and chanced to land in a debtor's prison. History has done Robert Morris the wrong of silence, but not the wrong of actual slander. History has not written him down; but it has failed as yet to write him up. When it gets around to him Clio will have the grandest theme that ever called forth the tones of her lyre.

Had Morris not appeared on the scene, or had Morris died during the struggle, the Revolution would have collapsed. Who can say this of any other man? If it can not be said of any other man, then Morris was pre-eminently the man of the Revolution. We shudder to think what might have been had Washington not appeared, or had he been called away; we know what would have been had Morris disappeared; the history of the Revolution would have been the history of glorious despair, the history of gibbets, the history of the wreck of human hopes.

The life that was so recklessly exposed on the occasion of Braddock's defeat, that was put into frequent peril during the battles of the Revolution, might have encountered one of the flying bullets which it so bravely dared. The loss would have been terrible; it might have cost us victory; but who will say that it must have done so? The loss of Morris would have been sure ruin.* A Jay Cooke sitting back and fattening upon his country's tribulations! Out on the thought! Shame on such profanation! The man of the Revolution, the one life on which all our destinies turned, the man admired for his intelligence and revered for his probity by all his contemporaries to be characterized within a century as a mere unsuccessful speculator! *O! tempora! O! mores!*

When we see Robert Morris languishing in a debtor's prison in the United States of America within a few years after the adoption of the constitution which he helped to frame, and when we see him within a century characterized as a mere unlucky speculator, the proverbial ingratitude of republics comes home to us with its fullest force, and in all its bitterness. He signed the Declaration of Independence; he held the armies together by the use of his princely fortune, his great integrity, and his mighty ability; he

*"That the government had in any way been able to finish the war, after the downfall of its paper-money, was due to the gigantic efforts of one great man—Robert Morris."—*John Fiske, The Critical Period of American History, p. 167.*

brought in aid from abroad; he literally pushed the Revolution through. When others despaired he said: "It can go on, and it must go on."

To see the man in all his aspects at once, the concentration of judgment, energy, resourcefulness, push and determination, take the campaign of 1781. Washington felt that a blow must be struck; he would strike New York. Morris said no; the assault would be of doubtful issue, and would be made in any event at too great a cost of men and money; even if successful the Brit-

ROBERT MORRIS, PATRIOT.

ish could with their great naval resources retake it; and things would be worse than they had been. Better, he said, swing the army around to Virginia and crush Cornwallis. Washington said he could not move so great an army into Virginia; he had not the means of transportation. Morris said he would provide transportation. "How will you do it?" "I don't know; but I pledge my head that when you get to Philadelphia I will have the transportation." "Then we go."

The transportation was ready on time; Cornwallis was crushed; and the war was ended. Whose fight was it? Who won the fight? A mere financial adventurer unlucky enough to be jailed for being behind with his payments! O no; it was won by the most remarkable man that has ever appeared at any time in any country; by a man who will yet be honored by a full recognition

of his great, disinterested, and beneficient services.* This great land will find room in its affection for the man to whom it owes so great a debt; and it will pay that debt by a recognition commensurate with his service, though too long delayed. It will do justice not only to his services but to his character. His name among his contemporaries was the synonym of probity, any movement was half won when it had the countenance of Robert Morris. That we have a Constitution and a Union is largely due to the fact that Washington, Franklin, and Morris sat in the convention that devised our great organic law.

We are living here on his beautiful farm, the famous Holland Purchase, more famous still by having had for its first owner the patriot Robert Morris. It is peculiarly appropriate that a movement should originate here to vindicate his name, a name in which we all feel a local interest, as well as the interest common to all citizens of the United States. No; compare him not with Jay Cooke, with all due respect to the latter; compare him rather with Solon and Epaminondas, with Alfred and Charlemagne.

THE SECOND AND GREATER REVOLUTION.

HE IS a great man who can precipitate a revolution; he is a greater man who can prevent a counter-revolution. The force of the advancing surge is great; the force of the deadly returning under-tow is almost irresistable. A child often plays with wild delight in the boisterous upper wave; the strong man is in imminent peril when caught in the returning flow.

With his own private means and credit, supplemented by his own resourceful intellect, Morris fed and clothed, equipped and supplied the soldiers of the Revolution, and held them up with good heart to their work until the independence of America and constitutional liberty for the world were won.

*In a private interview with Washington the subject of an attack on New York was broached. Mr. Morris dissented; assuming that it would be at too great a sacrifice of men and money; that the success of the measure was doubtful; that even if successful the triumph as to results would be a barren one; the enemy, having command of the sea, could at any time land fresh troops and retake it, etc. Assenting to these objections, the commander-in-chief said: "What am I to do? The country calls on me for action; and moreover my army cannot be kept together unless some bold enterprise is undertaken." To this Mr. Morris replied: "Why not lead your forces to Yorktown? there Cornwallis may be hemmed in by the French fleet by sea, and the American and French armies by land, and will ultimately be compelled to surrender." "Lead my troops to Yorktown!" said Washington, appearing surprised at the suggestion "How am I to get them there? One of my difficulties about attacking New York arises from the want of funds to transport my troops thither. How then can I muster the means that will be requisite to enable them to march to Yorktown?" "You must look to me for funds," rejoined Mr. Morris. "And how are you to provide them?" said Washington. "That," said Mr. Morris, "I am unable at this time to tell you, but I will answer with my head, that if you will put your army in motion, I will supply the means of their reaching Yorktown." After a few minutes reflection, Washington said: "On this assurance of yours, Mr. Morris, such is my confidence in your ability to perform any engagement you make, I will adopt your suggestion."—*O. Turner.*

It would seem that that was enough to make him tower above all other names in history. But that was only the beginning. He did his greatest work after the last British soldier had stepped aboard from the Battery in New York harbor.

America had her independence. But she also had on her hands a long-suffering and long-unpaid army. To pay that army in the then state of public credit was impossible; to detain that army longer was equally impossible; but to turn that army loose unpaid was madness. To turn those soldiers loose at all was an ordeal at which men trembled; but to turn them loose unpaid was to take all the chances of a mad Prætorian guard. Colonial America never trembled half so much at sight of the red coats as did independent America tremble at sight of her own unemployed blue coats. This was Morris's greatest opportunity, and he rose to the full measure of it. The Revolutionary soldiers did not become raging bandits, nor the tools of unscrupulous adventurers. They became the finest citizens that the world has ever seen. They became the upholders, not the destroyers of the liberty won by their valor. In their desperate straits they took the first step of treason; they seized the crown that was within their power and laid it at the feet of Washington. Fortunately Washington was not a Napoleon. He spurned the gilded bait and called the maddened men back to their duty. But every Brutus has his Antony; and in the next explosion of the soldiers' wrath Brutus will be passed by.

For the dozenth time matters got beyond Washington. But they never got beyond Morris. After all he had done before he now came forward and *paid the soldiers!**

The Revolutionary soldiers were never disbanded at all. After being mollified by the reception of their pay, they were dismissed to the bosoms of their families in small squads on furlough. Thus were they absorbed into the great body of citizenship. But they found themselves crowded out; and they were waifs on the surface of a society that had adjusted itself to their absence. Their skill in soldiery was of no use in civil life; and their loss of skill in civil pursuits left them helpless in the competition with those who were well trained and in possession. The mandate of necessity was upon them to move on. Their old benefactor did not fail them even in this last distress. He went up and bought for them the Genesee country, a veritable Canaan, and led his swarming heroes in. And thus the last strain of the Revolution was ended. His last great exploit was to take the Genesee country out of the hands of savagery and seed it with heroes.

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*This is the point at which Robert Morris performed his greatest public service. *It was known that the army would rebel if an attempt was made to disband it without pay. No one knew how to make any pretence of paying it, unless Robert Morris would do it.* For the moment *he was indispensable.* If those notes had been simple certificates of indebtedness of the United States, it appears that *nothing could have been done with them.* It was *his name and credit that made them available.*—*William G. Sumner.*

A CENTURY OF DISHONOR.

HIS MIGHTY work done, the mightiest work in all history, Morris bowed his head meekly to the consequences. Those consequences are the dark cloud in American history. Those consequences were poverty, the prison-house, disgrace, and a century of oblivion. Not the disgrace of any dishonor, but only the disgrace of being poor.

O, disgrace to America! our school-books do not mention his name! Must poverty obliterate the merit of glorious deeds? But poverty brought on by glorious deeds should be deemed the brightest crown of glory. Many are willing to die for their country; few are willing to be poor for it.*

But virtue is often its own reward in more ways than one. When the United States left Robert Morris to starve, the Genesee country gave him bread. The Holland Land Company discovered that they owed Mrs. Morris something on her dower rights; and they settled by granting her an annuity of $1,500 a year. This Genesee money put the last roof over the head of the broken-hearted old patriot after he emerged from the confinement of four years in a loathsome debtor's prison; this Genesee money bought the last bread he ate; this Genesee money shielded his old body from the elements; and this Genesee money paid the expenses of his funeral.

When the United States allowed its greatest hero to sink into oblivion the Genesee country tore aside the veil. In his last great exploit he unwittingly erected his own monument It stood for nearly a century in his beautiful Genesee country unrecognized of men. But when the awakening came that awakening was sublime. The sons of the pioneers looked upon the old Holland Land Office and said: "This is the monument of Robert Morris, unwittingly erected by himself, the only monument to his memory in the great nation which he saved. Let us formally dedicate it to him with most imposing ceremonies."

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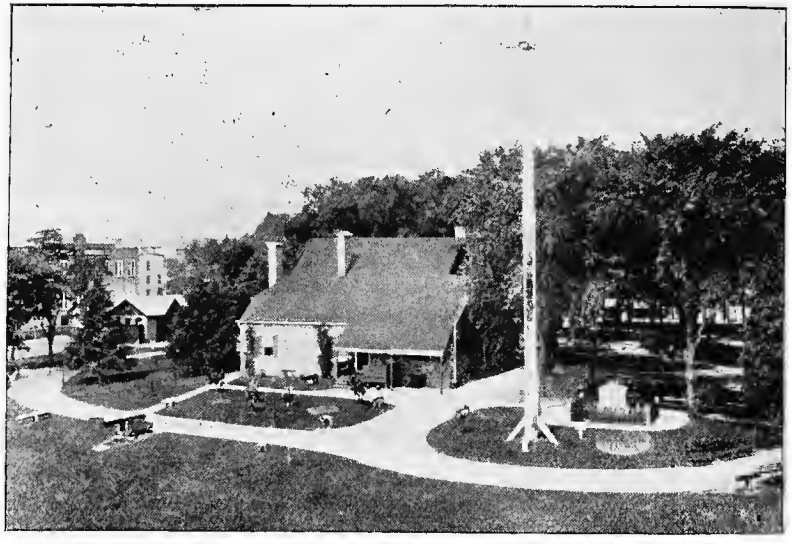
*Robert Morris then retired from public life, and finding his private fortune much diminished, partly owing to his own neglect during the period of his public life, but more especially owing to the (for that time) vast sums which he loaned the Government, and *which they were unable to repay*, and believing in the great future of the country whose welfare he had done so much to promote, he entered into vast schemes for colonization and land speculation with a *view to developing the country* as well as to retrieve his fortune. Unfortunately for him he was half a century too soon to realize on his vast purchases, and being, as he afterwards said, accustomed during his public life to handling millions of dollars as others did thousands, he ran in debt and was finally cast into the debtor's prison, for what in these days would seem a paltry sum indeed.

Here he remained until Congress, recognizing the debt the country owed him, and *unable to repay him the money he had loaned*, passed the Bankruptcy act, it is said, especially for his benefit.

Of this act he hastened to avail himself, and resigned to assignees all his vast landed estates, but so little was thought of the value of unsettled land at that time that nothing was ever done toward settling his estate, and when the court dissolved his bankruptcy and released his estate in 1827, it was found that but little remained for creditors or descendants. After his release from the debtor's prison, Robert Morris, broken in health and spirits, resided until his death, which occurred in 1806, with his daughter, Mrs. Nixon, in Philadelphia, making a request, as I have been informed, on his death bed, that *his descendants should never claim from the United States the money he had so freely given.—Dr. Henry Morris.*

The cry went through the Genesee country, and the cry went through the nation at large. And it was done—done as impressively as the most ardent patriots could wish. From the distant Capital came the Secretary of the Treasury, the Honorable John G. Carlisle of Kentucky, to deliver the address of dedication, and to demand the meed of justice to the memory of his illustrious predecessor. With him came the Secretary of State, the lamented General Gresham, who drew aside the veil from the tablet which declares that Robert Morris is not to be forgotten in the great nation which he saved. With them came the Secretary of War, the Honorable Daniel Lamont, the Secretary of the Navy, the Honorable Hilary Herbert, the Secretary of the Interior, the Honorable Hoke Smith, and the Postmaster-General, the Honor-



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT NEWBURGH ON THE HUDSON.

able Wilson S. Bissell. With them came other officers of the national government. With them came the descendants of Robert Morris. With them came the venerable Bishop Coxe and the venerable Bishop Ryan, together with many other distinguished people. With them came thronging thousands of the children of the pioneers. In the midst of those thronging thousands, with ceremonies of the most impressive character, the United States government dedicated the Land Office to the memory of Robert Morris and made it officially a shrine. And the press of the nation applauded from end to end of the land. And the people applauded, saying: "Well done!" The 13th of October, 1894, will stand in American history as the day on which the United States of America put on sack-cloth and ashes for its long neglect of its greatest patriot and benefactor and its purest and sweetest character.

THE PRAIRIES.

I DESIRE to say something more about the prairies; and I wish that I dare take space to quote all of Mr. Bryant's noble poem. He tells it all so well, so felicitously, so movingly, so rapturously. I have seen his empty prairies, the "unbroken fields," the "gardens of the desert," the "encircling vastness," the "airy undulations," the "rounded billows fixed," the "verdant swells," the "island groves," the "flowers whose glory and whose multitude rival the constellations," the "high rank grass that sweeps his sides," the "myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers they flutter over," the "gentle quadrupeds," the "birds that scarce have learned the fear of man," the "sliding reptiles of the ground, startlingly beautiful," the "graceful deer," the "bee" that "fills the savannas with his murmurings," and the "hollow oak" in which he "hides his sweets as in the golden age." But I have seen with the physical eye what he saw only in rapt poetic vision, the "advancing multitudes" that were soon to "fill those deserts." I have seen them come in the "prairie schooners;" I have seen them come over the newly laid railroad track. I have heard with the physical ear the "laugh of children," the "voice of maidens," the "sweet and solemn hymn of Sabbath worshippers," and the "low of herds" blending with the "rustling of the heavy grain" in old settlements where once outspread the magnificent prairies. I have seen the "bison feed" "twice twenty leagues beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp," and have seen the "majestic brute" roam "in herds that shake the earth with thundering step." The bison and the prairies are no more. But each is a most beautiful memory in the history of this great land. The fertility and productiveness of the prairies have made Chicago the metropolis of the west; and as a mere overflow they have built up such cities as St. Louis, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Kansas City, and Omaha. All honor to Thomas Jefferson, whose brave illegal action added the prairies to the domain of the United States. He had no right to do it; but he knew that the people would make it right. Lincoln had no right to free all the slaves; but he knew that the people would make it right. Epaminondas had no right to hold his command beyond the expiration of his commission; but he took his chances; and the people made it right. Those are the sublime usurpations of history to which nothing but glory attaches.

The prairies extended east of the Mississippi; but they occurred there as beautiful clearings in the woods. The woods extended beyond the Mississippi; but they occurred there as beautiful groves in the magnificent prairies, or as serpentine bands fringing the streams. It is a delight to recall those untouched stretches of undulating verdure broken at intervals by noble circles and graceful lines of lofty and healthy trees. The beauty and fragrance of the prairie flowers, the scent of the sweet grass itself, ravished the senses with a memory never to be forgotten. Then the beauty of the myriad insect forms, the great variety of birds and wild fowl, and the gentle animals, combined to make the region a natural paradise. He who sees only the sickly alkaline plains knows nothing of the traditional prairies. But even the sense of touch was gratified, together with those of sight, smell, and hearing; you walked on

softest velvet; not even the smallest pebble lay in ambush for the unwary foot. Nor was the sense of taste overlooked; the beautiful groves abounded in luscious wild fruits; and the bees that had gone on ahead had stored their honey far and wide. The poet speaks of grass that "swept the horse's side;" I have seen the grass that would almost hide the horse, if not the horseman. I have spoken of the mound builders of the Genesee. Those giants were very enterprising in portions of the west. For many a mile the bluffs of the lower Missouri are but Canadian hills of very great height. But they are prairie hills of soft earth; and the prairie verdure incased them to their very summits. The mighty Missouri sweeps down at the rate of seven miles an hour, and carries with it so much earthy material that it is familiarly known as the "Big Muddy." This forceful river plays very interesting pranks with its soft bluffs and borders. When it gets a lateral pressure it is liable to leave its bed and press away for miles, leaving behind it a well-built level floor of richest alluvium. For six miles northwest of Sioux City there is a series of lofty and sharply pointed prairie bluffs, or great hillocks of the drift formation. The series ends abruptly; and from the last eminence a sight is presented to the eye which I think is without a parallel anywhere. It is the result of the combined operations of the Genesee mound builders and that very active force, the Missouri River. Xenophon relates that after toiling and fighting for months through Armenia a strange and puzzling cry was heard from the vanguard. It was no uncommon thing to hear the pæan shouted as the men rushed to battle. But the cry from that distant eminence was perplexing. And ever as new men came up they too joined in the cry. On nearer approach he caught the words, "Thalassa! Thalassa!" ("The Sea! The Sea!") And there indeed was the blue stretch of water that had been the immediate goal of all the efforts of the retreating Ten Thousand. So vivid and real did Xenophon make that march that every student of the Anabasis can actually hear that famous sound. It goes ringing down the ages.

When I reached that Missouri eminence in the long ago, an involuntary cry sprang from my lips: Eden! Eden! was what I wanted to shout. I was extremely fortunate in getting there in advance of the railroads. Two hundred miles of lovely prairie land intervened between me and the farthest advance of the revolutionary iron horse.

AN ÆSTHETICAL DIGRESSION.

HAD I first entered the Dakotas by rail it would have been along the viewless river bottom. The railroad has taken all the picturesque out of human life; the childhood of the world cannot subsist by the side of that dead-leveler which sweeps an old civilization onward in a night.

But the obliteration of sweet and precious human types, and of the picturesque life of frontier and wilderness, is not the only crime against art which can be laid at the door of the railroad. It is the wholesale slanderer of the world. Who would dare to show up the beautiful Genesee country by taking the visitor only into the back yards, the swales, the sloughs, and the swamps? Yet this is what the railroads are doing everywhere. The eye of the civil en-

gineer may be good as to grades; but it is atrociously bad as to scenery. Let no one say that he has seen a country who has seen it only from the windows of a palace car. He has not seen even a carricature of it. He has seen but a downright slander of it, a foul misrepresentation. No, he who would see a country properly must go by the front door. It is along the ancient highways that the people show themselves and their beautiful domain. The people crowd the eminences, and the highway curves upward with them. If there is a level stretch it is a stretch along a sightly ridge. It is not fair to judge an estate by its pig-pens and old shoe closets. Such things are known to exist; but they are not designed to be seen. It is unfair to strike a man from behind; it is unfair to take a beautiful country in the rear. The railroad has awful sins of bad taste to answer for. The railroad that chopped off Anthony's Nose has mutilated the beauty of the entire world. Its distortions are worse than those of a curved mirror; for they contain not even the slightest suggestion of the original. The old genii took pleasure only in converting a coarse boor into a handsome and polished prince; the railroads everywhere are converting Apollo into a Caliban.

But the railroads have met their match; the wheel of destruction has encountered the wheel of restoration. While the ill-bred locomotive is snorting through the slough, the noiseless bicycle is flying over the airiest heights, and passing only by the front doors. Those swarming wheelmen and wheelwomen are the very ghosts of flitting grace (when they do not curve themselves to make too high a rate of speed). They have put athletics on the very highest plane; they have given us a gymnastic that is the very antipodes of the brutal slugging match or the brawling foot-ball game.

A certain well-known foreigner had hazy notions of the beauty of the clinging drapery of the ancient Greeks. He came to this country and made himself ridiculous by his vain attempts to get men into knickerbockers. But what that individual failed to accomplish the wheel has brought to pass; the knickerbockers are now more common than overcoats.

The omnipresent wheelmen have set up a clamor everywhere for good roads; and the omnipresent wheelmen are going to get the good roads. The omnipresent wheelmen are thus the missionaries or apostles of beauty and prosperity. A country cannot languish where its highways are in prime condition; a country cannot be truly prosperous where its highways are out of repair.

A DAKOTA VISION.

IT IS not easy to describe the vision which called forth my ejaculation. Two noble rivers were within the field of view, seen for many miles. To the left was the mighty Missouri with every gentle bend ornamented with a few large and shapely cottonwood trees, while beyond uprose the rolling hills of the southern prairie. To the right came down the Big Sioux, hugging closely a lofty ridge sprinkled over with a sparse growth of hard-wood trees. The Euphrates and the Tigris were before us; their junc-

tion was at our feet; and between them lay a more beautiful Mesopotamia than ever fancy painted. It was a grassy plain, varying from five to fifteen miles in width. The rank grass extended to the water's edge on either side, relieved only by the intermittent fringe of lofty cottonwoods on the southern border. Those mammoth trees were offended with no underbrush; and below their spreading tops of foliage choice glimpses of the river were visible between their stalwart trunks. Away spread the vision throughout what seemed a realm. We were looking into the Dakota of the eternities. That some one else has been impressed as I was, is manifest by the fact that to-day, a few miles up that same Big Sioux river, there stands a thriving village named

MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S HOME.

Eden. The Missouri was embracing and nursing its own grand picture; for the Missouri under Providence had made it all. Pressing on Nebraska and eating for ages into its soft hills, it had gradually left behind this beautiful and fertile plain; it had gradually carved out all the details of the glorious picture. It is said that beasts and birds have a consciousness of beauty, that they are capable of great complacency, that they pose, and even exact homage to their comeliness. It is true that they construct their habitations with a keen sense of form as well as comfort. Witness the oriole's nest; witness the graceful and exact geometry of the bee-hive and the spider's web; witness even the symmetrical tunneling of the mole. But here was an inanimate object, a mighty river, a huge giant, apparently as solicitous for the beauty of its surroundings as any breathing creature, and looking just as complacent in the midst of its self-made glories as the comfortable oriole twittering and crooning in its pendent house of beauty.

A VANISHED EDEN.

"Better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

THAT verdure sweeping over the southern hills is the great prairie extending away a thousand miles across five states to the Gulf of Mexico. And it was a noble prairie. That verdure peeping through the scattered trees on the right is the great prairie extending away a thousand miles to the north across all the Dakotas and Manitoba to the shores of distant Winnipeg. And it was a noble prairie. To the rear is the prairie *par excellence*, that great central tract of beautiful fertility extending fifteen hundred miles from the Lake of the Woods to Opelousas, where the eye of Evangeline first viewed the glories of the western world, and was caused to contrast them with the hard conditions of life in the lost Acadia.

"Beautiful is the land with its prairies and forests of fruit trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who live there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

* * * * * * *

"Through the great grove of oaks to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines."

* * * * * * *

"Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairies."

* * * * * *

"Much they marvelled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them."

* * * * * * *

"Smoothly the ploughshare runs through the soil as keel through the water."

* * * * * * *

"Spreading between these streams are the wondrous beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine,
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas."

Yes, that great central stretch was the pride of all. The central stretch was the prairie intensified, glorified. And the very pride of the central stretch was the region just in our rear, the region held as a special jewel by the two great rivers of the Mississippi Valley, the region now forming a symmetrical State and blessed forever with a euphonious Indian name. I have spoken of the wheatfields of the Genesee country. They have their glorious counterparts in the cornfields of Iowa. Gone is the beautiful prairie; yet the maize that waves all over fertile Iowa is a sight fit for the gods.

"And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses."

* * * *

"And still later when the Autumn
Changed the long green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them."

It is peculiarly appropriate that Iowa at the World's Fair should decorate herself with corn. The Iowa Building was one of the wonders of the Fair. It was called the "Corn Palace," because its grand interior of columns and frescoes and profuse ornamentation, glowing in all varieties of colors, was found on close examination to be nothing more than a succession of kernels of corn cunningly built in together. Gone are the beautiful prairies. You will see nothing now in those regions but prosperity, and such beauty as waving cereals can give. I have said that there is beauty in thrift, there is poetry in prosperity. But all things are relative; the thrift is exceedingly beautiful until you see the prairie. The prairie is gone. He who can think of its obliteration without a pang must be peculiarly constituted. No, I am unjust; all who have never seen the prairie can contemplate its disappearance without a sigh of regret. They may read what they will; but they will never see, even with the mind's eye, the endless billows and stretches of green, interspersed with beautiful clumps or walls of foliage. They will never see the birds of brilliant plumage and the insects of gorgeous colors; they will never see the vanished fruits and flowers. They will never hear the vocal groves of that vanished Eden; they will never hear the whir or slump of the prairie fowl; they will never hear the thunderous tramp of the moving bisons; they will never hear the wolf's pathetic cry in the stillness of the night. They will never see the majestic elk crashing through the bushes on the river bottom; they will never see the yellow deer trotting or springing through the groves; they will never see the shy and graceful antelope disappearing over the heights, apparently without moving a limb, by just a streak of motion, as it were. They will never see the picturesque tribe of Hiawatha, with feathered braves, and laden pack-ponies, and laden squaws, and multitudinous pappooses, moving on to a new hunting ground. To them will never come the odor of the sweet prairie grass alone, to say nothing of its thousand intermingled flowers. In short they can part with the prairie with composure, because it never existed to them. But he who has seen it with all his senses as it came forth from the hands of the Creator, and before man and railroads beat it down, and can think of its disappearance without a sense of mighty loss, without a deep down pang of regret, must be peculiarly constituted.

All things are relative; the prairie states are very beautiful to those who have never seen the prairie.

The World's Fair is gone. Those who were unable to see it have the doubtful consolation of being unable to grieve for it. They never can know what they have lost; they never can have any sense of loss. My visit to the Fair occurred toward its close. I had been reading about it all summer, and had been hearing about it continually; yet, after all, I was impressed only with a vague feeling that I ought to be there. I was discounting the enthusiasm of others; and if any fate had intercepted my visit I might perhaps have dismissed the mishap from my mind with the reflection that I had only lost

one more big show, and that I had outgrown shows. I might perchance have regretted that I was unable to discuss the great topic of the hour; and, though I am not excessively penurious, I might possibly have remembered that I was several dollars ahead. I read about it all the way to the Fair. Yet it was only after I passed the gate that its reality and its great significance at all dawned upon me. I instantly made amends for all my apathy by becoming intensely, and, I hope, intelligently, enthusiastic. I instantly planned to have no figurative grass grow under my feet during the time that I could remain; and I have not many reproaches of conscience as to lack of diligence in carrying those plans out. I did bewail my contracted limits; but I shall ever bless such privilege as I had of seeing the one World's Fair of the ages.

WASHINGTON'S TOMB.

The loss of the Fair was as nothing to him who did not see it; the loss of the prairie is as nothing to him who never passed over it.

THE RED MAN'S EPIC OF PEACE.

IN THE suburbs of Chicago one would often see two large trains running side by side with a very decided spirit of rivalry before delivering their passengers at the common destination, the World's Fair. But those trains taking a little last spurt in sight of each other, have come from widely separated points of the compass In fact an empire lies between their starting points. The one steamed out of the Grand Central depot in New York; the other set forth from the Crescent City of the lower Mississippi, the Metropolis of the Gulf. So the two Dakota rivers which we have been admir-

ing from the Iowa heights, though now running parallel a short distance to their common junction, yet have come from sources nearly ninety degrees apart. The one has half the Rocky Mountains for its source; the other comes down at right angles from the poetic and mythical "Mountains of the Prairie." The one is the greatest river and the greatest force in the world. Who can think of the Missouri, pouring down from a thousand sources in the Rockies, with a main channel of nearly four thousand miles, with its three thousand miles of navigation, with its score of navigable tributaries, with its basin of nearly two million square miles, including twenty-five noble States of the Union, without being impressed with the sublimity of the whole matter? It is only by some sort of courtesy or blunder that the region is called the Valley of the Mississippi. That little tributary, because it ran straight down, assumed to take the name of the whole. Well, such things happen. We remember that America was called after the man who did not discover it.

But poetic inspiration often gets things right, where blundering prose gets them all wrong:

> "'Tis the Land of the West, 'tis the Land of the Free,
> Where the mighty *Missouri* runs down to the sea."

When the poet is ready to speak on great themes, we always let him speak. He is ready to speak of the origin of the Missouri. Not out of some secluded reedy lake does this monster steal slyly forth; but:

> "Flooded by rain and snow
> In their inexhaustible sources,
> Swollen by affluent streams
> Hurrying onward and hurl'd
> Headlong over the crags,
> The impetuous water courses
> Rush and roar and plunge
> Down to the nethermost world.
>
> Say, have the solid rocks
> Into streams of silver been melted,
> Flowing over the plains,
> Spreading to lakes in the fields?
> Or have the mountains, the giants,
> The ice-helmed, the frost-belted,
> Scattered their arms abroad;
> Flung in the meadows their shields?"

The sublime and the beautiful ever harmonize; the one is never offended by the presence of the other. The sublime diapason of the Missouri Valley gets a sweet little note from the Big Sioux, that beautiful gift of the beautiful prairie. Nor has poetry forgotten it. It is already the best sung river of the world. Long ere the white man came, the poetic fancy of the Indians had made it the center of their traditions, and had thickened it over with story. The Indian prided himself on his wars; he deemed himself a nobody until he had hung the scalp of an enemy at his belt. But he was capable of noble thoughts of peace; and all his visions of peace centered around this beautiful river of the Dakotas. The hatchet might spring up anywhere; but the pipe of peace could come only from the "Mountains of the Prairie," only from the bank of this immortal Indian stream.

And before the white man came to plow down the daisies and the lilies of

the prairie, a white poet translated the Indian story into lines of immortal song:

" On the mountains of the prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitchie Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry,
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward,
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet,
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, 'Run in this way!' "

And the observer on the heights, and the traveler over realms of beauty, will still see it "running in this way," till it gives its sweet contribution to the great Missouri, at a point where the latter rejoices in its most overpowering charms.

" From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest,
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;
And erect upon the mountains,
Gitchie Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe,
As a signal to the nations.

* * * *

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains,
From the northern lakes and rivers
All the tribes beheld the signal.

* * * *

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks,
Came the Choctaws and Comanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,
Came the Mandans and Dakotas,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways,
All the warriors drawn together,
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,

To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.
* * * *
On the banks their clubs they buried,
Buried all their warlike weapons.
* * * *
And in silence all the warriors
Broke the red stone of the quarry,
Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
Broke the long reeds by the river,
Decked them with their brightest feathers,
And departed each one homeward."

Now, that is certainly a full share of poetry and tradition for one little stream, the great peace epic of a race of warriors spread over an entire continent during an indefinite number of centuries, back, perhaps, to that distant period when the mound-builders yielded up their cultivated fields to the sweeter culture of nature. In that tradition of the red pipe-stone quarry we have the highest flight of Indian ethics, the very quintessence of Indian religion. In war the nations were a thousand, in peace they were one. The Big Sioux alone is a common tradition of the red man. And the red pipe-stone bowl was the Indian's pledge of honor; he who drew a puff from it with his enemy had his hands tied against the life of the latter, as fully as has the Arab who has shared salt under his roof with the stranger whom he would otherwise destroy with as little compunction as he would a rabbit or a snake.

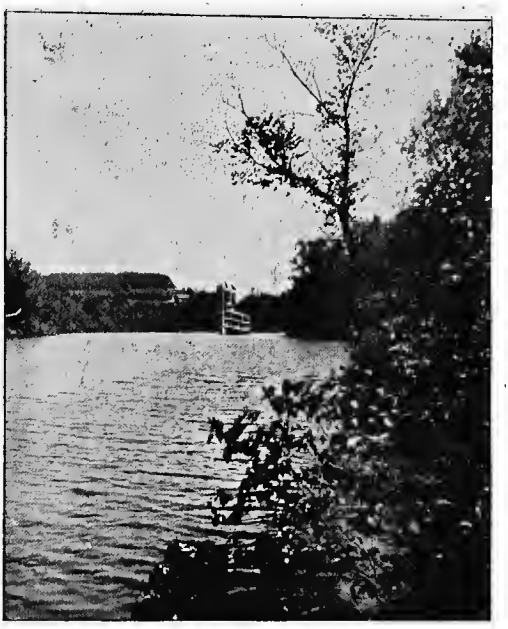
There is but one red pipe-stone quarry in the world, and that is at the source of the Big Sioux. Every calumet in North America came from the bank of that stream, so famous in Indian tradition. And every burying of the hatchet and every smoking of the peace-pipe recalled to mind the famous "Mountains of the Prairie" and the gift of "Gitchie Manito."

THE PHANTOM STEAMBOAT OF JAMESTOWN.

BUT THIS all seems so far away. It would not seem so far away if I should say that in order to reach the Missouri Valley you would not have to leave the Holland Purchase. And yet this can be said with strict truth. In the beautiful Genesee country there is no more beautiful portion than that which surrounds and sheds its waters into the beautiful Lake Chautauqua. Yet that beautiful lake with all its surroundings is a part of the great Missouri Valley. The city of Jamestown is an inland city. Yet immediately west of Jamestown, at any time during the long summer season, a startling sight may be witnessed; it is that of a great double-decked steamer sailing through the woods. There can be no doubt of it; I have heard the hoarse whistle; I have heard the sonorous bell; I have seen the smoke rise above the trees; I have seen the smoke-stacks come into view; I have seen the great long white body of the steamer heave into sight and sweep grandly by with a swarm of phantom excursionists, and disappear into the farther woods. I have never read of a more startling, impressive, or beautiful mirage than that which may be witnessed any summer's day in the Jamestown woods. The mirage of the ocean, the mirage of the desert, the

mirage of the plains, can never be predicted; it can only be seen under peculiar conditions, and must come as a sudden surprise to the beholder. Even the Spectre of the Brocken chooses its time for manifestation. But the phantom steamer of the Jamestown woods is as unerring in its appearances and as regular in its times as any day boat on the Hudson River. Nor must you be at any particular spot in order to see the vision; the haunted region covers a distance of no less than six miles.

Now this is a pretty good chapter in American mythology and folk-lore; and it has just the same basis as the marvelous creations of other lands. I



THE PHANTOM STEAMBOAT ESCAPING FROM THE WOODS INTO CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

think that I have told something as awful as the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow or the weird hags that pursued Tam O'Shanter. I have certainly told no lie; and I doubt whether the other story tellers thought they were departing very far from the truth I am not at all excited, have not drawn a particle on a fevered imagination; and yet my story is most wonderful.

I have spoken of the great St. Lawrence river flowing with pellucid clearness out of Lake Ontario. There is something characteristic about all lake outlets. They are generally narrow, deep, and clear. Cooper built his home above the charming outlet of Otsego Lake; and he made it the scene of one of the most thrilling passages in one of his most thrilling stories. It is in that outlet that he introduces Leather Stocking to the readers of all the ages. The young man was then but a "Deer Slayer," and in that outlet he was destined to show first the nerve, the manliness, and the faithfulness which were to

characterize his entire wonderful career. But that outlet has its story of fact, but little less thrilling than its story of fiction. And that wonderful story of fact connects it with the history of our Genesee. When Sullivan was moving up to punish the murderers of Wyoming and Cherry Valley, and to be in a sense the discoverer of the Genesee country, he was to be joined at Elmira by a contingent of New York troops under the command of General James Clinton. Clinton had constructed a fleet of bateaux on Lake Otsego ready to float down the Susquehanna, when a protracted drought seemed to defeat his purpose by rendering the Susquehanna unnavigable. The Indians were delighted; for they fully expected to destroy the two small armies in detail. What was their astonishment to see Clinton moving swiftly downward on the biggest kind of a flood, and ready to join Sullivan in time to win the battle of Elmira.

It was to them as much a miracle as the phantom steamboat of the Jamestown woods. The miracle after all was very simple; Clinton made an artificial flood by first building a dam at the outlet of Lake Otsego and then suddenly breaking it down. I doubt not that some one will yet explain the phantom steamboat of Jamestown.

Lake Chautauqua has its outlet, narrow and deep, winding through the woods not far from where I saw the phantom steamboat. The great trees on either side seem to touch their branches above it. To see it at all you need to be almost on its very bank, or what may, by courtesy, be called its bank, for it has less bank than a canal. This moving water of Chautauqua finds its way to the Alleghany river, a part of the great system of waters that pass down by New Orleans on the way to the Gulf. It is simply a feeder of the great Missouri.

THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

BUT I have detained the reader long on the Iowa heights, contemplating the fair Mesopotamia of the West. The beauty and majesty of untouched nature have been overpowering. And through it all have come floating up the myths and legends of a primitive but remarkably high-souled people. Take another view; for you will never see it thus again. The clangor of civilization is at your heels; and the beautiful picture will soon be smirched with the hand of grasping utility, its delicate brightness gone forever, or at least until the present race of mound-builders become as pre-historic as those who have gone before, those whose great clearings are now ploughed up again, those whose magnificent herds have been just wantonly annihilated.

> "And under all the plain,
> Spread like a praying-carpet
> At the foot of those divinest altars."

Let us descend to that inviting carpet of verdure, that glorious meadow,

the gift of the mighty river, the magnificent bed of state he has prepared for his more amiable moods. The placid flow of the pellucid Dakota, kissing the very foot of the heights, is in marked contrast to the turgid mass that sweeps down beyond the plain. The violent force of the sun has its contrast in the softened tenderness of the moon. And in contrast with the mammoth plane trees, which fringe the borders of the giant stream, are the graceful ash and young oaks that sprinkle over so beautifully the ridge that is claimed by the Dakota. The Mesopotamia of the heights has become a magnificent and gorgeous amphitheatre when viewed from below. Turn where you will, the brush of the stage scenery never fails; it is everywhere beautiful, grand, sublime You are standing in a meadow that is guiltless of a single pebble; you are standing on a velvet carpet of black loam that extends down anywhere from four to ten feet; you are standing in the midst of the sweetest prairie grass, that would not only sweep your horse's side, but would almost hide his saddle. If a utilitarian thought came over you it would be this, that you could start a mower at your feet and run it seventy miles without encountertering the slightest obstruction, except a noble lateral river that comes flowing in from the beautiful land of the Dakotas. Nor would there be the slightest unevenness or irregularity of surface to offend; at every step of the journey you would almost need an instrument to determine any change of level. I have seen broader Missouri meadows. There is one in western Iowa that is about twenty-five miles across. But this strip of five to fifteen, with its grand setting, was the choicest gem of all. View it quickly, view it well; for when you come again the picture will be dingy When you come again that great vandal, the railroad, will have done its deplorable work, its smoky pathway supplemented with dusty highways. The meadow will be rent, and torn, and trampled down. The axe will have been on the heights and by the river's margin. You may find surviving hints of what Rome was; but the glory of Rome will have departed. Scent for the last time the fragrance of the sweet bright grass and prairie flowers, as yet unsoiled of dust; for when you come again their brightness and sweetness will have departed.

> "Droops the heavy-blossomed flower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
> Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea.
>
> These methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
> In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind."

But what is all this? A protest against civilization? By no means; it is only a lament that civilization often comes so high. It is only the spirit that would save some of the beauty spots on God's footstool. It is the spirit that shuts civilization out of the Yellowstone park, and out of the Adirondacks, and that would save the Palisades of the Hudson.

> "Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let it range,
> Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
> Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
> Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

THE AGENT OF THE MILLENNIUM.

I HAVE been rather hard on the railroads. And have I not had good reason? Have they not cut off Anthony's Nose? Have they not slandered and discredited our scenery by taking people through back-yards, and swamps, and sloughs? Have they not killed the old-fashioned pioneering? This is a terrible indictment, and it cannot be disproved. But, notwithstanding all, I must now take off my hat to the railroad, and pay it the homage of my profoundest reverence. Those bands of iron were the bands that kept our Union from falling apart. With products going only down the rivers to the Gulf the Union never could have been saved. With products going east to the sea-board the Union became secure. The bright attractive rivers were luring us on to our destruction; the commonplace railroads saved us from our deadly fascination. The preservation of the Union began at Schenectady in 1824. The little wheezy engine that stood so modestly at the World's Fair should have been draped in the American colors in token of a nation's profoundest gratitude. But the whole world already owes a debt of gratitude to the iron horse. It is the world's peacemaker; it is making wars obsolete; it is the protector of the fireside and the home; it is training men to turn their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and to seek their highest glory in the harmless and beneficent arts of peace. It is making it impossible longer "to wade through slaughter to a throne;" and it is making thrones no longer desirable. It is dispelling everywhere the dark clouds of barbarism and savagery and lifting all men up into the light of civilization. It is introducing the millennium of "Peace on earth, good will to men." It is completing that electric circuit which is to "make the whole world kin."

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard has sung
Or seer has told of when in trance and dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong; but give the heart
The freedom of its fair inheritance;
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,
At Nature's table feast his ear and eye
With joy and wonder; let all harmonies
Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon
The princely guest, whether in soft attire
Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,
And, lending life to the dead form of faith,
Give human nature reverence for the sake
Of One who bore it, making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of God;
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us, make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.

Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister, as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
The one great purpose of creation, Love,
The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

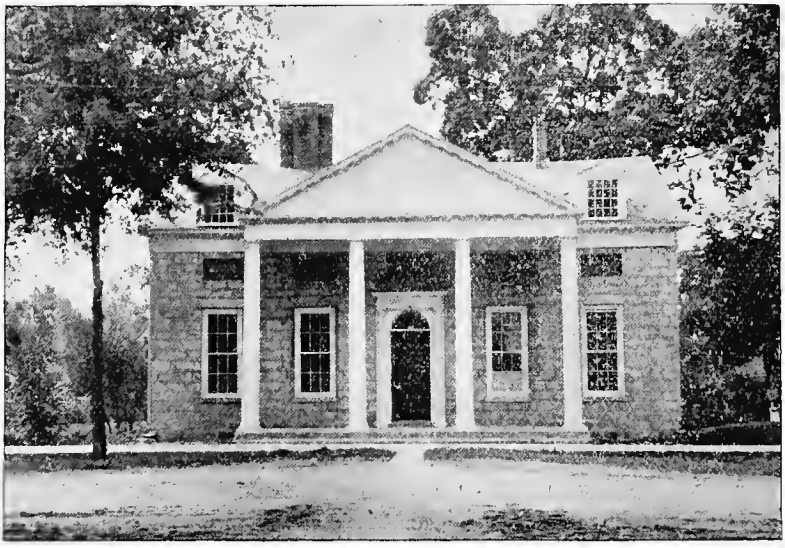
—*Whittier.*

GOING OUT IN GLORY—A PHILIP OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

"And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

AS ROMAN NOSE dashed gallantly forward, and swept into the open at the head of his superb command, he was the very beau-ideal of an Indian chief. Mounted on a large, clean-limbed chestnut horse, he sat well forward on his bareback charger, his knees passing under a horse-hair lariat that twice loosely encircled the animal's body, his horse's bridle grasped in his left hand, which was also closely wound in its flowing mane, and at the same time clutched his rifle at the guard, the butt of which lay partially upon and cross the animal's neck, while its barrel, crossing diagonally in front of his body, rested slightly against the hollow of his left arm, leaving his right free to direct the course of his men. He was a man over six feet and three inches in height, beautifully formed, and, save for a crimson silk sash knotted around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, perfectly naked. His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black, and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors, in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see. Turning his face for an instant towards the women and children of the united tribes, who literally by thousands were watching the flight from the crest of the low bluffs back from the river's bank, he raised his right arm and waved his hand with a royal gesture in answer to their wild cries of rage and encouragement as he and his command swept down upon us; and again facing squarely toward where we lay, he drew his body to its full height, and shook his clinched fist defiantly at us; then throwing back his head and glancing skywards, he suddenly struck the palm of his hand across his mouth and gave tongue to a war-cry that I have never yet heard equalled in power and intensity. Scarcely had its echoes reached the river's bank when it was caught up by each and every one of the charging warriors with an energy that baffles description, and answered back with blood-curdling yells of exultation and prospective vengeance by the women and children on the river's bluffs and by the Indians who lay in ambush around us. On they came at a swinging

gallop, rending the air with their wild war-whoops, each individual warrior in all his bravery of war-paint and long braided scalp-lock tipped with eagles' feathers, and all stark naked but for their cartridge-belts and moccasins, keeping their line almost perfectly, with a front of about sixty men, all riding bareback, with only a loose lariat about their horses' bodies, about a yard apart, and with a depth of six or seven ranks, forming together a compact body of massive fighting strength, and of almost resistless weight. "Boldly they rode and well," with their horses' bridles in their left hands, while with their right they grasped their rifles at the guard, and held them squarely in front of themselves, resting lightly upon the horses' necks.



PIONEER ARCHITECTURE.—THE OLD HOLLAND LAND OFFICE.

Riding about five paces in front of the center of the line, and twirling his heavy Springfield rifle around his head as if it were a wisp of straw (probably one of those he had captured at the Fort Fetterman massacre), Roman Nose recklessly led the charge with a bravery that could only be equalled but not excelled, while their medicine man, an equally brave but older chief, rode slightly in advance of the charging column. To say that I was surprised at this splendid exhibition of pluck and discipline is to put it mildly, and to say, further that for an instant or two I was fairly lost in admiration of the glorious charge is simply to state the truth, for it was far and away beyond anything I had heard of, read about, or even imagined regarding Indian warfare. —*General G. A. Forsyth in Harper's Magazine for June, 1895.*

THE LAST OF THE IROQUOIS.

BY A coincidence truly noteworthy, we have heard this week of the death of the last chieftain of the Iroquois ; of General Parker, who shared the blood of Red Jacket, and who nobly united in himself the citizenship and soldiership of this Republic and that of the ancient race to whom these pleasant lands and lakes originally belonged. The last of the Senecas has just expired, and we are here to celebrate the life and character of him who is the true founder and father of Western New York, rearing a new society upon the graves of the Iroquois. I shall therefore make no apology for uniting in the memorial prayers which I have been called to offer some reference to the older race of whom the "Indian Summer" will annually remind us, and our children's children after us, while these autumn leaves falling around us may well recall the red men of the forest, whose blood seems to crimson the turf under our feet in the hues of scattered foliage which strews the ground. Let us pray.—*Right Rev. A. Cleveland Cox, Bishop of Western New York, at the dedication of the Holland Land Office.*

When evening's camp-fire gilds the West,
And crimson clouds of incense rise,
The red man's regions of the blest
Are limned amid the glowing skies.

Far, far beyond the western wave
By snow-capped mountains walled around,
Where forests vast and prairies wave,
Awaits his happy hunting ground.

There spirit horse and horseman fly
In noiseless chase, as in a dream,
Or light canoes flash swiftly by
Athwart the shadowy lake or stream.

No paleface ever enters there ;
Its beauties from his eyes are hid ;
The red man's joys he may not share ;
The shades of Manitou forbid.

One only of the hostile race
The children of the setting sun
Have honored with a resting place—
The Great White Father, Washington.

See ! just before the heavenly gate
A mansion reared by Indian hands,
For him they deemed so good and great,
Amid a beauteous garden stands.

And see, within a pleasant grove,
To every passing warrior known,
The shade of him the red men love
In pensive silence walks alone.

There ends the long and toilsome road,
And eager spirits pause awhile
Ere entering into yon abode
To greet and take his word or smile.

'Tis fancy's tribute to his worth,
A simple monument of love,
But o'er the pyramids of earth
It rises to the worlds above.

In vain oblivion's waters rise,
Or time assail or tempest rage;
Like gods of old amid the skies
His fame endures from age to age.

—*T. T. Swinburne.*

Saturday next, October 13th, will be a great day in our neighboring village of Batavia, Genesee county. May it be the brightest and balmiest Indian summer day of the season. The occasion will be the formal dedication of that historical relic, the old office of the Holland Land Company, to the Holland Purchase Historical Society, and the memory of Robert Morris, the first, and one of the most famous, of our national financiers. Most fittingly, the dedicatory address will be delivered by Morris's successor of to-day, the Hon. John G. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, and the occasion will be graced by the presence of other members of the Government, including Secretaries Gresham and Lamont, and Postmaster-General Bissell.

The Holland Purchase Historical Society, of which Mrs. Dean Richmond is President, recently bought the ancient building, which is of stone, and in an excellent state of preservation; the intention is to convert it into an historic museum, in which will be displayed and preserved the relics of pioneer days in Western New York. In this laudable work the Buffalo Historical Society will no doubt cheerfully lend a helping hand.

The Land Office is the oldest structure in Western New York; it is much more than that, however, as the central historical landmark of this entire region. It was the radiating point for the development of the whole section, including the city of Buffalo and its neighborhood. It brings to mind the trials and achievements of the hardy pioneers, who pushed on through the unbroken wilderness, to their allotted settlements, and in a few years made the desert blossom as the rose. A century ago business was brisk in that old Land Office, and Buffalo was unknown. The operations of the Holland Land Company were on a large scale, and whatever questions may have arisen as to its methods, the one substantial fact remains that it was the direct agency of opening up Western New York to civilization. In a certain sense every city and town in this region is its monument, though nothing it once owned now remains to perpetuate its memory except the quaint old building at Batavia that was so long its headquarters.

There are many thousands of the descendants of the pioneers who dealt with the Holland Land Company, and that large class will be especially interested in the forthcoming celebralion There are those, too, who will look back to an earlier day, before the advent of the white man, when the beautiful valley of the Genesee, and all the surrounding country, was the home of a long vanished race. All such can well afford to adopt the thought expressed by David Gray in the loveliest poem he ever wrote—"The Last Indian Council on the Genesee." It was written primarily of Glen Iris, but its application is much wider:

When Indian Summer flings her cloak
  Of brooding azure on the woods,
The pathos of a vanished folk
  Shall haunt thy solitudes.
The blue smoke of their fires, once more,
  Far o'er the hills shall seem to rise,
And sunset's golden clouds restore
  The red man's paradise.

* * * * *

Quenched is the fire; the drifting smoke
  Has vanished in the autumn haze;
Gone, too, O Vale, the simple folk
  Who loved thee in old days.
But, for their sakes—their lives serene—
  Their loves, perchance as sweet as ours—
Oh, be thy woods far aye more green,
  And fairer bloom thy flowers!

—*Buffalo Commercial.*

THE WHITE CITY.

WE ALL expected to find it great. The thirty millions invested in buildings and fixtures was only an item in the wealth brought by the world and laid down in the White City by the Lake. We knew that the "affair" would be a "big thing." And we were not disappointed. It was a big thing—a very big thing—a stupendously big thing—big buildings, big exhibits, big wheels, big engines, big trees, big crowds, big everything. We expected all that, and our expectations were more than realized. But with it we expected more or less incongruity. We thought that we could view big machines, big ores, and "big Injuns," and at the same time alleviate our dyspepsia. We thought it would pay to go to Chicago if only for the fun. And even in this we were not disappointed. It was very funny to see Brother Jonathan and his capable Jerusha Jane, with grip-sack in hand, rushing to Chicago three hundred thousand strong for six months, choking down the quintuple section excursion trains and swamping the boarding houses for five miles from the White City. It was infinitely diverting to see those interesting couples endeavoring to assimilate the world's display and the toughest of sandwiches and doughnuts at a single gulp. It was death to dyspepsia to see the ruffled feathers that emerged from the trains that had been creeping for days across the continent, to see the rush for the gates, and to hear the original remarks that burst forth on every hand, either under the stress of expectation or the trigger of realization. Brother Jonathan had to "go off" in the cars, on the grounds, in the galleries, on the "Midway," up in the big wheel, in the bowels of the earth, on the battle ship, in the Court of Honor, everywhere. Brother Jonathan was a show in himself, and very appropriately so; for in a very important sense he was *the* show.

He had come to see himself; for all this would mean nothing without Brother Jonathan. He made the show, and he came to see how it looked. We were glad he was there—it would have been infinitely disappointing had he failed us. It would have been the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. When we saw him composedly munching his sandwich in the Electricity Building, or good-naturedly taking all the jamming that awaited him at every turn, or downrightly hilarious over the way he had been faked by the "A-rabs," we saw a man who needed no Columbian guards; we saw a self-governing American citizen; we saw a toiler in the great national or international hive; we saw one of the producers of the wonders that we had come far to see. That man has his oddities; but he knows how to take care of himself, and Jerusha Jane, and the children, and the country. He is pure, and clean, and manly, and he can see as far into a millstone as anybody, after you just let him get his second sight a little.

I have said that we expected to see big things and funny things, and we saw them. But we saw what we did not expect to see, a miracle. We saw that the spirit of beauty and harmony had seized upon the whole mass, and wrought out of it a vision fitted to overwhelm the soul with tender entrancement. We may have gone to scoff, but we remained to pray. No one contrived—no one was capable of contriving—all the beautiful and harmonious effects that were seen at the White City. Therein lies the miracle. It was the world-soul—the art yearnings of all the nations and all the ages—that worked up through it all and expressed it all in one beautiful and harmonious whole.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity,
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

Pope Julius made over to Michael Angelo large sums, and directed him to make the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel beautiful. The aged pontiff watched the progress of the work with feverish interest until he could endure the suspense no longer. He ordered down the scaffolding when the work was only half done; and that half decorated ceiling stands as one of the miracles of the ages. Chicago placed vast sums in the hands of the world's artists, and simply asked for something beautiful as well as grand. The management had the patience to wait until the last touches were given before ordering down the scaffolds; so it was no half-finished ceiling that came forth to the ravished sight. Michael Anglo lived to be over ninety, yet the great dome he designed was unfinished at the time of his death. It took three generations to put the finishing touch upon Saint Peter's; yet a single building in the White City could contain within its harmonious embrace thirteen Saint Peter's. It took seven hundred years to get the last stone placed upon the Cathedral of Cologne; yet the architects of the White City with all its unapproachable temples and palaces; its domes and minarets; its colonnades and lagoons; its islands, fountains, and statuary; its obelisks, victory pillars, and multitudinous Rialtos; were limited in their preparation to the brief space of two years. The scaffold came down on time, and the vision stood forth in all its

completeness without any mark of haste anywhere. Beauty was true to itself everywhere. It required the roof of the Liberal Arts Building to present to one the glory of the whole; and yet a magnifying glass would find nothing to offend in any nook or corner. Indeed it required something more than the naked eye to bring out at every turn the thought and triumph of the builders. To give an adequate description of any building or limited area would require a book; to tell it all would need a library. I doubt not that libraries will be written in the attempt to express only certain aspects of the beauty of the Fair. There is space here to say only that *it was beautiful.* Grant that there was an illusion—that the apparent marble was only the perishable staff. That does not affect the case in the slightest; the illusion was complete. The intellect knew that no chips had fallen from the yielding marble; but the æsthetic sense saw the chisel of the sculptor everywhere; it saw the beauty adorning a solidity apparently fitted to face the wasting effects of a thousand years. We know that the marbles of Portia's palace existed only in the imagination of Shakespeare; but to our æsthetic sense it is a solid reality for all time. The poem of the White City is no less an immortal poem that it was presented to the eye. It has the mournful drawback that it cannot be passed on; it can be a possession only to those who saw it, and must die with this generation. That is the pity of it all.

THE SOVEREIGN SWAY OF BEAUTY.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

IT IS THE touch of beauty that unifies the nations. They may differ in everything else, but they all respond to the element of beauty. The lesson of Chicago is that the race rises through the useful to the beautiful; the increased conveniences are only increased conditions for further outbursts of beauty. The millionaire toiled and dug to put money in his purse; he opened his purse, and out flew all forms of beauty.

Beauty is ever at harmony with itself. The beauty of the White City came from all lands; but as those beautiful forms came into proximity with each other they rushed together and fused themselves into a new composition more ravishing than any of the individual elements of which it was composed. But we see more than that; we see that

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

When we analyze the beauty before us we see that the art of all the ages is interwoven into it, as well as the art of all the nations. All around are the classic columns and entablatures, and we seem to be on the Acropolis in the Age of Pericles. Phidias has left his thought in Chicago; the Parthenon is everywhere. So, too, is the Temple of Diana and the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. But blended with it all are the stately arch, the victory columns, and the massive composite architecture of imperial Rome. One walks in the

Forum under the shadow of the Capitoline. You need not leave the spot to get suggestions of Byzantine architecture; and while you stand, a flood of sweetest melody rolls out from chimes away up in the towers of a Gothic cathedral. Look again from the same spot and through the same identical things and you are gazing on the domes of Michael Angelo and the architecture of the Renaissance. Step under any one of the lofty portals and the thought is made complete by revealing to you the painted ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Out again and the very same scene is the Venice of the Doges. The ducal palace is everywhere; the gondolas flit through the lagoons and under the Rialto; the lion is rampant on the square of San Marco. Up again through the phantasmagoria, and holding the thought for a moment, is Sir Christopher Wren with his Saint Paul's, the pride of London. Move a little, it is the Alhambra that appeals to you with the graceful and ravishing architecture of the Moors. Old Castile has given to the scene something more than the caravels of Columbus. Nor is there wanting a suggestion of the India of Herodotus and the Egypt of Moses. Even far Cathay has lent its note to the silent diapason of beauty which holds the soul of the beholder spell-bound. But, hark! the sweet-toned chimes are waking in the lofty tower. What have they to say that will fit in with the thought and impression of the moment? It is a simple, familiar melody, one of the heart songs of the ages :

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The note is true, apt, and sympathetic to the mood. It is home-making that has made all this. We make our homes; and the rest is added unto us.

"'Way down upon the Suwanee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever;
There's where the old folks stay."

Again the note of home and affection. Even though we do not all live on the Suwanee river the melody draws our hearts to our own "old folks at home."

"There's a land that is fairer than day;
And by faith we can see it afar."

Yes, beauty is heaven-born, and beauty's flights are heavenward. It would do slight violence to the situation to imagine the pavement of the Court of Honor to be made of jasper and gold, and that all this was an attempt to foreshadow the New Jerusalem.

"Nearer my God to Thee."

The bells have worked out the climax for us, and interpreted our emotions to ourselves. The uplift of it all is toward the throne of Him who is the source of the Good, the True, the Beautiful.

How this thought is intensified a little later.

"Now came slow evening on, and twilight gray"

would seem about to extinguish the whole beautiful scene, to swallow up in

remorseless darkness the palaces and gardens of fairy land; when lo! as by a stroke of magic, dull night is conquered and made even more beautiful than day! The buildings, canals, and gardens are all aglow with incandescent lights; fountains of light in variegated and swiftly changing colors are dashing into the air and describing an infinite variety of forms; flash lights are dipping here and there on domes and towers and pinnacles; on portals, fountains, and statuary; picking rare bits of beauty and rendering them more glorious by contrast with the surrounding darkness. The last agent forced into the service of man has already multiplied the beauty of the earth fourfold, One realizes that he has never seen the Macmonnie's Fountain, or the Administration Building, or the canals, or the Peristyle at all until he has seen them under the flashes of the electric light. What ravishing sculpture! What marvelous architecture! What wonderful water effects with their curving bridges and flitting gondolas are brought out by the well-directed flashes from the roofs of the lofty buildings!

"And holy thoughts come o'er me,
When I behold afar
Descending from the heavenly height
The shield of that bright star."

Yes, it was beautiful! It was divinely beautiful!

FAIRY LAND.

THERE were worlds of beauty apart from the Court of Honor and the Grand Canal. In fact this wonderful Latin cross was designed to be only a noble vestibule to the real temple of the Fair. That it made itself the centre of interest and took supreme possession of the beholder was perhaps an accidental result rather than a thing deliberately aimed at in the original plan. The plan contemplated a vast, varied, and interesting exhibit, and just proposed to have it appropriately housed. The spirit that soared so high on the mere problem of the entrance was not inactive as to what was supposed to be the real thing itself. The exhibits themselves became simply materials of adjustment in the hands of exacting art; just as the straws and wool and hair and slime are controlled into that beautiful product, a bird's nest. Ores, and grasses, and grains; fabrics, and fishes, and facts; wares, and machines, and utensils; all the myriad products of an onward-sweeping civilization—were forced into order by an over-mastering sense of form and color. They became the mere elements of innumerable beautiful pictures; while art supplemented its own effects with special decoration, and over it all turned on the sweet airs of music. It was Fairyland within as well as without. The sublime vestibule did lead into a bewildering temple.

I have said that the Manufacturers' Building could contain within its symmetrical and harmonious embrace thirteen Saint Peter's; and the com-

parison of buildings within a building was not a forced one. Though the thirteen Saint Peter's were not there, yet there were several times thirteen gorgeous and magnificent palaces in that great interior, any one of which would be a striking object in any street of any city, and some of which were truly colossal. Is was street after street worthy of the Arabian Nights, blazing with color, and—shall we say?—even riotous with form. But it was the riot of infallible and sure-footed harmony that could dance the giddiest mazes without missing the slightest figure or point. A city within a building! And a city of such gorgeous color and form! Miracle on miracle piled! I well remember when it was a great experience to go to the top of Bunker Hill monument and look down upon the distant roofs of Charlestown, and upon the pygmy folks celebrating the heroism of a hundred years ago. One could rise

WHERE THE ARCHITECTS GET THEIR INSPIRATION—THE GRACEFUL COLUMNS, THE GROINED AISLES, AND THE ORNATE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES OF NATURE.

" Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees.
* * * * *
These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pride and pomp
Report not.
* * * * *
Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections."

the elevator of the Manufacturers' Building to a greater height than the
p of Bunker Hill monument, and still be under a roof! Far, far below were
e summits of lofty pinnacles; and lower still were the swarming little black
ıjects known to be human beings inspecting a city more marvelous than
ncy ever painted, and converting by contrast into a poor bazaar the fabled
ealth of "Ormus and the Ind." And when you get up you cannot get down,
ıtil you have traveled around a piece of the roof and contemplated some-
hat leisurely the aggregate glories of Fairy Land, together with its setting
a great stretch of the great city on one side and the great lake on the other.
mere balcony view, and yet suggestive of viewing creation from the top of
ont Blanc. After traversing the bit of roof and returning to the elevator
ain from the other direction, you are told that you have footed it just a mile!
his mile was only the core of the great building; you just cut across a mod-
ate section of a few of the streets away down in the great interior. The en-
rced observation on the top of the big building had its exact counterpart in
ıe case of the big Ferris Wheel. In the latter, as in the former, you had to
e sublimity, willy, nilly. There was this difference, however, that whereas
ı the big building you suddenly found yourself on top of creation, in the big
heel on the contrary you suddenly found creation dropping from under your
et. But go you must after that remorseless gate was shut upon your car.
he fifty cents entitled you to two trips around the great circumference.
erusha Jane became disturbed at the sudden slipping away of *terra firma;*
ıd she suggested with great anxiety to Brother Jonathan (she called him
eorge) that they do not go up the second time. Poor Jerusha! when the
ear earth came up to her, and the cup of a safe landing was just at her eager
ıd trembling lips, it was ruthlessly dashed away from her; and down went
ıe earth a second time to that awful two hundred and fifty feet. Again the
ory ended pleasantly; for when the good kind earth came up the next time
came to stay.

Fairy land had its sections with different key-notes, but always in perfect
ıne. The very instant that you left the north end of the Manufacturers'
uilding you left the commanding beauty of the straight line; the wonderful
orizontals, verticals, and obliques of the Court of Honor and its noble tran-
ept, the Grand Canal. You now go "swinging round the circle" under the
ıll domination of the curve. The rectilinear canal expands into circular
goons; the Hudson of the Palisades swells out into Tappan Zee and Haver-
raw Bay. You encounter circular buildings amidst circular thoroughfares,
rcular islands clothed with rarest vegetation and cut into labyrinthine mazes
ith circular pathways. The domes become hemispherical, the bridges al-
ıost semi-circles. The gentle pitch of the Rialto is not sufficiently pronounc-
l to fit in with the key-note of this scene. Where all this softened beauty of
ıe circle centres itself, there art with true instinct planted the Palace of Paint-
ıg and Sculpture. This temple of pure art, this home ot beauty alone, this
ınctuary from which cold and sodden utility is utterly excluded, and in which
ıe soul is invited to feast on nectar and ambrosia, is very properly approach-
l through the softening influence of circular forms. At every step you thrill
ith the perfect touch in things; you are impressed with another balancing in
special world of beauty.

With other devotees you ascend a long flight of steps to the heavy portal of the sacred temple; and you enter—Olympus!

Olympus is a theme in itself. Happy he who can treat it.

You go everywhere under a spell—the spell of ever-present beauty, of infallible art, of sustained harmony.

Or, to express it all in terms of music, in the Court of Honor and along the Grand Canal you get the groundswell of the sublime organ tones, whereas passing northward you strike the rippling music of the piano, gently interspersed with the dulcet notes of the guitar. Ravishing sweetness! See the gondola and the swans rounding Wooded Island!

But as you began in the Court of Honor so the close of each day will find you there again. And there you will find stealing over you a solid conviction that here after all is the center of things; this instead of being the entrance is the pivot of the whole. Bewitchery remains; but with it there is superadded the sense of sublimity; and you resolve to stand solidly here and try to think it out, while the whole magnificence bears down upon you in one stupendous effect.

"Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning ope's with haste her lids,
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends with kindred eye;
For out of thought's interior sphere
Those wonders rose to upper air;
* * * *
Those temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned."
* * * *
"O'er me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

THE CENTENNIAL.

MANY have stood in the Court of Honor who, up to that moment, had carried glowing remembrances of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. But what a reaction comes over one by contrast. The Centennial exhibits became too paltry to be thought of; they are as antiquated and as much out of date as if they belonged to a period beyond the flood. And yet some of us do not feel that we are much older than when we went to Philadelphia. What a rush we are in when a new civilization takes possession of the world in the short space of seventeen years! But at Philadelphia the exhibits were everything, the buildings were nothing but great unsightly barns. The thought ascended no higher than

utility; and a poor, pinched utility, at that. We cannot even concede to the Centennial the attribute of size. As we now recall it there was nothing to do but to finger carpets, and porcelain, and bric-a-brac. And yet the Centennial is not to be despised, even in remembrance. It was grand considering all the circumstances. It was the work of a nation exhausted by a frightful war.

We were not presentable; we had been drained, and harried, and torn, and worn. The flower of our youth was consumed on an enormous battle line; and the old folks were at their wits' end finding supplies and hurrying them to the front. It was a desperate fight for life; it was not a time to make artists; it was a time to make gladiators and patriots. What could those poor, panting gladiators and patriots do so soon after emerging from the smoke of battle? They did what they could; and the Centennial of that day did them as much credit as the White City has done to this generation of the myrtle.

"O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare."

The set lips became fully relaxed in the long succeeding era of peace; and the Court of Honor was the ineffable smile on the beautiful lips of our fair country, from which every shade of "wrath's eclipse" had entirely departed.

And O the recuperation of seventeen brief years! A hundred millions to throw away and not feel it! And a taste and art so exquisite that it seems like perfection! But what is ahead? The future will have its problems; the future will have its triumphs.

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

Meanwhile let us look again upon our "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" and give ourselves up to the poet's prophetic appeal:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."

Good night, gentle bard! Good night to the Court of Honor!

Our father's God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unvailing all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalship of hand and brain.

Thou who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will;
And freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use
We thank Thee, but withal we crave
The austere virtues strong to save;
The honor, proof to place or gold,
The manhood, never bought or sold.

Oh! make Thou us through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old.

—*John G. Whittier* (*Centennial Hymn*).

THE PEACE JUBILEE.

A TRUMPETER captured on the battle-field pleaded for his life on the ground that he carried no deadly weapon, and had drawn no blood from a foeman. The poor fellow was told that he deserved to die a dozen deaths; for his instrument had put the very mischief into all the rest. I well remember when I was first compelled in earnest to make use of the little knowledge I possessed of the German language. It was on a beautiful night in June in the year 1872, on the upper deck of that floating palace, the Bristol, as she carved her way through the placid waters of Long Island Sound, carrying a happy company on their way to Boston to visit the great World's Fair of that year. It was not a fair of fabrics, nor of Midways, nor of buildings; but that unique thing a World's Fair of music, conceived by the creative genius of the lamented Gilmore, and successfully carried out by that remarkable and indomitable man. After the convulsions of war on two continents we were going to the World's Peace Jubilee. Prophetic of Chicago, Gilmore drew his hand across the world's lyre, and said that the nations should learn war no more. Krupp goes on enlarging his monsters; and America is developing her battle-ships and Gatling guns; but they are

viewed as mere curiosities by a race that has ceased to thirst for gore. You pay ten cents for a catalogue detailing all the secrets of gunnery and setting forth all its surprising statistics. You pat "Krupp's Pet" on the back; you board the battleship without a tremor; and you think with wonder of that strange period prior to '72, when folks were killing each other by machinery at the rate of a million a year.

I had long given up the famous conundrum "What is so fair as a day in June?" But I thought that I had at last found the answer. It must be a balmy night in June with a moving palace below you, midway between the reverse of "Old Long Island's seagirt shore" and the low-lying hills of Connecticut. The throb of the steady moving mass was but the throb of conscious power. The double furrow rolled from the sharp prow in graceful curves of foam; and the wake of the beautiful leviathan was one long receding glow of phosphorescent light. The murmuring, dreaming Sound became half consciously aware that something beautiful was passing; and it smiled in its sleep.

I had noticed among our passengers some likely young men in the undress uniform of the German army. They were clean-limbed, well-knit fellows, and seemed about of that age when one could "Sigh like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eye-brow."

> "Let him not boast who puts his armor on
> As him who takes it off the battle done."

I had to learn that those youthful strangers were veterans with an experience beyond anything that had ever before fallen to the lot of mortal man. As I leaned over the railing enjoying the beautiful scene, one of those gentle young fellows sided up to me and observed in a quiet tone that it was 'schon." I answered promptly, "Yah, mein Herr, es ist sehr schön;" and, we proceeded to get acquainted. I would not dare to quote the rest of my German; but I had to keep on with my jerky efforts; for he had not a single word of English. I will confess that he had a decided advantage of me. I had heard of a land where even the little children could talk French; and I was now prepared to believe it when I observed with what fluency and ease this young man rolled out the gutturals of Germany.

It transpired that he and his companions were none others than the famous Imperial Band of Berlin, loaned by the Kaiser for the occasion, and on their way under orders to be part and parcel of the big Jubilee. I recalled another time when the Germans came over under orders; and I could not help contrasting most pleasantly the mission of my new Hessian with that of those who figured in the battle of Long Island, and at White Plains, and Fort Washington, and Trenton; at Bennington, Saratoga, Monmouth, and Yorktown.

This young man blew a horn. But when he began blowing it there was no Germany, and no Kaiser. He blew his horn to the tune of "Die Wacht am Rhein;" and instantly both a Germany and a Kaiser came rushing over the noble river to meet the threatening *Marseillaise* on the western hills. My friend had blown his horn from Saarbruck and Weissemburg to Gravelotte; from Strassburg and Metz to Sedan and Paris. He had blown such fire and fury into the Germans that they stormed right over the deadly

mitrailleuse and the unerring chassepot, and dictated their own terms of peace in Paris. He blew his horn in serenade to a Kaiser ruling in peace over the greatest Germany in history. But he did not blow his horn on the boat; he very modestly allowed me to pump out of him with my jerky German the fact that he had been down in the very depths of one of the greatest convulsions on record, "all of which he saw and part of which he was."

We had scarcely arrived in Boston when we saw the very fellows that had called my friend out of obscurity into undying fame; we saw the Band of the Republic of Paris, the very men who had sounded the *Marseillaise*, and who had fired the French people to a most heroic defense of their country. The German laurels came dear. The rival horns reversed the situation;

"LET US HAVE PEACE."

France lost a Kaiser while Germany gained one. But those famous combatants met now on a common ground of amity at the American Jubilee.

Those bear-skin caps and scarlet coats are worn by the Queen's band of London. The red-coats face no angry populace now. There is no chance for a Boston massacre. There is no Paul Revere waiting to ride with his news the minute the regulars move. They may go where they will with impunity. They even ascend Bunker Hill without encountering a line of leveled rifles. They are deemed rather a fine set of fellows. All these musical

's are welcomed by the very musicians that blew the Army of the
: into order and that blew the armies of the Union back into peaceful
ıe close of our great war. I refer to the Marine Band of Washington,
icians of our own chief magistrate.

:he Jubilee came Strauss and Parepa Rosa, Nillson, and Lucca, and
and Kellogg. The world was temporarily drained of its great talent;
ı alone furnished a chorus of twenty thousand picked vocalists; and
.ousand instruments struck up the accompaniment to their songs.
'ere arranged for eighty thousand spectators. All this required a
; so vast in its dimensions that it was called the Colosseum. I was by
ns in the remote end of the house; and General Banks was by no
ıt the other end when he delivered his oration in the stentorian tones
:h he was noted; yet it was only once or twice that we became aware
faintest way that it was not all brave dumb show. Not one word
my ears. But I did hear the words of the twenty thousand singers
ıorus of the "Star Spangled Banner;" I did hear Mrs. West's solo in
y of the song dominating that vast space with perfect ease; and I did
r voice rising above the combined uproar of twenty thousand singers,
.ousand instruments, and a battery of artillery in the chorus. And I
r the ravishing strains of "Down the Blue Danube," while Strauss
waved the baton in the rendering of his own immortal waltz. Such
great Jubilee; and it was deemed a monster performance. But it
ave been packed away in a corner of the big Manufacturers' Building
ıgo. And the Jubilee building was so plain; whereas the Manufac-
Building was in itself forty acres of song. The Roc's egg was no
ı myth: there it lay along the shore of Lake Michigan, buttressed
beautiful a framework as the eye of man ever rested upon.

The grass is green on Bunker Hill,
The waters sweet in Brandywine;
The sword sleeps in the scabbard still,
The farmer keeps his flock and vine;
Then, who would mar the scene to day
With vaunt of battlefield or fray?

The brave corn lifts in regiments
Ten thousand sabres in the sun;
The ricks replace the battle tents
The bannered tassels toss and run.
The neighing steed, the bugle blast,
These be but stories of the past.

The earth has healed her wounded breast.
The cannons plough the field no more;
The heroes rest! Oh, let them rest
In peace along the peaceful shore!
They fought for peace, for peace they fell;
They sleep in peace, and all is well.

The fields forget the battles fought,
The trenches wave in golden grain;
Shall we neglect the lessons taught,
And tear the wounds agape again?
Sweet Mother Nature, nurse the land,
And heal her wounds with gentle hand.

Lo! peace on earth! Lo! flock and fold!
Lo! rich abundance, fat increase,
And valleys clad in sheen of gold!
Oh, rise and sing a song of peace!
For Theseus roams the land no more,
And Janus rests with rusted door.
—*Joaquin Miller*.

THE PERISTYLE.
(*From "Glimpses of the World's Fair."*)

THE SYMBOL OF A NATION.

WITH ALL its greatness the monster Roc's Egg did not disturb the balance of things; it overshadowed nothing; it dwarfed nothing; it crushed nothing; it was simply in keeping with its equally sturdy companions. There was no let down when you shifted the radius of your view to the Peristyle, and caught the vistas of the blue lake between its graceful columns or cut by its noble arch. Elsewhere there is the beauty of repose; but here it is the beauty of action. It is imperialism symbolized. The arch with its crowning quadriga seemed a thing instinct with life; teeming with force and vitality it seemed disposed to move forward with an irrestible sweep. Truly the art of Rome found suitable expression for the genius of the nation.

"Thence to the gates cast round thine eye and see
What conflux issuing forth or entering in."

The triumphal arch is ready for the Imperator; we are ready to hear his trumpets sound and to see him sweep through the arch with his retinue of the conquering and the conquered on the way to the Capitol. Is it to be Pompey, Cæsar, or Constantine?

"The city which thou seest no other deem
Than great and glorious Rome, Queen of the earth,
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched
Of nations; there the Capitol thou seest
Above the rest lifting his mighty head
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel
Impregnable; and there Mount Palatine
The imperial palace, compass huge, and high
The structure, skill of noblest architects,
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires.
Many a fair edifice beside, more like
Houses of gods, (so well I have disposed
My aery microscope) thou mayst behold
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers,
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold."

Who can doubt that this was the thought that gave birth to this glorious airy structure? Six hundred feet of columned and arched magnificence, with a great column for each State and Territory of the American Union. Imperial America could well be symbolized in terms of imperial Rome; even though the victories of the former are only those of peace; while the latter was the very incarnation of war. Such was the thought of the Peristyle, boldly conceived, gloriously executed. A volume might be written on the exquisite detail, conscientiously and triumphantly interwoven into this great work of art. It is a great combination to be at once spirited and exact; "Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist." The Peristyle was at once a glowing inspiration and a faultless piece of workmanship. And it was exceedingly rich in detail without conveying the slightest impression of being ornate or overloaded. Like a beautiful picture it existed for no other use than to express a beautiful conception. It would seem that art is most untrammeled where the idea of utility is entirely wanting, and where no question of adaptation is involved. The art that adorns seems not to reach quite the exquisite results of the art that simply externalizes a conception of beauty for the sake of beauty alone. Thus you think at the Art Palace; thus you think before those admirable colossal groups of symbolical statuary, flanking the Great Basin and the Grand Canal; thus you think while gazing upon that central piece of ecstacy the Macmonnie's Fountain.

It is said that even Homer nods at times. I would not assert that the Genius of the White City ever drooped its wing. But there was one creation that failed to awaken in me any lively response; and that was the colossal female figure standing in the basin like a faint reflection of Bartholdi's great statue, and designed to symbolize the great American Republic. I failed to catch the symbolism. I had no feeling of why it was there. I turned my back upon it and found our glorious country fully symbolized in the glorious Peristyle. There I found wonderfully interwrought the ideas of Union, Strength, Beauty, Movement, Power—all the qualities for which Columbia

stands pre-eminent in the long genealogy of nations. This true Columbian monument looked proudly up the Court of Honor, as if to say: "These are great, but they are mine."

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er crimson thy name,
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.
* * * * *
Thus as down a lone valley with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion, I pensively strayed,
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired;
Perfumes as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, the child of the skies.
—*Timothy Dwight.*

A MINERVA FROM THE HUDSON.

AT THE Philadelphia Centennial I had an experience that I have ever since regarded as remarkable. I was very busy that year; and so I had to go, when I did go, with little or no preparation. I dropped down among the multitudinous objects and tried in a bewildered way to become interested in wheels, and carpets, and things. There was an art gallery there which seemed very creditable for that time. A small room bore above its entrance the legend "Castellani Collection." The name suggested nothing to my unprepared mind. I saw that it contained some show cases and such like, and that people were streaming through it. So I "dropped into the swim" and floated into the room. I might have floated out of it again about as enlightened as a full grown mole, had it not been for an incident. I am safe at least in applying that mild term to it. I am not particularly superstitious, and would like to account for things by ordinary natural causes. Just as I peered into the first show-case an eager voice at my elbow burst out with a perfectly ecstatic "Why, there it is!" I turned and saw that the owner of the voice was right against my elbow; and I discovered, moreover, that the remark was addressed in a sense to me. She made an impatient gesture toward the glass case and said with uncontrollable eagerness: "Don't you see it?" It now reminds me of some of the impatient mammas that I saw in the Art Palace appealing to their mooning offspring with the remark, "Why don't you look at the pictures?" Well, I endeavored to look and see something; but my countenance revealed such a helpless expression that my fair monitress became instantly specific; she placed her finger right down on the glass and said: "Look right there; that's the visiting card (it was an ivory prism) of a Roman lady of the second century before Christ;

and that's her hair-pin (a very nicely modeled piece of ivory;) and that's her mirror" (a piece of shapely but rusty bronze. Cornelia could not have dressed her hair at it the day I saw it). And oh! what a scathing rebuke she gave me by implication, as she bubbled out: "Why I've been reading up for seven weeks in order to see these." A light began to dawn upon me; I slyly reached down to my catalogue and got some hasty hints about the famous collection that was before me. I thereupon resolved to use my providential guide for all she was worth. We passed along from point to point and from case to case; we saw articles from all the ages back almost to the siege of Troy, with their dates duly authenticated and vouched for by the greatest antiquary that ever lived, the wealthy Count Castellani. It was such a comfort to be as-

A CORNER IN THE COURT OF HONOR.

sured that there was no humbug in the matter; and that every label had the guarantee of an honorable name, and of a renowned scholar. I was impressed with the great antiquity of skill: the finest cameos and goldsmith's work that I ever saw were dated back as far as the seventh century before Christ. I had heard Wendell Phillips's lecture on the "Lost Arts" and could now have some appreciation of it. We saw some exquisite ear-drops and necklaces that might have been worn by Sappho—I was going to say by Helen. We saw the material remains of all the ages down to the buckles of the Crusaders and the majolica of Raphael. My guide stuck right by me till we reached the very last corner of the very last case. I never reached the embarrassing question as

she wasn't there. Not a word of parting; no flutter of receding drapery; she simply was not there. Eurydice herself gave a faint sigh of regret as she left her desolate Orpheus; the rustle of her ghostly garments came back upon the gently stirred air; but my little lady simply wasn't there. I don't know what I would have done with her if she had stayed. Shakespeare was so embarrassed with having Murcutio on his hands that he killed him off in the third act.

When Dante went down into the Infernal Regions he found an opportune guide in the person of the "Mantuan Swan," the gentle Virgil. The Castellani room was rather a sort of Paradiso; and I had an equally opportune guide. Who was she? Was it "*Glaucopis Athene*" taking pity on my dense ignorance of those precious matters and descending from Olympus to illumine my dark understanding? If it was I must say that Minerva came in the guise of a wholesome New York girl evidently about two years out of Vassar.

After rubbing my eyes and pulling myself together, and heaving a little sigh of loss, I looked around to see if there were anything more in the Castellani Collection worth looking at. There was, something before which all of Helen's trinkets dwindled into perfect insignificance. Over in the corner was some old statuary. One piece was a bust of Euripides, sculptured from the life; hence a marble portrait. Who chiseled it? Our scholarly antiquary informs us that it was certainly executed during the life of Praxiteles, that it bears all the marks of that artist's touch, that it was either chiseled by his own hand, or at least under his own eye. I saw there an ideal head of the same school, in which the sculptor merely endeavored to express ideal beauty. It is no wonder that Pygmalion became enamored of the stone; Galatea in marble is a most lovely and irresistible creature.

OUR DEBT TO ANTIQUITY.

IN THE great Art Palace everything seemed to be in the superlative degree; and it was no wonder that the thronging people stopped everywhere to gaze and admire. Mediocrity withered at the entrance to that magnificent Grecian temple; only genius could penetrate to its rotundas or obtain space upon its seeming miles of walls. The sculpture was not "frozen music;" there was nothing frozen about it; it was bounding life and action. There was life in the stone. The men and women were breathing, thinking, suffering, enjoying, triumphing. The animals were springing, frisking, crouching, tearing, sleeping, according to their natural bent. And such magnificent human beings; such superb animals! The poor camera turned upon actual life gives but faded types, but feeble action; the artist evolves the ideal, the perfect. It is always easier to imagine a perfect thing than to find one. How tame and commonplace the best portraits in the gallaries compared with the ideal heads, the lives that never lived except in the painter's imagination and afterwards on his canvas No, these scenes in the

rotundas are not "sermons in stones;" you find those in great abundance over there in the Mines Building; and profoundly interesting, instructive, and edifying sermons they are. These are tragedies, comedies, idyls, epics in stone. But one cannot gaze upon them; one cannot gaze upon the noble building that contains them; without feeling our great debt to a by-gone age. These are after all but fine discipleship; the master hand which has inspired it all wrought in Athens in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ. Our artists, whether consciously or unconsciously, are just trying to be as Greek as they can. In some of our mushroom cities art has indulged itself in some wild experiments; under the supreme ordeal of the White City it did not dare to be other than classic. Phidias and Praxiteles were the masters that directed our glorious modern young men.

It is almost invidious to mention names where everything was so fine. But I cannot avoid paying the tribute of a passing allusion to the work of a new sculptor, Mr. F. Edwin Elwell of New York. His subject was "Charles Dickens and Little Nell," a life-sized group in bronze. Did no one know the pathetic story, that group would tell its own story of intense compassion on the one hand, and on the other of the wondering ecstatic gratitude of a young heart that has found a true friend in a cold world. The great novelist simply sits in his chair and gazes down upon the child before him; while she looks up with an expression that is a combination of infinite trust, of yearning out of the depths of her brave little nature, and of open-eyed wonder that the warm breath of friendship should have reached her tired life. She is equipped for one of her sad pilgrimages. All her sufferings and sorrows are momentarily forgotten as she hears the words coming up from that great heart: "Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell." It is not the cold bronze; it is life; the child actually quivers with ecstatic wonder, trust and joy; the man actually melts in every fibre of his nature. But the treatment is quiet; there is nothing dramatic nor sensational about it; it is a creation; it is soul speaking to soul. You forget the art; you are moved by the emotions of real beings.

To sum up the sculpture of the pavilions it is only necessary to say that this production stood there one among thousands.

The Art Palace was truly bewildering in its immensity. "Art is long and time is fleeting." Most observers had a painful sense that their limited tickets were expiring and that they must soon be hastening to the homeward bound trains. But many who would willingly forfeit their tickets had imperative engagements calling them home. The problem was how to see quickly, much, and well. But that was the problem of the impossible. One could only hope to see as well as possible while feeling that he must see quickly and much. It would take much time to individualize a small number of the fine paintings and fix them in memory. But as one had to get the general drift of the White City so he had to get the general drift of the galleries, and try to take in as well as he could the infinity of beauty that was before him. There were pictures that were already famous; there were new pictures by famous artists; there were pictures of equal merit by new artists who were now to be crowned for the first time. It was truly an embarrassment of riches. You walk amid myriad glories. The aggregate effect of color is entrancing; and the slightest pause brings out the beauties of form and scene and tone and delicacy of

touch and infinite creative power. It is a mighty benefit just to go through the galleries; and that was all that many tried to do. A very dear friend once said to me after a first visit to a great library: "I could feel those books." I doubt not that to natures finely attuned soul can touch soul even from the depths of unopened books. But in a gallery of fine paintings the books are wide open; and the soul is dull and sodden indeed that will not be touched even through an apparently inattentive eye. That mother who lamented the determined abstraction of her little boys need not despair; they are going through the gallery, and the vision is impressing itself upon their plastic souls. The mother may carry away new thoughts; the boys will carry away a new personality. The mother is edified; the boys are transformed. A good friend of mine who had done up the Fair as a matter of duty went back again

FAIRY LAND.

nine hundred miles to put his two little boys, aged respectively seven and ten years, in the midst of the glories of Fairy Land. He did not expect them to understand it; but he did expect them to be affected by it. And he was right. The boys would find their own point of view; but they would absorb right and left without any point of view at all. The most nourishing and cultivating education is that which is entirely informal—the education of contact. This is why a classical education is so productive. Greek roots as such would give no more education than elm roots, perhaps not as much. But Greece herself quickens every germ of one's higher nature. We read Greek books in

order to be in Greece for awhile. To be in Greece for awhile is to be influenced and nourished toward our highest possibilities. In taking his boys to the Columbian World's Fair my friend was giving the little fellows a genuine classical education. A classical education is education through what is exceedingly fine, and fine only. Manhood is the fibre of the sensibilities, not merely the muscle of the intellect. The education of any kind of a gladiator is not the education of a man.

Art is not a development; and the World's Fair demonstrates it; it is just an attempt to get as near to Greece as you can. Those Greeks have ever been "the delight and the despair of the moderns." Homer, Phidias, Praxiteles, and Apelles inspire all the beauty of the modern world. In the White City they were regnant. Hence the great success of the White City. By the way, I am glad to say that the Castellani Collection was not allowed to go back to Europe. Its value was too fully perceived by enlightened Americans. It was purchased for the Metropolitan Museum in New York City; and it is there at present giving its mighty impulse to American art and culture.

I had long wanted to see the "Tencer" of Thornycroft; and there it was in the rotunda of the Art Palace with the label of a gold medal attached to it. That lithe young archer of the Greeks had just discharged his arrow and was watching with perfect confidence for its assured effect.' But I thought I saw in that fine production a suggestion of the "David" of Michael Angelo, as that magnificent youth looks forth upon the Phillistine whom he is about to slay. And the "David" seems to carry a suggestion of the Apollo Belvedere. Thus the best in modern art is ever suggesting its genesis in the marbles of Paros and Pentelicus. The Greeks fixed the line; Angelo crowded it closely; Shakespeare, as the solitary exception of the ages, shot above it, and made a higher Olympus of his own. But for the rest they need Homer, Pindar, Theocritus, Phidius, Praxiteles, Apelles, the Elgin marbles, the Castellani marbles, the "Laocoon," the Apollo Belvedere, the Venus de Milo, and the Farnese Bull. The dance is fine when Helicon supplies the lyre.

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain.
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending.
Vain the struggle; vain against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links—the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight.
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by
Developing in that one glance the deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of love
* * * are expressed
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood

When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which he endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory, which if made
By human hands, is not a human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas wrought.

AN EDUCATIONAL DIGRESSION.

THERE are those who would discourage the study of Greek. They say that Greek forms no recognizable element in modern civilization. Why, what is modern civilization but a resumption of the study of Greek? The nations once stopped studying Greek, and the light went out. The hovel of the benighted barbarian was found superposed above the mosaics and between the graceful columns of a noble civilization. The Greeks were driven out of Constantinople into the west; they taught their books for a living; and lo! all is transformed! Touched by this lamp of Aladdin the groping peasants bounded up into imperial-visioned Angelos, Raphaels, Columbuses, Shakespeares, and Miltons. Such nectar transformed the clods into gods; and here we are in the full blaze of glory! No element in modern civilization! Why, the minute the modern man becomes inspired he asserts his ancestry and his birth-right; he becomes a Greek of the Greeks, and stands upon Parnassus.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

He builded better than he knew because his mind was teeming with Greek temples, Greek statuary, and all the ravishing forms of Greek art.

See Shakespeare on Parnassus:

"See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's locks, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

Again.

"On such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
* * * *
On such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'er trip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow o'er himself,
And ran dismayed away.
* * * *
On such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
* * * *
On such a night
Stood Dido on the wild sea bank
With a willow in her hand to waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

And thus again and again the finest touches come out in Greek, showing the domination of Greek imagery and Greek ideals.

Milton was Milton because Homer was Homer. There were just two men between them, Virgil and Dante. Virgil wrote with his eye on Homer; Dante wrote with his eye on Virgil, and affectionately acknowledged his debt; Milton wrote with his eye on Dante. Truly modern literature would lose much if it lost its genesis.

Modern literature is very fine, taking into account the fact that it is the reflection of a reflection. But fine as it is, the original luminary is finer; and the reflection is appreciated best when it is known as a reflection. Truth is always delightful; and modern literature is best enjoyed when it is seen what modern literature is.

Longfellow looks at the sublime mountains with Greek eyes.

"Centuries old are the mountains;
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted
Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night.
From their bosoms uptossed
The snows are driven and drifted,
Like Tithonus's beard
Streaming disheveled and white.
* * * *
Ever unmoved they stand
Solemn, eternal and proud.
* * * *
Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing.
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armor of leaves;
Filled with the breath of freedom
Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
Now like the ocean sinks,
Now like the ocean upheaves.

Planted firm on the rock,
With foreheads stern and defiant,
Loud to the winds they shout;

Loud to the tempests they call;
Naught but Olympian thunders
That shattered Titan and Giant,
Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
Shaking the earth with their fall."

Such imagery would fix any one's place in the category of great poets. But none would mistake the sources of his inspiration or the form of his culture. His years in Bowdoin and Harvard were not in vain.

Even the gentle Whittier is swept out of his serenity at times, and becomes an impassioned Greek.

"What unseen altar crowns the hills
That rise up stair by stair?
What eyes peep through? what white wings fan
Those purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly height
To those on earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown."

The "fine frenzy" brings the poet out as he is; and our modern poets when brought out are pretty good Greeks.

It is true that Shakespeare had "little Latin and less Greek;" but Erasmus, Colet, More, Spencer, Sidney, Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher read it into him. They saturated him with their own studies. It is true that Burns and Keats could not go directly to the Castalian Spring; but Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Byron, and Shelly were scattering oceans of it upon the sturdy plants of Britain. Burns pathetically laments that he is obliged to get the classic ichor second-hand. But the water-bearers were so numerous and efficient that he and Keats were as thoroughly saturated as their more fortunate contemporaries. One can read Greek by proxy, if he is obliged to do so; but he does not read it in cold and flabby translations; he reads it in the warm and inspiring original with the eyes of his scholarly contemporaries.

It is true that modern civilization has not yet spent itself; but it is also true that men have not yet stopped studying Greek. The utilitarianism of modern life is only its hands; the humanizing and directing soul is Greek.

England has done well in upholding the Oxford of Colet, the Greek. It has given her her golden age of literature, and made her the mistress of the world. Germany has done well in so stoutly maintaining her Greek. America will do well if she will continue to cherish the curriculum that has given her her Otises, her Warrens, her Adamses, her Quincys, her Jeffersons, her Madisons, her Hamiltons, her Websters, her Emersons, her Longfellows, her Holmeses, and her Lowells.

This nation was built upon Greek foundations; the National Capitol is a Greek temple; nearly every stately residence of the Constitutional era reposes in its dignity behind a Greek facade. We started on our career in the Parthenon; the men who could put everything into peril for a principle; the men who could extract its secret from history and formulate constitutions fitted at the same time to protect the most delicate rights of man and to hold together turbulent communities, lighting a beacon of hope for the discouraged nations of the earth, were very appropriately housed behind a colonnade of Greek columns. The *porch* was a happy symbol of the typical *stoic* of history;

and the Greek flutings and capitals expressed at once both his culture and his character. His thought was on Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platæa, and Leuctra; and his ideal was that of Pericles standing with the temple-crowned Acropolis for a back-ground, and with Thucydides, Euripides, Phidias, and Socrates in the audience, while he delivered that flawless oration on the dead of the first year of the Peloponnesian war. In an address chaste and strong as a Doric temple, as delicately touched as the handiwork of Phidias and Praxiteles, as musical in its undertone as the choruses of Sophocles, and as exalted in its sentiments as the philosophy of Socrates, he voiced the century that had driven off the Persians, that had given the drama, history,

IN THE COURT OF HONOR.

architecture, painting, and sculpture to the arts, and that was ready now at its close to show how to live grandly or die greatly, whichever issue Providence might have in store. This greatest of centuries began for Athens with the unequal but triumphant struggles at Marathon and Salamis; it was to end for her with the more sublime struggle against enemies on the heights and the deadly plague within.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

The address was the act of a Cæsar hopelessly beset by assassins, gathering his drapery about his person and offering a decorous breast to the blow. Soul exaltation seemed to be in the very air of Europe in that wonderful century; for almost at that very moment the white-haired senators of conquered Rome were sitting at their portals like statues of devotion, faithful unto death in upholding their country's dignity, and placidly awaiting the

Yes, those were the scenes to fire a patriot's heart, to lift his soul to the heights of self-obliteration, and to nerve his arm for the supreme blow that was either to give liberty to the world, or at least to make tyrants tremble in their capitals.

> "Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
> And freedom find no champion and no child,
> Such as Columbia saw arise when she
> Sprang forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?"

The spirit of '76 is still alive in the land; it needs but an occasion to arouse the Greek. Greek *does* enter as an element into modern civilization.

That marvellous culture of Greece has inspired and informed every great uprising in the west. When the Greek arms fell powerless, the Greek books went on doing their wonderful work. Rome reached her zenith of culture by stooping to learn Greek. In the very golden age of Roman literature the very princes of that literary round table were constantly admonishing everybody to study Greek. Rome Latinized everything but Greece; she fell herself a slave to Greek thought.

> "Grecia capta Romam captavit."

Horace speaks tenderly of his Greek volumes; he is constantly maintaining that no one even with the Æneid, the Eclogues, the Metamorphoses, the Sallust, the Livy, the Cicero, the Cæsar at his command, can lay any claims to being a cultured man if he has not drunk long and deeply at the Greek fountain. We are told that it is enough to study the modern masterpieces, or at most to go back only on classic Rome. When we get there we find Horace, the premier of that classic Rome, impatiently urging his contemporaries not to be satisfied with Roman masterpieces, but to "study Greek, study Greek".

> "Vos exemplaria Græca
> Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

He is constantly raving of Lesbian quills and Æolian pipes, of Archilochus, Sappho, Alcæus, and Pindar. He was then the modern to whom the Greek genius was the delight and the despair. He deemed it sufficient for his immortal renown that he had caught the Greek note and domesticated it at Rome. He claimed to be only an echo, a reflection; and yet because he had echoed and reflected well, he predicted that he would be read in the schools thousands of years hence, and that school boys would be thumbing their Horaces to remotest ages.

> "Exegi monumentum ære perennius
> * * * *
> * * aut innumerabilis
> Annorum series et fuga temporum,
> Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
> Vitabit Libitinum: * *
> * * * *
> * * ex humile potens,
> Princeps Æolium carmen ad Italos
> Deduxisse modos."

It is nearly two thousand years since Horace's day; and yet his book is still thumbed pretty diligently by school-boys. And in the same satchel I am glad to say you will still find the book of the philosophical historian Thucydides, who closed his volume with the prediction that he had written something that the world would read forever, that the nations would not let die. Educational notions "may come" and educational notions "may go;" but it seems that Horace and Thucydides, in accordance with their own predictions, may "go on forever."

Horace was right; modern masterpieces do not meet the requirements of the highest cultivation; that can be attained only by "drinking deep" of the "Pierian Spring" and its famous companion Hippocrene.

ON MAL-TEACHING.

BUT WHAT of those who have studied Greek without manifest benefit? I answer that many have studied English without manifest benefit; they are smatterers who have not gotten into the merits of the matter. They have either lacked natural capability, or they have been ill-taught. With anything at all to build upon a Roger Ascham would make of his pupil a strong and enthusiastic Greek scholar. The student who cannot learn Greek well cannot learn anything well; the student who is ill-taught in Greek would be ill-taught in anything else by the same teacher. A wrong method will not reach any goal, Greek among the rest. It is a sad commentary on our boasted modern methods that we fail to reach results in Greek. That we have had a Roman, an Italian, a German, an English, and an American Renaissance, shows that some one in the past has known how to teach Greek. Let us stop patronizing the teachers now sleeping in honored dust, and endeavor on the contrary to learn the secret of their power.

Greek may be studied as a grammar; and like all grammars, it affords a most stimulating exercise. But that is not what Greek should be studied for; it should be studied as a literature. Instead of having his pupils nibbling at a more or less bitter shell, the teacher should reveal the toothsome kernel within, and spur his pupil on to get it all.

Byron well sums up the mal-teaching of the classics:

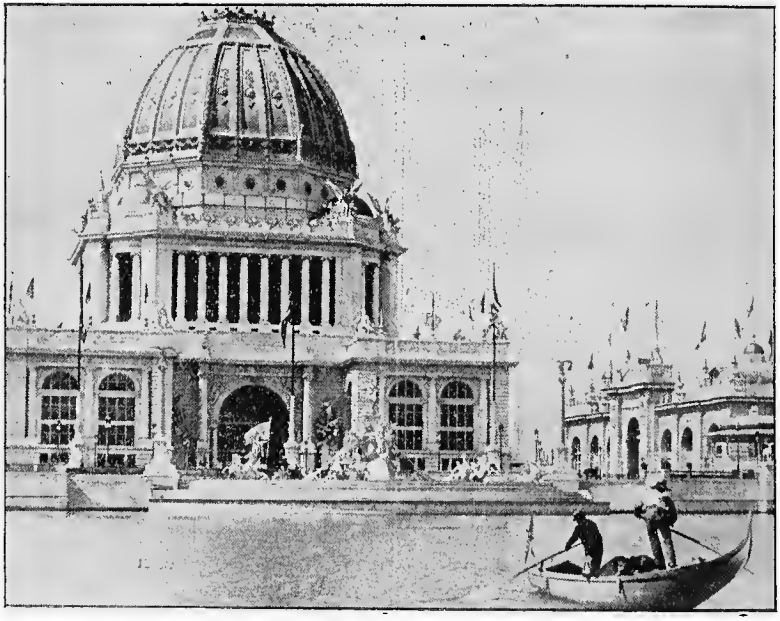
> Then farewell Horace; whom I hated so
> Not for thy faults but mine. * *
> * * * *
> The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word
> In my repugnant youth * *
> * * the daily drug which turned
> My sickening memory.

Yes, it was a "curse" in his case. All bad teaching is a curse. The teacher who can present beauty of any kind without showing that he feels its charm is a curse. I fear that we are developing a new style of stoicism, which consists in suppressing all feeling. The true stoic would suppress only the

feeling of base fear. We are affecting not exactly cynicism, but a composure suggestive of an icicle. There is no sanction for any such type of culture; instead of development it is a case of arrested development; it is the poor little foot of the Chinese woman, the wretched product of murderous repression.

Enthusiasm is not necessarily hysterical; a cultured enthusiasm never is; the highest ideal of culture is not to repress enthusiasm, but to extend it to the largest possible number of objects, and to quicken its responsiveness. Enthusiasm is the movement of the soul; it is the "God within."

The teacher who presents a fine thing without observing that it is fine, commits an educational crime. I think, however, that the lack of enthusiasm in classes is oftener due to callow ignorance on the part of the teacher than to any deliberate attempt at systematic composure. There are those who can stand in sight of Niagara and think out their own trifling cares.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—THE QUEEN OF FAIRY LAND.

But the study of the detested classics made Byron after all. He had vitality enough to survive the methods practised upon him. If he did not learn to love Horace he did learn to love antiquity. He became the most advanced of philhellenes; he went to Greece that was "living Greece no more" and called her back to life. He forced the "craven crouching slave" to look upon "Thermopylæ" and reassert the independence and dignity of his ancient race.

"The mountains look on Marathon;
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And standing there an hour alone
I dreamed that Greese might yet be free."

The dream was quickly realized; and it was realized through Byron's impassioned use of names; it was realized through that overwhelming force, the classic enthusiasm. The dislodged Greek did unwittingly what Fichte did deliberately; he went west and trained the boys to come back and restore him.

> "The Solan and the Teian muse,
> The hero's harp, the lover's lute,"

had long been singing liberty, manhood, civilization, and aspiration into the races of the west:

> "Their place of birth alone is mute
> To sounds which echo farther west
> Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'"

At last the West comes to pay her debt. The ears of the

> "Servile offspring of the free"

are greeted with the voice of a western singer calling up all the bedimmed memories of a glorious past:

> "Clime of the unforgotten brave!"
> * * * *
> "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung."
> * * * *
> "Hereditary bondsmen! Know ye not
> Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?"
> * * * * * *
> "On Suli's rock and Parga's shore
> Exists a remnant of a line
> Such as the Doric mothers bore;
> And there perhaps some seed is sown
> The Heracleidan blood might own."
> * * * *
> "These scenes their story not unknown
> Arise and make again your own."

The appeal was successful; the prediction was literally and quickly fulfilled; the

> "Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,
> And callous save to crime,"

the men who had been trampled under tyranny and bred to degradation for over two thousand years, were almost instantly a set of heroes in arms at the throat of their oppressor.

A singer from that region

> * * "farther west
> Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest'"

sings the sequel:

> "At midnight in the forest shades
> Bozzaris ranked his Suliote band,—
> True as the steel of their tried blades,
> Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drank their blood
In old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike and souls to dare,
As quick, as fair, as they."

WHAT IS HISTORY?

IF IT IS education to have lofty ideals and a purified taste, then Greek will continue to play its part in a scheme of education. Many still think with Horace that this highest culture can come only through the study of the Greek classics. Greek is still in our secondary schools and

IN FAIRY LAND.

higher institutions as a regular branch of liberal culture; and it claims that where it sits is the head of the table. It is "*facile princeps*."

There is a recoil from the intense materialism into which an excessive attention to science was leading education; there is a return to enthusiasm, to the culture of the soul and a building up of character. But every recoil of this kind is a return to Greek. We are returning to the humanities, and we are extending the teaching of Greek.

There seems to be a move at present to get away from history. We are advised to look to the future and not to the past. We are told that the past

has no right to control our thoughts and actions; that those people lived as well as they could with the light which they had, and that they are now happily laid away; that we should be permitted to work out the problems of our environment undisturbed by folks who knew nothing about our chemistry, steam-propulsion, electricity, and photography.

Very plausible. But a man might as well try to get away from his shadow as away from history. History is an unceasing flow; the modern man has no monopoly of time; he has but his moment on the shifting scene; his life like all the rest will "point a moral or adorn a tale" for those who come after. The man without a historical perspective is purblind; he cannot see the future, and by cutting loose from the past he has lost his basis of inference. We are born to look both ways; we are endowed with a "great discourse looking before and after." In these piping times of peace we may dig tunnels and build bridges and hug our individual experience; but let danger menace us in any form, and we return at once to our better selves; we listen to the warning voice of the past, and rise to our true condition as "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of times." In throwing down the gage of battle at the outbreak of the Revolution, Patrick Henry made his appeal to history: "I know no way of judging of the future but by the past."

But history is only a prattle of words, or a bewildering maze of dates, or a thoroughly unconnected phantasmagoria, until the past peoples begin to speak for themselves through their literatures; then the elusive spectres take on flesh and blood; they live and love and sorrow again for our sakes; again the hall of council resounds with wisdom and burning eloquence; again the busy mart appears; again is heard the uproar of commerce with its thousand tongues; again the creaking cordage is heard upon the waters; and again the life of the past is so realistic that we can take sides with the warring factions.

We cannot be sent to Greece or any other historic place; we must be drawn there. Xenophon pulls us into Asia Minor and off to distant Babylon; we actually see the villages of Armenia; we hear the frequent pæan as the heavy-armed Greeks rush to battle; we can feel the very snow on the Thracian mountains; we walk right into the temple of Diana; we hear the whisper of the Delphic priestess; we are present at the Olympian games; we are of the company of young men drinking in the wisdom of Socrates. With Thucydides we actually sail out of Piræus and are a part of the disastrous campaign of Syracuse.

Froude says there is no history except what the people say themselves; everything else is distorted by ignorance or colored by prejudice; you get no solid footing in the matter until you hear the people talk. When people talk as well as the Greeks, and when they have a story of such thrilling interest to tell; when moreover they occupy such an important point of departure in the history of the historic races, it would seem very unwise, to say the least, to close our ears against them.

It is interesting and profitable to hear any people speak; it is interesting, profitable, and improving to listen to the Greeks.

I do not think that education is going to lose its sheet anchor; I think that Greek will stay.

GREEK THE ARMOR OF RELIGION.

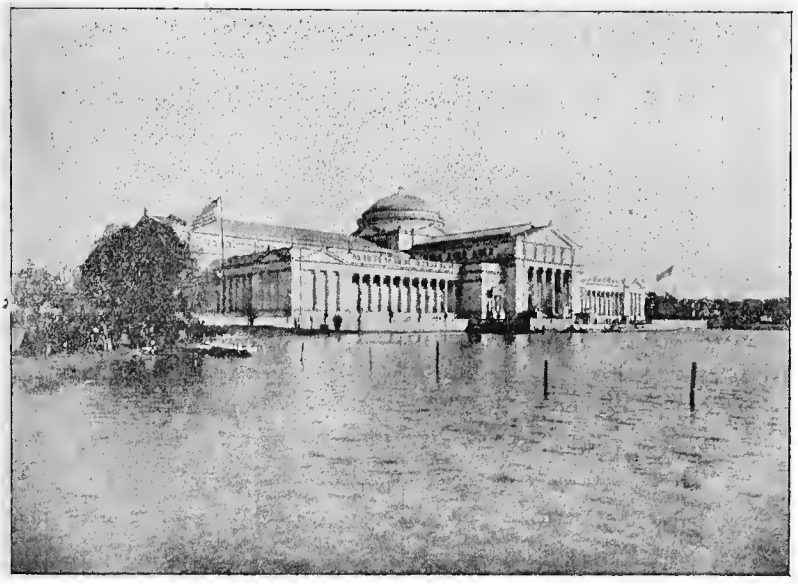
BUT were not the Greeks heathens? And does not the study of Greek take us into heathendom? Is not the literature of Greece teeming with gods and godesses? It takes us into the childhood of the world, when the higher powers were sought in the visible forces of nature. It takes us into a time when the marvelous had its attractions, and created for us ten thousand interesting and beautiful forms which are the current coin of modern thought and the diamond gems of modern art. But it also takes us into a culture that dethroned all its gods and godesses, and transformed all its polytheism into simple poetry. It takes us into a culture that emancipated the human mind. It takes us into a culture that had reached the idea of one supreme and spiritual God. The cultured Greeks accepted this idea; Socrates died promulgating it. He was as much a martyr to truth as those who were thrown to the wild beasts at Rome. It is true that those people were not teaching Christianity. But how could they teach it five hundred years before the Saviour came? Since the coming of the Saviour they have done nothing else. The cross has never disappeared from Hellas since it first appeared there. Greece was a university. She found her unity in the culture of the human powers. At Elis there were no Spartans, no Athenians, no Thebans: they were all Greeks. The college course was then four years as now; but there were no under-classes; the one class was carried through to graduation, and then another was started. And they came as a race to the graduating exercises. To him who had finished the course well, they awarded the humble but precious crown of laurel or parsley, just as we are doing to-day in imitation of them. Such was their passionate interest in education that they reckoned time only by their college commencements. After three hundred glorious olympiads they had a culture strong enough to educate a Saint Paul and to fit him for carrying the Gospel to the heart of the nations. When the brilliant youth of Tarsus, saturated with Greek culture, stood on Mars Hill, he proclaimed to the men of Athens that he came among them to make known that "Unknown God" whom they had been darkly worshipping so long. And his inspired epistles were written in Greek. And the inspired Gospels of the evangelists were written in Greek. Already the Old Testament had been translated into Greek. So now the entire Word was Greek. I have said that Greece made school-boys of her conquerors. She was destined further to make them Christians. The Romans threw the Christians to the wild beasts; the Greeks gave the world a Christian czar, and placed Christianity under the protection of imperial law.

No man of judgment will take his family into an American town where the school-house or church is languishing. But he owes both to the Greeks. Every Christian clergyman needs to be a Greek scholar; and what is good for the pastor cannot be bad for the flock. It was thus that our college system arose. The colleges sprang up to educate the clergy for the offices of religion; and other people availed themselves of the opportunity thus afforded for getting a liberal education. Our college graduates have blessed the land not only in the pulpit but in every walk of life. No, Greek is the most religious

and Christian thing on earth. Its strongest entrenchment is in the support which it gives to religion. Clergymen will continue to be educated; and other people will feel, as heretofore, that they might as well be educated too.

SOME FURTHER THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION.

THE elective principle in education is admirably adapted to reach the needs of exceptional minds and needs growing out of exceptional circumstances. But I wish to combat the somewhat prevalent fallacy that education is merely a question of methods and drill con-



THE ART PALACE.

tinued throughout a sufficient period of time. You can make a good machine on that principle; I doubt whether it will make you the ideal man. The machine will work and will have lots of work in it; there will be a great demand for it in the market. But, in my opinion, a man is better than a machine; and education should contemplate the production of men.

A human machine, like any other machine, requires a user. It is the man that uses the machine. When captured by pirates and asked what he could do, Diogenes said that he could "command men." It was his way of saying that he believed himself educated. It was not a bad conception of the usefulness of an educated being. It is not necessary that the command shall be formal; the educated man is always virtually in command. The power to say

no is a higher power than the power to adjust an electric light, or even the power to construct a bridge that will not break down under its own weight. While magnifying the former I would not by any means underestimate the value of the latter. And I speak now solely of the economic value of education in its highest aspects. I waive for the immediate purpose of argument the internal felicity of the man whose liberal studies "nourish his youth, delight his old age, adorn his prosperity, afford a refuge and solace in adversity, please him at home, do not hamper him abroad, pass the night with him, accompany him in his travels, share in his vacations." I speak not now of Cicero in his Tusculan retreat; I speak of Cicero all on fire in the Roman Forum, strangling a horrid conspiracy and saving his country from the most pitiful destruction. I speak of Cicero as a motive force, laying bare at once the treason of Catiline and the sophistries of Cæsar, and declaring in the midst of his dangers that there is nothing in life but honorable service and an unspotted name. If these are waived one has lived too long; with these preserved one may die when he will, but he will yet have a little corner of immortality.

I speak now of Otis organizing American Independence even before he received his degree from Harvard. I do not hesitate to say that the courage, power, and sublime usefulness of those men were the direct result of their liberal studies. A man is a self-propelling force of almost irresistable potency; or we may consider his enthusiasm to be what the term implies, the spirit of God working within him. If true education makes one a chosen vessel of the Lord, then true education is worth striving after, and should never be yielded up to mere considerations of expediency. We may accommodate the student, who cannot pursue the classics successfully, with a course of work better adapted to his powers. But let us be frank with ourselves and not drag the brighter students down to his level. We may accommodate a student who did not think of going to college until it was too late for him to make the best preparation; but let us be frank with ourselves, with him, and with all, and not tell him that he is as well off as if he were properly prepared. The world still has use for Ciceros and Otises. Let us keep the pathway clear for such on-coming men. And let us keep the pathway clear by adhering to our logic, and by keeping our own intellects unclouded. The best in education is the best. Those who are prevented by circumstances from availing themselves of the best must be content with the second best. Adjust your courses to accommodate both classes. But don't forget that there is a best.

I may be misunderstood. It is more than likely that I shall be misunderstood. This is a time of the sharp clashing of opposing theories of education. I have never deemed myself a reactionist or a pessimist. My nature is optimistic. I look to the future for great and beneficent evolution in all directions. I am a believer in the progressive science of pedagogy; I have tried to put myself into the attitude of a disciple of it. I am decidedly opposed to all educational work that is blindly empirical and imitative. I believe in rationalizing educational work throughout its entire scope; and I know that this can be done only by the most careful observation and the most profound study. I delight in all the discoveries in science and in all the advancements in the arts. I am hospitably inclined toward all the new demands upon our school curriculum. Yet at the risk of being deemed a hopeless conservative I

am more than willing to go on record as believing that learning is not yet obsolete. I stand for scholarship. I believe in spiritualizing and not in materializing education. I believe that a magnanimous character is the highest product of education; I believe that such a character is the greatest boon to the world. I believe in the man who has not time in this short life to make too much money; I believe in the man whose tendency is to give rather than to get. It is such men who are to hold society together. You cannot get such a man by feeding the boy on dust and ashes. To make him "a little lower than the angels" you must feed him on angel's food. I do not make a bid for mediævalism; I ask for the learning and culture that tore asunder the clouds of the dark ages, and then went on demolishing the sophistries that upheld the despotisms of the world. I believe in the learning that spread liberty abroad and put hope into the heart of man, in the learning that alone is fitted to keep the dry rot out of the great societies of modern times. I believe in the learning that brings individuals on the stage of action rather than lifeless and remorseless corporations, the learning that gives names to the head-roll of civic fame, the learning that produced that glorious galaxy of Elizabethan poets and scholars, the learning that dared to point out to foolish King George the way of wisdom, the galaxy of Chatham, Burke, Fox, Erskine, and Pitt, the learning that produced that other galaxy of magnanimous spirits that drove King George out of America, and who shed a lustre around the early days of the American Congress. I believe in the learning that "weaves the gossamers and forges the anchors of the mind."

While my optimism keeps me looking to the future with great hope, yet I find my teacher behind me in the lesson of the ages. It is men that we want and not machines:

> "A still strong man in a blatant land,
> One that can do, and dare not lie."

APOLLO IN THE WOODS.

AMONG the celebrities that visited the Genesee Country in the early day was the poet Moore. He came in 1804 to a country that had already quite a little history, but almost no literature. After sing- the Dismal Swamp, the Potomac, the Schuylkill, and the Delaware into immortality, he at last came singing into the wilderness.

The Mohawk caught a noble ode:

> "From rise of morn till set of sun,
> I've seen the mighty Mohawk run;
> And as I marked the woods of pine
> Along his mirror darkly shine,
> Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
> Before the wizard's midnight glass;
> And as I viewed the hurrying pace
> With which he ran his turbid race,
> Rushing, alike untired and wild,
> Through shades that frowned and flowers that smiled,

Flying by every green recess
That wooed him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind!
Oh! I have thought, and thinking sighed—
How like to thee, thou restless tide!
May be the lot, the life of him,
Who roams along thy water's brim!
Through what alternate shades of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go!
How many an humble, still retreat
May rise to court my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest!
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destined falls,
I see the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course
From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the lost current cease to run!
Oh! may my falls be bright as thine!
May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me,
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!"

The voice is coming this way. Will the Tonawanda catch a note? Yes, the finest gem of all was dropped upon our stream. Tradition locates the spot about one mile west of Batavia The singer arrived here in his best mood. As if prophetic of the peace and plenty which now smile all over the Genesee country, he left us the most exquisite little idyl that was ever dropped from poet's pen:

"I knew by the smoke, that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near;
And I said, 'If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here!'

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And 'Here in this lone little wood', I exclaimed,
'With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die!

'By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine!"

But when he struck the undrained swamps as he wended his toilsome way westward, a cloud began to settle upon his spirits, and his song partakes of the spirit of the scene:

"Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveler's song,
As he winds the woods along:
Christian! 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,
And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Oh! 'twas once the Indian's home."
* * * *

At last, footsore, lame from an accident, sick and discouraged, he arrived at the shores of Lake Erie, and poured out his suffering and homesickness in a doleful Jeremiade. It was the one brief cloud.

"But here, alas! by Erie's stormy lake,
As far from thee my lonely course I take,
No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days,
Has left that visionary glory here,
That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
Which gildes and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where genius once has been!

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely here aspires and blooms;
Cold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering rivers flow;
Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray.
The world's a wilderness, and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose.
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows!"

The despondent poet forgot for the moment that a people must make their epic before they can sing it. The heroic age of American history was sending up its notes from the woods; and he misunderstood the note.

But his depression was not of long duration. His recovery, physical and mental, was rapid. Buoyant as ever, he reached Niagara, and there poured forth his highest notes of triumph, worthy to mingle forever with the sounds of the mighty cataract.

"I dreamed not then, that ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurled
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep."

Now the voice is receding down the St. Lawrence River catching the romantic notes of the Canadian boatman's song.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past."
* * * *

Up from distant and lonely Labrador come the solemn notes of the dirge by Dead Man's Isle.

"See you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark!
Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill."
* * * * *

Last of all we have his half-sorrowful, wholly-joyful outburst, as he ascends the vessel that is to bear him home:

"Farewell to the few—though we never may meet,
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song, or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest,
Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow depressed.
* * * *
But see!—the bent top-sails are ready to swell—
To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell!"

The region has had its Iliad of horrors. It has been girdled by fire, and

VIEW IN THE NIAGARA RAPIDS—A SYMPHONY OF THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL

war, and desolation, while struggling forward to its present prosperity. But in the midst of its greatest trials came that beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten episode, that sweet girdle of song.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,

What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!—*Longfellow.*

THE PRESERVATION OF THE OLD LAND OFFICE.

THE Old South Church and Fanueil Hall as structures are sadly out of keeping with the imperial blocks with which they are flanked today; but their glorious associations shed around them a halo that more than overbalances their modest proportions and their faded material. Let real estate rise as it will—a thousand dollars a foot—ten thousand dollars a foot—patriotic remembrance says to the mighty wave of commerce: "Thus far shall thou go, and no farther; here shall thy proud waves be stayed. These are the altars at which civic devotion shall pay its homage; these are the altars at which civic devotion shall be fired. Men, after all, are higher than merchants and merchandise; and here we train up men—patriotic citizens."

The same devotion has seized upon Mount Vernon, upon Carpenters' Hall, upon the Headquarters at Newburg, and upon the Headquarters at Tappan, and has seized upon them for the same identical uses.

The Old Land Office is a great landmark in the history of the United States; and to be a landmark in the history of the United States is to be a landmark in the history of mankind; for the United States in its brief existence has reversed the tides of history, has made itself the fountain instead of the receptacle, a fountain from which waves of mighty and beneficient influence have steadily rolled back upon all the old communities of the world. But besides being involved in the making of the United States, the Old Land Office was involved to the very core in the making of Western New York. This great region of unapproachable scenery, and of unexampled fertility, fruitfulness, resources, and prosperity, is a little world in itself—and not such a very little world at that. It takes a dozen counties to hold it. It has one city of three hundred thousand inhabitants—ten times as large as the New York that wrestled with Howe and Clinton; it has another city of over one hundred and fifty thousand; and it is simply alive with corporations and communities that would be regarded as great towns by our Revolutionary fathers. Could they have had its present resources to draw upon it would have increased their fighting power at least one-half.

The preservation of family heir-looms does credit to human nature. It is an answer to the appeal of the past not to be forgotten.

"To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die."

Grandfather's chair may be a very humble piece of furniture; but it is prized beyond all price because it is grandfather's chair. He used it while he was winning an honorable name for his descendants. He left them his integrity and this chair. Incidentally he left them provision for their maintenance. They forget his dollars; but they remember him and the chair. They remember him through the chair. Each house has its particular heir-loom. The Old Land Office is a common reminder of all the grandfathers and great-grandfathers of Western New York. The frequent pilgrimages to the Land

FAIR CHAUTAUQUA.

Office was a feature of their lives. They viewed again and again its sturdy walls; they stepped in and out again and again over its threshold; they found it the centre of all their interests, the topic of much of their discourse. It was to them a social, religious and political headquarters, while they felled the trees and let the sunlight down through the woods to invite production in the fertile soil. There it stands, the same identical structure. That grandfather and great-grandfather could wish it so, is in itself sufficient reason to Western New York to save that building from destruction.

It speaks not only of past lives, but also of most wonderful vicissitudes. When it was planted at the junction of the Indian trails and began shedding the seeds of civilization into the wilderness, it was then a great and imposing edifice. As its seed bore fruit its consequence as an architectural triumph paled before the greater elegance and magnificence of its own prosperous off-

spring. It is a Sabine grandfather walking the streets of imperial Rome. A Scaurus or a Mæcenas may smile at the plain old gentleman; yet, but for the plain old gentleman, Scaurus and Mæcenas would not have been there. Scaurus and Mæcenas were able to look below the surface; and I am sure that they would have suppressed the rising amusement at the old gentleman's "style," and have welcomed the Great Past to their bosom. Men are mecifully spared from injection in a generation to which they do not belong. Buildings, on the contrary, being more enduring, have to suffer the progressive pressure of contrast.

But it is well that it is so. An old thing should look old. An old thing among the new is, in itself, presumptive evidence that it has a claim to preservation. It has ceased to be a factor in affairs; it has become a guest. Western New York is very bright; it is spank span new. The only old thing in it is this famous old building on the bank of the Tonawanda; and I believe that Western New York will act toward that venerable structure as a generous and cherishing host.

The Old Land Office has known misfortune; but it has never known a vulgar hour. It had its birth in the very essence of refinement and culture. It was long the magnet to which all refinement in this region gravitated; it was long the luminary from which all refining influences were shed abroad over this region. Americans cannot stand a formal aristocracy; but they can stand all the true gentility that they can get among them. It is said by good thinkers that the best education must flow from the university downward, rather than the primary schools should be trusted to evolve their own development. The Old Land Office has been the university to this entire region. Intelligence and refinement would unfold in the woods if you give them time enough. The Old Land Office made the woods intelligent and refined at once.

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

While stands the Land Office the Holland Purchase shall stand; for while that structure is in sight it carries its old boundaries with it. It stands for a domain. It preserves the unity of Western New York; though arbitrary county lines have cut it up into fragments. The Land Office preserves the autonomy of the region, the real unity, the unity of common origin, common conditions, common toils and triumphs.

I stand beside the landmark old,
  As bright the setting sun
Turns Tonawanda's tide to gold,
  As if from diamonds spun.
With magic tints of autumn dyes
  The shrub-decked lawn is dressed;
A holy calm on nature lies
  Like heaven's eternal rest.

The ivy climbing to the eves;
  The tree tops towering high;
A canopy of shimmering leaves;
  With patchwork of the sky.

The mossy roof, the gables gray,
The river winding by;
The azure hilltops leagues away;
The clouds that on them lie.

The buried years come floating by
Like phantom-haunted dreams;
Each vision that is hovering nigh
With sacred memory teems.
The resurrected long ago
Commingles with the new;
The future throws its living glow
On each dissolving view.

I see a forest wild inlaid
With trails by nature's art;
I watch beneath the gloomy shade
The feathered headdress dart.
The wild beast and the wilder man
Speed by in eagar chase,
Before that culture's evil ban
Was placed on form or face.

Here comes the hardy pioneer
From o'er the ocean wide.
To plant beside the waters clear
A home by kings denied.
The manhood of a royal line,
The founders of a race,
That fashioned out a grand design
That years cannot efface.

I see the structure rude of wood,
Transformed to lasting stone;
I see the fields were forests stood
With grain of plenty sown.
And as the shepherds once the star
Pursued with eagar feet,
So pilgrims journeying from afar,
Now at this Mecca meet.

A change comes o'er the hallowed scene,
As shifts the mimic stage,
A teeming town and fields of green
Reveal the present age.
The background and the frame are new
Long may their beauty last:
But grander is this relic true
From out the sacred past.

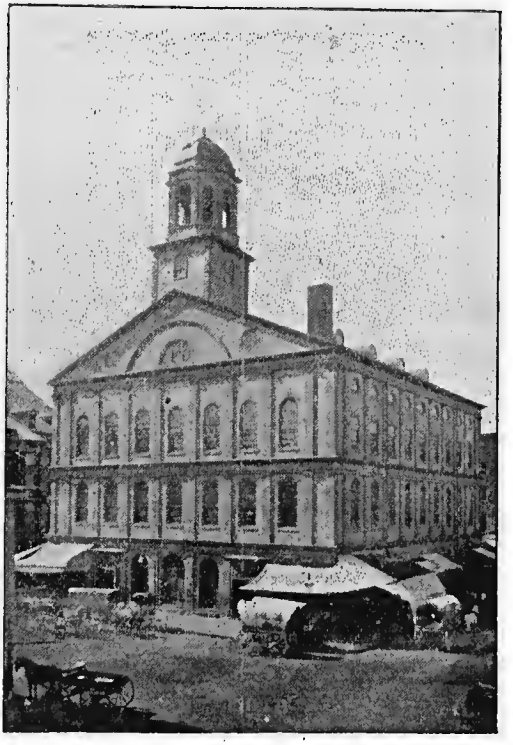
Each stone, to me, is richer than
If formed from polished gold;
It's outline framed from ancient plan,
Than if from modern mould.
It tells a story of the past,
And links the old and new
With possibilities so vast
In time's sublime review.

Well may the nation gather round
To dedicate thy walls
With poets' lore and words profound
From out the college halls.
Their incense cannot be too great,

Their precious gifts too grand,
Upon this altar true of state
Set up in freedom's land.—*Col. Sherman D. Richardson.*

A SENTIMENTAL DIGRESSION.

THE criticism has been made that the attempt to secure and preserve historical landmarks is an appeal to sentiment, and that such an appeal cannot succeed in this practical age. It is true that the appeal is made to a sentiment—to the great sentiment of patriotism;



FANUEIL HALL, BOSTON.—THE "CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

and I am not sure that this age and nation have yet become so practical as to let such an appeal go forth unheard. Our people are certainly very busy in the acquisition of property, and it is both proper and commendable that they should be so. Industry, frugality, thrift, are virtues which redound not only to the independence, comfort, success, and happiness of their individual possessors, but they also make the aggregate prosperity of the nation as a whole. The public hive is enriched by the activity of each individual busy bee.

We may well be proud of our country when we see every individual striving honestly and zealously after a competence; but we may well despair of our country whenever we see that its citizens have no aim in life beyond the acquisition of some extra dollars. Whenever our people descend to the making of money for its own sake, for the sake merely of having and hoarding it; whenever a proper or even a glorious means is perverted into an end, then the beginning of the end has come.

There are great uses for a competency; and great souls are struggling to get it in order to make those great uses of it. The grasping hand of avarice may be among our busy bees; but I believe that the silent ambitions, the unexpressed purposes of the great majority of American toilers would bear the most rigid scrutiny. They are planning not only how to get the money, but also the uses that they will put it to; and those plans of use are all centered around some cherished sentiments. The very soul of sentiment is at the bottom of our business world. If it were not so, we might well despair of the future. Those silent workers are reaching out to the discharge of some ultimate duties; the wolf is to be kept from the door; the leisure and means for improving the mind are to be secured; the children are to be educated and provided for; the condition of the unfortunate classes is to be ameliorated; the spread of the gospel and of good works is to be promoted; matters of import to the general weal are to be forwarded. All these sentiments are to be gratified, all these duties to be performed, when competency or affluence arrives.

The toilers are working to become free—free to exert their will—free to reveal the sentiments that dominate their dreams.

But the man with his mind on ultimate duties is always ready for the nearest duty. He is a man with a soul; but that is only another way of saying that he is a man super-charged with sentiment. Let the public peace be menaced, let the national life be imperiled, then, like Putnam, he foregoes all his plans, leaves his horses in the furrow as it were, and springs to his country's call. We have just seen two and a half millions of American toilers spring from their vocations to put down a gigantic rebellion; and having done it well, the survivors are now toiling again as if nothing had happened. O, there is plenty of sentiment yet in the breast of the average silent, practical, American citizen! When you appeal to it in the right cause you never appeal in vain.

It is not to the idlers of a nation that any generous appeal can be made: not to the hungry waifs who have lost all manhood but its mere physical proportions; not to those who use an ample fortune in the worthless business of killing time; it is made to those who have a calling, a serious business in life; it is made, in short, to this very practical element; and it is not made in vain.

The practical men of the country are the nation's treasury in reserve, the nation's reserve of patriotism, and the nation's hope of glory. If you want a thing done that needs to be done, go to the practical man with it; if you want a thing done that ought to be done, go to the practical man with it. To say that an age is practical is only to say that it is readiest for great emotions, that it is ripest for great deeds. It takes a practical age to put millions into monuments, as our age has done; to fight down the cholera, the yellow

fever, famine, fire, and floods. This practical age has a pocket to go into on such occasions; and no one will say that the hand ever goes into the pocket grudgingly when responding to such calls. Such occasions convince the practical people that it is not the best end in life to "put money into your purse," but rather to take it out of the purse.

In the moral education of children it is not a difficult thing to train them to put money into their purse; they are all acquisitive by nature. The main task is to train them to open their little purse and let its contents flow forth in generous deeds. Nothing delights the thoughtful parent or teacher more than to find the child becoming a discriminating giver. The child's mite,

THE TONAWANDA PLATEAU—NEARLY A THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

when freely given in response to a generous feeling, is even more precious than the widow's mite; for in the child the instinct of acquisition is the stronger, and the battle with selfishness the greater. Yes, it is more precious to give than to receive; and this is never more truly felt than among a people who are really prosperous, never more truly felt than in a practical age.

There is a wide difference between an age that is practical and one that is sordid. When every generous impulse is stifled, when selfishness runs riot, when all are remorselessly straining after money for the sake of personal indulgence or lavish display, or the forwarding of unholy ambitions, when greed of gain has become a general disease, then has the dry-rot entered into the national life; and the collapse of that nation cannot be long deferred. There have been such ages, and there have been such awful examples; Greece,

Rome, Venice, Florence, Genoa, all collapsed under the cankerous action of national avarice.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Empires are built upon sentiment; they disappear when the people become too calm, when they become imperturbable and boast that they are never stirred with emotions. The emotion is the wholesome storm that dispels the insidious fog and the deadly stagnation of the waters.

It is a compliment to a people to address to them an appeal on the line of sentiment; for you assume that they are ready to give to that appeal a suitable response.

But there is, after all, nothing more practical than sentiment. We expend untold millions to make the masses good citizens. What, then, could be more practical than to expend a few hundreds in an endeavor to stir within those masses the noble sentiment of patriotism, the love of country and admiration of its history?

We do this by placing the flag of our country above each school house, and by carefully preserving the landmarks of the past. Nothing could be more impressive or effective than the recent indignation of our veterans over the desecration of Gettysburg battlefield. See the numerous monuments dotting that field of triumph, and note the snug little sum wisely given to the fostering of a great sentiment.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

Yes, it is practical all around. The parent who is planning the education of his children could not do a more practical thing than to surround them with an atmosphere in which they could breathe in the spirit of loftiest sentiment and devotion. Who could be at Bunker Hill without being stirred to heroic self-sacrifice? Who could look at Bunker Hill Monument without being at Bunker Hill?

And so with every landmark associated with a great past. The Old Land Office of the Holland Purchase bridges over the entire interval back to the Revolutionary struggle. It touches hands with Robert Morris himself, and carries us back to the critical moment when he alone, as if inspired by the Almighty Ruler of nations, saw the way through. The old building recalls the man, the cause, the intervening time. It recalls the struggle for liberty, the making of the nation, the preservation of the nation, and the growth of empire.

Such a landmark should be preserved with religious veneration; and I

believe that there is sufficient sentiment in Western New York to ensure its preservation.

I cannot close this passage without another word about the original owner of the Holland Purchase, that peerless baron of short possession, but a possession long enough to make the region almost holy ground.

Robert Morris embodied in his personality the possibilities of human nature—the practical element and the sentimental, each in the highest degree. As a practical man he accumulated a fortune of eight millions. He doubtless had ulterior plans as to its use—such a man must have had his benevolent plans—but when the struggling Revolution was on he saw his opportunity, and he flung his millions in. Though he was thrown into a debtor's prison,

THE TONAWANDA PLATEAU—A VISTA FROM THE OLD CARY HOUSE TO THE HOLLAND LAND OFFICE.

and died in abject poverty, yet I doubt whether he ever regretted the sacrifices he had made. I think he would have done it again. A great opportunity had come to him; and he had met it greatly. What more could a great-souled man wish? It is true that he was disowned and discredited; while lieutenant-colonels and captains were the heroes of the hour, the Great Heart of the Revolution pined forgotten in a loathsome prison; he died without any assurance that his country would ever utter his name with any emotions of gratitude.

But he had the consolation of all the greatest natures, the consolation that alone can satisfy a truly great soul—the consciousness of having done his duty, and of having made his life serviceable to mankind. Such a nature can, if necessary, dispense with the sound of popular applause. He saved the

Revolution; he forced it to succeed; yet in his dire extremity he read the story of the Revolution with his name left out; and he gave no sign. He died as greatly as he had lived; we have no record of a single complaint passing from his lips; he sank gently to his rest]

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Ahout him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

But his farm will redeem him from oblivion; that mournful barony of his, the Holland Purchase, will do honor to his name, and will force that name to its proper position in American annals.

With such a spirit hovering over the Old Land Office, and with all the associations of the intervening century clustering around it, who can doubt the propriety, yea, the imperative duty, of saving that great landmark from obliteration?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned.
As home his footsteps he has turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth, as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

THE proudest name in ancient Rome was Scævola. It meant nothing more than a mutilated arm. Yet twenty generations wore that mangled arm as their family crest, and made it their inspiration to high thinking, to lofty character, to burning patriotism, and to useful public service. The Scævolae were from first to last princes of worth in republican Rome.

When Rome was threatened with destruction by the Etrurians, young Mucius made his way into the Etruscan camp to kill King Porsena; but by mistake he struck down the royal treasurer, who was distributing the rewards for service in the field. Led before the King he was threatened with torture and death. To show his contempt for their threats he went to a fire, and placing his hand in the flame, held it there till the limb withered to ashes. The King, amazed at such a spirit, spared his life, and returned him unpledged to his country. When Mucius told him that three hundred young Romans had sworn to make the same attempt in succession, the King withdrew from

the siege and returned with his great forces to his capital. It needed no monarch's touch to ennoble the descendants of Mucius. That mangled arm was to them a sufficiently glorious crest, and a reminder to them that they had great duties to perform and a great name to preserve untarnished. Robert Morris left impoverished a family that were bred in the lap of luxury. Did they cry out against their hard fortune? Did they denounce him for sinking their patrimony in their country's needs? Did they inveigh against a selfish and neglectful country? They did nothing of the kind. They forgot entirely their own bitter portion and thought only of the crushing sorrows of their great father. They proceeded to ennoble themselves with his misfortunes; and in dignified silence they turned to the trying duty of living worthy of his name. Morris was forgotten by his indebted and neglectful country, but his own suffering and innocent family made him the founder of a royal line. The fifth generation is now on the stage; and it is in every way worthy of the first. I doubt not that the fortieth Mucius in America will be found to be a typical American citizen, and a high-souled, honorable man.

THE MORRIS FAMILY CREST.

When we moved to dedicate the Land Office, we wondered if there were any Morrises left? When we heard that they were coming we wondered what they would be like? When we met them we were charmed. Robert would see in the fifth generation not the slightest deterioration. The young lions proved their mettle; they fought their great battle well, and won it. They reach our time healthy, sensible, independent, respected. Never was the principle of *noblesse oblige* more fully or triumphantly exemplified. It was by merest accident that we discovered that they had adopted a family crest symbolizing the misfortunes of their great ancester, committing themselves to keep his memory alive in the bosom of the family and pledging themselves to live worthy of his character and illustrious deeds.

This is the only family crest in America. This is our only Scævola. And it is the joint result of the determination of our country to forget Robert Morris and the determination of his family to hold him in remembrance. *Noblesse oblige.*

PIONEERING REMINISCENCES.

JOHN F. LAY.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?—*Burns.*

I DID not come with the pioneers; but I put in an appearance pretty soon after them. I was born in Batavia before the first quarter of the century was completed. I remember many of the pioneers very well. But my memories are supplemented with a rich store of pioneering reminiscences brought to me by both lines of my parentage. My grandfather, John Lay, was a native of Saybrook, Ct. Our remote ancestor came to that State, or, rather, colony, from England, about 1660, with Matthew Griswold. Grandfather graduated from Yale College in 1780, having entered the institution in 1776. So he got his schooling in the midst of the stormy struggle for independence. But though a mere stripling engaged in his studies in Yale College, he yet got a chance to smell British powder and to fire American bullets. An armed British sloop lay off the harbor and attempted to land to pillage New Haven, taking advantage of the absence of the men at the seat of war in the Jerseys, Pennsylvania, and New York. But the college boys armed themselves, marched down to the wharf, and, after a spirited engagement with muskets, compelled the vessel to put back from shore. It was a militant scholarship that was coming up at that time at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. After the war my grandfather moved to Catskill and engaged in mercantile business; and there my father, George W. Lay, was born. Before Rip Van Winkle came down from the mountain to observe with bewildered eyes the figure of King George on the hotel sign changed to that of an individual called George Washington, my grandfather made another move, this time settling at Clinton in Central New York. There he touched the history of the Genesee country by buying the farm of Dominie Kirtland, the famous missionary to the Iroquois. We have many family anecdotes of the famous preacher. He was truly a godly man. My grandmother was of a noted family in Connecticut. Her maiden name was Phoebe Lee. My grandfather married her in 1780, like a sensible man immediately after graduating from college. Grandfather was in the Assembly in 1807. He left his mark at Clinton by bringing about the establishment of Hamilton College, from which my father graduated in 1817. Father came at once to Batavia and studied law with my uncle, Phineas Tracy. He was in partnership with Tracy until about 1830. He was elected to Congress in 1832, serving until 1836. He was afterwards minister to Sweden. He and Trumbull Cary bought out the remaining interests of the Holland Land Company in Chautauqua County and were involved in the Land Office war. Their office at Mayville was torn down by the rioters; but the records had been previously removed to a place of security. Their

business was readjusted by William H. Seward, who had been State Senator from the Cayuga District, and who was destined to fill a great page in the history of the nation. Seward held also a proprietary share of the purchase.

I think that I am the only person living in Western New York who has seen Van Der Kamp, the general agent for the Hollanders. In 1839 my father came to New Haven, where my brother George and I were attending Yale College, and took us with him to Philadelphia, where he was going on business relating to his purchases. I remember Van Der Kamp as a thin, spare-looking old Hollander who wore glasses.

Father's two brothers were residing in Buffalo at the time that it was burned by the British and Indians. Uncle John was a great favorite of the

PIONEER ARCHITECTURE—THE HOME OF PHINEAS TRACY.

Indians; and everyone thought that he would be secure from harm. And he, perhaps, took more risks on this account. But he was captured all the same, and carried off to an unhappy captivity in Canada. Uncle Jonathan, not having the same confidence in his standing with the red-skins, took to the woods with the hooks of their store and tarried there several weeks. He did all his cooking in a bake-kettle and became utterly wearied of the old utensil. I have heard army men say that they were very fond of beans until they had them served up ad nauseam in the ubiquitous camp-kettle. My uncle could speak the Indian language.

THE WOES OF THE PIONEERS.

JOSEPH EDWIN WILFORD.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
'Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief
While o'er her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her sacred God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor!

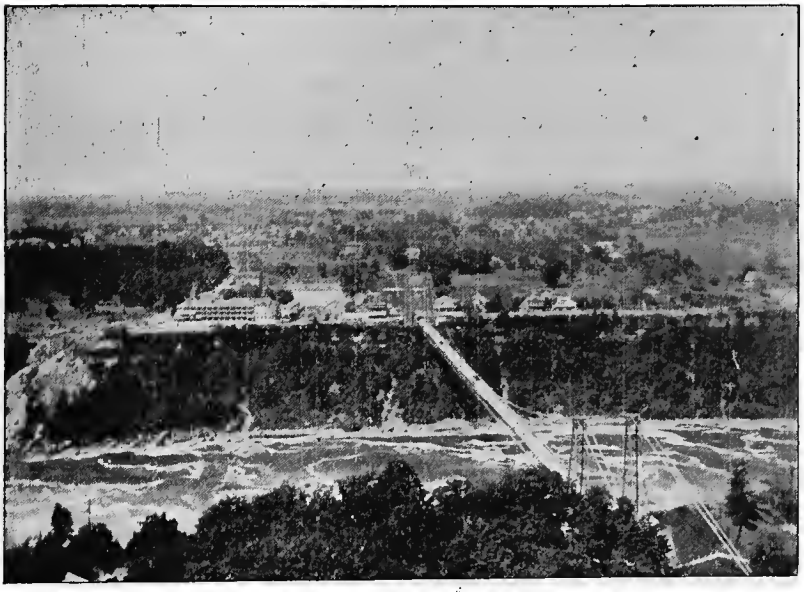
—*Thomas Buchanan Read.*

My Grandfather McRillus, on my mother's side, came to the Holland Purchase in 1808, and took up the McRillus place, one mile east of the present village of Oakfield. The property is still in the hands of his descendants, after the lapse of 86 years. He came from Madison County, in this State. His wife was a daughter of Dr. Cleveland, a third cousin of President Cleveland.

My mother was but four years of age when the family arrived here; but to the day of her death at 82, she had a most distinct remembrance of the coming into the Genesee country, and of all the events that transpired subsequently. I was her home boy, and she lived with me to the day of her death. To the last her memory was a luminous storehouse of the history of this region, "all of which she saw and part of which she was;" and she was constantly pouring it out to my not unwilling ear. They stopped in Batavia the first night, and then started to drive seven miles to Oakfield. It took two days to make the trip, which is now just one hour's delightful drive along one of the finest thoroughfares and among the noblest farm steads in the world. The two days were consumed in cutting away trees to let the wagon pass through. They stopped over night midway at Dusenbury's, at Dusenbury Hill. She was impressed with the superabundance of peaches and the scarcity of apples. The children were told to eat all the peaches they pleased, but to spare the apples. It is now just the reverse; the apple orchards are

like sturdy forests on every farm; but the raising of peaches is not a success. She accounted for the abundance of peaches by supposing that the Indians must have cultivated them.

The first white child born in Oakfield was born on the adjoining farm, a daughter of Aaron White. She married Harvey Fisher, a man somewhat prominent and well known in this region. When the war of 1812 swept all the men away, Aaron White went with the rest. In the report of the killed, wounded and missing, it was Aaron's fortune to be reported among the last. He never returned, and no trace of him was ever obtained. No infant settlement ever had a more dismal start. There was but one man left, and he



THE BORDER OF THE GENESEE COUNTRY—A CHARMING BIT OF CANADA—NIAGARA GORGE AND SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

was left because he was both old and feeble. So the women and children had to do the best they could while wars and rumors of wars filled the neighborhood with distress, anxiety and panic. Buffalo was burned by the British and Indians acting together. Battles and reverses came on the breeze; the Americans were preparing for a retreat on Batavia, there to make a last desperate stand. At length the dreadful tidings came that the red-coats were coming; and the frightened women and children fled away through the woods, most of them passing entirely beyond the Genesee River. Others found shelter away up at Caledonia. Caledonia had been started early on account of its facilities for milling.

The very few who did not flee gathered together in one house, and my

mother's family were among them. There they awaited, like frightened lambs, for the coming of the wolves. And the terrible red-coats came in earnest. But they came without arms in their hands, and they came between armed files of the blue-coated soldiery. They were prisoners of war taken at Lundy's Lane. The Americans had at last gained a great victory, and the time of extreme distress was past.

My father came in 1811, just in time to be swept away by the war. He lay out all night before Buffalo while it was burning, and in the struggle that occurred there he received a desperate wound in the leg. Three days later he arrived at Batavia with his wound still undressed, and in a horrible condition. The kindly Doctor McCracken took him to his house. But when Mrs. McCracken saw the condition of the man she positively insisted that that horrible looking soldier should be taken somewhere else. When the Doctor told her that it was one of their own neighbor boys, and who he was, she not only relented, but took him in and cared for him as a mother. .

My father, John C. Wilford, came from Vermont. He drove through with a stock of hardware, which sold well. The family were originally Connecticut people, the ancestors of all arriving there about 1635.

My father was one of the first, and I think, the very first justice of the peace in the town of Elba. In those days the justice was appointed by the Governor, and was required to be a freeholder. In order to qualify himself my father bought a lot containing two acres of land. This little estate was never restored to the farm it was taken from, but became incorporated into the adjoining farm; and that farm to-day bears witness of the property qualification required in the olden time.

The old settlers thought it very important to let their boys see and hear great men. Daniel Webster once delivered an address in Batavia; and father took us boys to hear him. He spoke from the Court House steps and made a deep impression on me. He was received at the station and brought to the Court House in a carriage drawn by four black horses. Such things made a deep impression on boys.

The old people had very strict notions inherited from New England. General Erastus Cleveland, of Madison County, was a brother of my grandmother. Albert H. Tracy, a very distinguished lawyer of Buffalo, wanted to marry his daughter; but Mrs. Cleveland opposed the match on the ground that lawyers cannot enter heaven; and she carried her point. Mr. Tracy's brother, Phineas L. Tracy, was one of Batavia's distinguished citizens.

I was always a great admirer of Dean Richmond. He was a public-spirited man, a patriot, and a good citizen in every respect. It was Dean Richmond who got the State Institution for the Education of the Blind located here. He did much for Batavia. During his life every train on the Central had to stop at Batavia. He was a man of great force of character, and his influence was felt throughout the entire United States. Samuel J. Tilden said that Richmond could have had the nomination for President and could have been elected. His value to the State and nation during the Rebellion was incalculable. The country owes much to the patriotism of such men as Richmond and Heman J. Redfield.

Since his death his excellent wife and family have been most active and liberal in all matters of public interest, and in public and private charities

As a consequence the name is and always will be dear to the people of this vicinity.

Among the dangers of the olden time was that of getting lost in the woods. One of Joseph Holmes's sisters was lost in the woods and died before she was found.

[The above modest narrative omits some important facts in regard to the Wilford family. The following significant quotation is from Beers's Gazetteer of Genesee County. It connects well with the story of Robert Morris. "Joseph Wilford, a native of Connecticut, was a soldier in the Revolutionary army. The British offered a bounty of 300 sovereigns for his body. He spent $40,000 of his private fortune to aid our government. He afterwards went to Vermont, and from there came to Batavia (now Oakfield). John C. Wilford, his son, was born in Rutland, Vt., in 1787, and came to Oakfield in 1811. His education was liberal, and he taught several terms." This passage would bear much comment.—K.]

BITS OF HISTORY.

JOHN F. LAY.

THE Hollanders employed Joseph Ellicott, an eminent surveyor, to survey their lands and manage the sale of them. Mr. Ellicott continued in the position of agent for the Holland Land Company 21 years, and won great distinction by his remarkable executive ability. He was identified with all the enterprises of Western New York, including the construction of the Erie Canal, in which he took a great interest.

He established his land office at Batavia in 1802 on the line of the Indian trail from the Canadas to Southern New York, and in the line of the immigration that was then moving westward.

The Indians had a council ground within a few rods of the land office. The trail (now Ellicott street in Batavia) became known as the "Big Tree Road," on account of its passing by an enormous tree near Geneseo. The other road (now Main street in Batavia) because the main thoroughfare from Albany to Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

The first land office was a wooden building, but it was replaced early in this century by the present substantial stone structure. Every settler on the Holland Purchase made many visits to this famous structure while paying for his beautiful home in the "Pleasant Valley."

The building is therefore an object of household tradition in six counties. But it was the headquarters of the entire region in every respect. All enterprises were discussed and determined upon at Batavia. Mr. Ellicott, as a sort of grand seignior, was expected to receive and entertain distinguished visitors, and to be the leading spirit of the Purchase in all matters of common interest. He discharged all his functions so well that his name is remembered throughout the Purchase with admiration.

Mr. Ellicott was succeeded in 1821 by Jacob S. Otto, who held the office of agent until his death in 1826. David E. Evans then became agent, and continued in the office until 1836. In 1836 Heman J. Redfield and Jacob Le Roy bought the interests of the Holland Company in Genesee, Niagara, Erie, and Wyoming counties. In 1839 Peter J. Van Hall of Amsterdam, Holland, came as the last agent of the Holland Company and closed out their interests entirely in 1839.

In 1839 Redfield and Pringle took charge of the Land Office and retained it until shortly before the accounts with the settlers were closed. Julius H. Smith succeeded Redfield and Pringle, and in the final settlement of matters the Land Office passed into his hands. It was sold by him to William G. Bryan, and has since passed through the hands of other purchasers.

The agents were all subjected to assaults to secure their removal. But they all came out unscathed.

JOSEPH ELLICOTT—THE FOUNDER OF BATAVIA.

They were all men of note and influence. All distinguished guests were entertained by them with an easy and ample hospitality. They were the center of a very high society. Mr. Wadsworth of Geneseo and John Gregg of Canandaigua maintained the most intimate social relations with the incumbents of the Land Office.

Mr. Ellicott was an active promoter of the Erie canal, and was freely consulted in regard to all that pertained to it. The grade was too high to Batavia; but he got a feeder from Alabama to drain his swamp lands.

The agency was first offered to Andrew Ellicott, a brother of Joseph. Andrew was a very eminent surveyor, and had a national reputation. It was for this reason that the Hollanders offered him the agency. He ran the boundary lines on the lakes and in Louisiana, and laid out the city of Washington.

Joseph never married. Among the descendents of Andrew Ellicott, now

resident in Batavia, are: Miss Douglass, daughter of Professor Douglass of West Point, and later of Geneva College, who married a daughter of Andrew Ellicott, and Mrs. N. T. Smith, a daughter of John B. Ellicott, who was the son of Andrew.

Goods came from New York by way of Rome and Oswego to Lewiston, and were carried thence to Batavia in wagons. The great boatman of the Mohawk was Eli Lasher. Another character in the Mohawk valley whose fame came with the goods to Batavia, was the interesting and very original Mr. Spraker of Spraker's Basin. When the church was struck by lightning Spraker would not rebuild it. He said stubbornly: "If God chooses to strike His own house, why should I build it up again for Him?"

Ebenezer Mix, the great surveyor and mathematician, was originally a mason by trade. He wandered into Batavia by mere chance. His calculation of the plastering on Mr. Ellicott's house so impressed the latter that he put him in charge of all the mathematical calculations of the office. When the raiders planned the destruction of the Land Office in order to destroy the records, they intended also to kill Mix, as they feared that he would restore everything from memory.

He wrote and published a work on mathematics.

In trying an ejectment suit, Daniel H. Chandler said: "Now, we'll bring on Ebenezer Mix, who has the Holland Land Company's land mapped on his brain." One of Mr. Chandler's sons became the distinguished Admiral Chandler of the United States navy. The well-known writer, Bessie Chandler, is his granddaughter, and daughter of the Admiral. She resides in Batavia.

Red Jacket appeared frequently on the streets in Batavia. He could understand English very well; but he disdained to speak it except in extreme necessity. When addressed in English he would answer in Indian. His illustrious descendant, General Eli Parker of General Grant's staff, had a silver medal given by Washington to Red Jacket. General Parker was one of the invited guests to the dedication of the Land Office. By a remarkable coincidence his death occurred on the day of the dedication. Bishop Coxe made a feeling allusion to him as "The Last of the Iroquois."

The anti-Mason excitement was the means of bringing out a number of men into permanent prominence. Some rode upon the wave into the history of the nation. Among those were Millard Filmore, William H. Seward, and Thurlow Weed. It gave great prominence to my uncle, Phineas Tracy; it sent my father to Congress; and it brought out Thomas C. Love of Buffalo, Albert H. Tracy of Buffalo, Gideon Hurd of Albion, and Frederick Whittlesey of Rochester.

A body was found in the lake; and it was brought forward as Morgan's. There was a little discrepancy, however, in the whiskers; the face of the corpse had stub side-whiskers, whereas Morgan's face was smooth-shaven to the top. The story is told that Thurlow Weed took hold of the stub whisker and it parted from the face. "There," he said, "that is a good enough Morgan till after election."

The Holland Purchase touches the Revolution, through Morris who transferred it to the Hollanders, and through the Hollanders themselves who were Morris's Revolutionary creditors.

But it seems that the Land Office was distined to be mixed up in some way with every great convulsion of the United States. If it can be said that it gave Lincoln to history, then it must be conceded that it had an important relation to the Civil War. That it caused the nomination of Lincoln I think can be established beyond dispute.

In 1860 Mr. Seward was the logical candidate of the Republicans. His pronunciamento of the "irrepressable conflict" voiced the coming struggle. Men looked to him as the prophet and the Moses of the hour. He came very near getting the nomination for president, and would have obtained it, had he not been stricken down at the last moment by Horace Greeley at Chicago.

THE OUTLET OF LAKE OTSEGO—CELEBRATED IN "DEER SLAYER."

Greeley's animosity had its origin in the Land Office. Albert Brisbane of Batavia had become the great apostle of Fourierism, in which Greeley took some interest. This led to very friendly relations. Through the influence of Brisbane the columns of the *Tribune* were opened to a series of articles from Batavia reflecting upon the administration of Redfield and Pringle, who were acting as agents for the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, the last owners of the interests of the Hollanders in the Purchase.

Mr. Redfield brought suit for libel; and William H. Seward was appointed referee. Mr. Seward decided against the *Tribune*, and adjudged it to pay a fine of five hundred dollars and to retract the libelous statements. Greeley did not mind the five hundred dollars much; but the retraction stung him to the quick. He became thenceforth a bitter, unrelenting enemy of Mr. Seward. He said that his time would come; and it came—at Chicago. By stating these cold facts we do not necessarily imply any regret that the great Lincoln came on to the stage of action for which he seemed providentially destined. But the facts show what great results may flow from very small causes. Mr. Seward was a high-minded man, and a patriot; and he faithful-

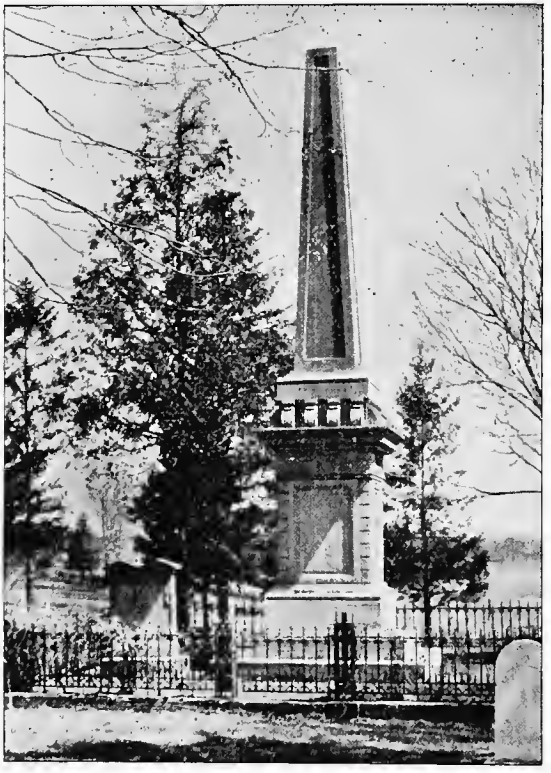
ly co-operated with Mr. Lincoln in carrying forward to a successful issue one of the greatest struggles in history. He did what he thought was right in the Land Office matter; and I think that he could say with Clay that he "would rather be right than be President."

AN ESSAY IN CRITICISM.

I DESIRE to say a few words about the recent "Life of Robert Morris," written by Professor William G. Sumner, of Yale College. Professor Sumner is a very distinguished scholar; and when I learned that he had written a biography of Robert Morris I expected to enjoy a rare treat. About twenty years ago it began to dawn upon me that a very great man had passed across the horizon of our affairs and the historians had almost overlooked him. My subsequent reading and reflection have tended only to confirm that dawning conviction and to bring out more and more clearly to my mind the colossal personaltiy of that neglected and forgotten man. I have awaited with eagerness the American Plutarch who would seize with avidity upon such a fine overlooked subject, and give us another immortal classic. Angelo was seized with a fury of attack at sight of a fine piece of marble; I was sure that the coming Plutarch would glow with creative energy at the sight of the neglected Morris. I was prepared to find the longed-for Plutarch in Professor Sumner. I regret to say that I have been both extremely disappointed and deeply pained by the perusal of his book. The disappointment I might waive; but the pain compels me to speak out. I am disappointed with the literary qualities of the book; but I do not intend this as a critique. I am pained with the doctrine of the book; and I do intend this as a protest. If Professor Sumner should choose to give us a book as bald in style as the Saxon Chronicle, as disjointed as a dictionary, and as colorless as a brick of manufactured ice, I might be sorely disappointed, but I would not say a word. That is a question of taste. and the world takes care of such matters. I would not say a word, but I might have my preferences in the matter; I might prefer the artistic structure and fervid style of Macaulay, or the masterly analyses of Plutarch. But furthermore I am often charitable as to form, even though I may not like the form. Men have a right to strike out on new lines, and make experiments. I don't like Walt Whitman's style for example; but I am quite willing to give it a trial. It is not without its admirers; and we know not yet what the final verdict may be in regard to it. Nor would I be understood as condemning Saxon Chronicles and dictionaries. On the contrary I consider them very valuable books in their respective spheres.

I did not know but that Professor Sumner had hit upon a new form of biography. Michael Angelo said that the sculptor does not create; he simply sees the angel in the stone and hastens to knock away the superfluous pieces, so that the angel may emerge. I did not know when I began reading this extraordinary book but that Professor Sumner was about to pursue the Angelo method; and that if we followed him carefully we would see the angel emerge. Sumner could then have the triumph of bringing truth to light, rather than

of simply stating what the truth is. Sure enough the angel began to emerge, But I thought that the emergence was a little disturbing to the professor; it was not just what he expected; it was not what he wanted; he hurried away from those spots where the emergence was dangerously imminent (or rather eminent); he hastened to the other side of the stone, and there chipped away bravely. At last he throws off the mask and positively declares that it is not an angel that he is looking for it all, but some other kind of character. But the angel emerged all the same. If there had never been another word written on the subject of Robert Morris than this book of Mr. Sumner's, if



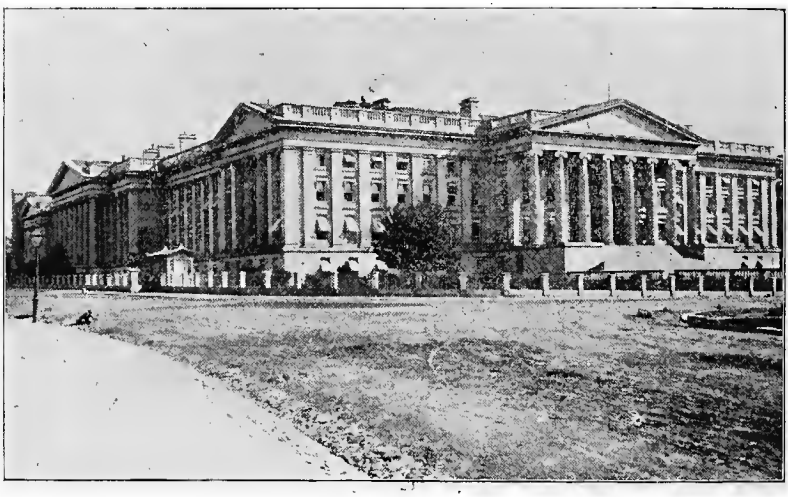
THE TOMB OF JOSEPH ELLICOTT AT BATAVIA.

there should never be another word written hereafter about him, this book alone would place him in the fore-front of all the great, the wise, the good, the pure, the gentle, the noble that this world has ever produced. The angel has emerged from the stone this time in spite of the sculptor. With no other basis than Sumner's book Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, and Grant need not blush for the fifth compeer that has stepped to their side. The words have been said and cannot be recalled. In that book enough has been said

(more or less grudgingly) to sketch one of the greatest and best of characters—a character, strong, symmetrical, consistent, true. I am pained because the young will not see the character which Professor Sumner has unwittingly drawn, but rather the character which he has tried to draw. May I ask the patience of the reader to follow him a little? He does not look for the fruit in the seed; he skips over the whole question of antecedents and training, merely stating the date and place of his birth, that his father was a merchant, and that the son was sent to Philadelphia at the age of 14 years and placed in the house of the Willings. The boy was the head of the house at 20; and yet this does not strike the Professor as being anything remarkable. Yet it is the most remarkable thing of the kind on record. Hired boys do not usually get to the lowest end of such firms until they are in the forties; they do well if they get to the head of them in the sixties. What an implied story of good antecedents and careful nurture, of brilliant abilities, steady habits and strict attention to business! "The reconstruction of the firm indicates an infusion of youth and enterprise." That word "youth" seems to me an inadequate and altogether misleading description of the case Another great genius said when taunted with his youth: "The atrocious crime of being a young man I will not attempt to palliate, nor do I deny." It could not be wealth that placed him at the head of the firm. In his father's estate "the personal property was nearly $7,000"—a mere drop in the bucket in a great shipping business. It might pay the office rent for a single year. True "mention was made in his father's will of some real estate;" but it was all a small matter; it was brains and character that won, not money. By strict attention to business he was able twenty years later to loose eight millions in the Revolution.

His sterling character and abilities gained him the respect not only of his employers but of the best people of the time; he was able to marry into the best family of Pennsylvania, his wife being a sister of Bishop White, and the most cultivated woman of her time. These things are very significant to ordinary historians. They carry their own comment, even if the historian should slide over them. "Morris signed the non-importation agreement of 1765;" and therefore, for the sake of his country, struck a deadly blow at his own business. Yet we are asked later on to believe that he had an insane desire for wealth. While his ships were rotting at the idle wharf, "he was on a committee of citizens who forced the stamp distributor of Pennsylvania to desist from the administration of his office;" and thereby became especially obnoxious to the government eleven years before any one thought that it would cease to rule in America. Hampden and Eliot could do no more. "In June, 1775, he was appointed on the committee of safety for Pennsylvania"—a pestiferous nest of traitors, in the eyes of the government. He had already imperiled his business and his life, and made no ado about it. There was certainly nothing to pose for in all this; there was nothing in it to feed any of the forms of vanity with which he is charged. It just marks ten years of consistent and steady defiance by one who had much to lose and nothing to gain except his country's liberty. "Being a member of these three bodies at one time, we are not surprised to find him declaring that his time was occupied with public affairs to the injury of his private business." "Declaring," mind you, but not complaining. How does this concession of our author that Rob-

ert Morris performed his public duties at great private loss, tally with the intimations further on that he was in office "for revenue only." "After he became a member of Congress he was absorbed in the work of that body." That is the kind of patriot he was; no half measures with him if business went to the canines. "He was appointed a member of the secret committee of correspondence." More deadly treason. But the people knew their man, if Professor Sumner does not. What sterling patriotism, what ability, what judgment, what tact, what delicacy, what discretion, did membership on these committees require! These qualities were conceded by his appointment; and we never hear that the masters of the time or the public had to recast their estimate of him. Not only in the business, but in it to the very core—at the very root of the matter—"absorbed" as though he had no private business. He had given the latter a momentum in the previous twenty years that kept it



THE U. S. TREASURY BUILDING.

going somewhat. He had made a success of his private business by being "absorbed" in it; he was destined to make just as complete a success of history by the exercise ef the same traits of character, the same qualities of mind. Is there any hint of the peculator, the speculator, or the Dives in all this? Far from it. Shame on the thought!

AN OPPORTUNE TITAN.

"MORRIS was one of those who hesitated about the Declaration of Independence." Washington was another; and every other man in the country, except Samuel Adams, was a third. They were fighting for rights; the idea of independence came later. "He voted against the resolution in favor of independence on the 2d of July;"

because he wanted to learn first what the Howes had to offer. "He signed the Declaration, however, on the 2d day of August;" after the chances of hanging for doing so had very much improved. It was but a few days prior to the disastrous defeat on Long Island. "We can clearly see that Washington, for the manœuver that he executed at Trenton, really had no support from anybody but Morris." What praise! The whole world can see the wisdom of the manœuver after it was made. What praise for Morris that he could see the wisdom of it beforehand! What comfort to Washington that in that moment of dire extremity, with an enemy triumphant, with a country despairing, with treason in the camp, with friends falling away from him, with cabals forming around him, that he had one loyal heart to whom he could unbosom himself, one capacious mind that could understand him! "The three great crises of the Revolution—the attack on Trenton, Burgoyne's surrender, and Cornwallis's surrender." Yes, and we see that at the first Morris alone was present to help the deserted chieftain through. But for Morris the other two crises never would have been passed. The short, sharp campaign of Trenton and Princeton made Washington one of the great military captains of history. He was just as great on his masterly retreat; but people do not understand retreat as well as victory. When Fabius became a Marcellus then even Fabius was understood. All could see that the war was on instead of over. The Brittish redoubled their efforts and prepared to break the colonies in two. The real crisis came after Princeton. The terms of the veteran troops were expiring; and they were resolved to go home. Had they gone home what would have become of the campaign of 1777, the decisive campaign of Burgoyne? Had they gone home what would have become of the war? It would have ended in the defeat of the patriots; the revolution would have collapsed; Washington said so. That fatal disintegration was arrested by a man who never lost his head in a crisis—the great second genius of the war. Nothing but hard money would hold the soldiers; the military chest contained nothing but "Continental pasteboard." Robert Morris hurried to Philadelphia, and, after vain appeals to patriotism, he pledged his private credit. At this the money flowed into his hands, and he was able to bring back fifty thousand shining dollars. The soldiers remained; Burgoyne fell; the French came in—all through the devotion and standing of one private citizen. If I were to select the man who has established a pre-eminent claim to write our annals, I would select John Fiske. This is his judgment on the matter: "Except for the sums raised by Robert Morris, of Philadelphia, even Washington could not have saved the country." This is one of the points at which Professor Sumner seems in a hurry to get to the other side of the stone. It is now twelve years since Morris ordered his own business to wither; and since he began to put all kinds of halters about his neck. And he has been flying night and day ever since. For what? To pose? To feed an avaricious maw? The army remained; the sequal was Saratoga and Monmouth. It was well for this country that Robert Morris in his youth "never applied hot and rebellious liquors to his blood;" for it needed the physical strenth of a giant, as well as the intellect and heart of a Titan, to meet the demands which were now upon him, and which were never for a moment off him to the end of the war—the demands of a self-imposed devotion to his struggling country. Had he even been stricken with tem-

porary illness we were lost. Stronger language than this has flowed from pens having far better claims than mine to speak of American history. Who will say that this is not a great man? It may be urged in reply that it was generous to get the money, though not particularly great. We will see later. But where is the flaw in the character up to the present? It was the "honor" of Robert Morris that controlled, and was to control for years yet to come, the forces of the world. The revolution was won by character; men trusted Washington and his inseparable Damon, Robert Morris. But to return to the chipping. "He had begun to urge, from the first year of the war, that congress should employ competent executive officers upon proper salaries.

HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE OF KENTUCKY, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

He urged this as a measure of economy and efficiency in administration." Could anything better be urged, after a hundred years to think it over?

It is noticeable that no recommendation of Robert Morris ever needed to be modified; it is noticeable that every one of his recommendations has become incorporated into our civil polity; it is noticeable that scarcely a single great feature of our present government was not at some time recommended

by Robert Morris. Does the great man appear yet? Or is it only a fussy money-bags? Lowell speaks of "men with empires in their brains." "His large head seems as well adapted for the government of an empire as that of most men;" I quote from our author the words of Prince de Broglie. But how were the above recommendations received? "We do not know of any one at that time who seconded his efforts in this direction." How lonely is a man who is a century ahead of his time!

"Congress was under the influence of a number of prejudices;" Robert Morris was under the influence of conviction alone from first to last. It was almost amusing to see this grand man time and again put down his solitary cane, and say to congress, and the country, and the world; "Thus far will I go; and that is the end of it; you must meet me there." They met him. Is it a great man yet? An intellect to see the way amid all the fogginess of the times; a will to force things along the way amidst all the obstructions of the times! And those were the "times that tried men's souls;" and those were the times that tried men's bodies; and those were the times that tried men's intellects. I don't know how you can get any better tests of greatness than those which Robert Morris triumphantly withstood at every moment of his public career. I have already shown, through our author, that his private career was phenomenal beyond all precedent. "He thought that all else should be laid aside in order to devote all available strength to an energetic prosecution of the war;" and he ever practised what he preached. The trimmers who were spreading their sails to catch the popular breeze would have left the Revolution stranded; this man with his cane going down from point to point, forced the Revolution through.

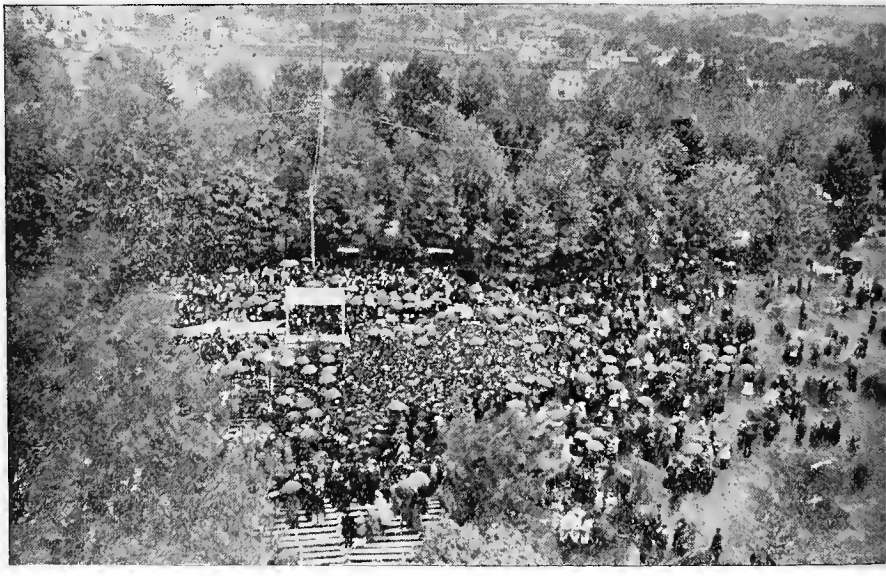
"It seemed to him that the quarrels about liberty and rights could be settled after peace and independence had been won." And it seems to us that everything that seemed right to him was right, is right, and always will be right. His extraordinary intelligence penetrated at once to the laws of everything that he had anything to do with; and his conscience always compelled him to follow the strict letter of the law. He was never without the courage of his convictions; he was always ready, if need be, to stand alone. Even according to our author he stood alone time and again, with his toe at the line and his lip set, waiting for the world to get around to him. It always got around to him when he took that attitude. Any nonentity can be obstinate; it takes the greatest of the great to know when to be wisely obstinate, to know when the time for concessions is past. Robert Morris could rule; but he could not ruin; none knew better than he when it was safe and wise to give way. In that age of jealousies and compromises there was no man more tactful. But never did a concession of his carry with it a suggestion of craven fear; never was a concession of his other than a master stroke in the interest of the public good.

In all his sublime and timely obstinacy he never crossed wills with Washington but once. They saw things alike; and together they pulled all along; like knew its like by instinct, and cleaved to it; no wedge of separation could enter between them; it was Damon and Pythias; it was Castor and Pollux; and before those Dioscuri the enemies of freedom, of sound economy, and of good government fell back in ignominious defeat. The whole Revo-

lutionary period was the constant battle of Lake Regillus, in which those god-like youths continued to infuse into mere corporals' guards the spirit and power of conquering hosts.

GREATER THAN A TITAN.

THE benignant countenance of Pythias is seen all over the land—in marble, in bronze, in print, in paint—an inspiration to succeeding generations of patriots. But we look in vain, as yet, for the mild countenance of the unobtrusive Damon. I say as yet; for I have faith that the Plutarch will yet appear who will resuscitate the forgotten Damon,



DEDICATION OF THE HOLLAND LAND OFFICE TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT MORRIS, OCTOBER 13, 1894—EXERCISES ON THE STATE PARK MOUND—ADDRESS OF HON. JOHN G. CARLISLE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

and re-introduce him to his much indebted countrymen. Castor has his shaft of marble shooting five hundred feet into the blue sky, and over-topping all other works of man as much as his character over-topped that of other mortals. Pollux, according to our author, lies in a dark and chilly enclosure, with nothing above him but a horizontal slab inscribed with the dates of his birth and death, and stating incidentally that he had been the "Financier of the United States during the Revolution." "His resting place is therefore a damp and dark corner." No comment. Castor was true to the last to his

more mortal brother; and in the last year of his life he sends the "affectionate regards of General and Mrs. Washington to Robert Morris." The message went to a man old and poor, and who had been for two years languishing in a debtors' prison, shut up with the yellow fever, and submitting with the meekness of a second Job to the blows that cruel fortune could devise. I believe that Job once cried out in his anguish; Morris never uttered a sound nor gave a single sign. The sage of Athens did not sip the hemlock more calmly than did Morris take the bitter dregs that came to him in the evening of his existence out of his glorious and beneficent life. Mark Tapley saw one compensation in adversity cheerfully borne, an opportunity for getting credit worth having. Morris maintained his cheerfulness without seeking any credit at all; he simply did it on principle, that it is a philosopher's duty. There was one thing he yet could do, and he would do it; he could avoid breeding snow storms to chill other lives. Our author is good enough to call this "grim pleasantry and a desperate reconciliation to facts." I fear that he would see nothing but "grim pleasantry and desperate reconciliation to facts" in the cases of Socrates and Phocion.

"In April, 1799, (after he had suffered two years of imprisonment) Gouverneur Morris visited Robert Morris in the prison and dined with him and Mrs. Morris there." Rather a change from the mansion and table where princes and potentates and all worthy people partook of the friendly and tactful hospitality of this same Robert and Mrs. Morris! Rather a change from the mansion and table which supplied their comforts to the elegant and fastidious Washington on the occasion of every visit of his to Philadelphia. He trusted "Robert" always; he lived with him whenever he could. And when Washington came as President to live in Philadelphia, Robert succeeded in persuading him to occupy the house that had always been his home there. "The latter two (Mr. and Mrs. Morris) kept up high spirits, and the visitor was distressed to see that Morris had made up his mind to his situation more than he could have believed possible." Mr. and Mrs. Morris did what they had always done—they entertained their guest as handsomely as their circumstances would permit. The lady who smiled in prison was according to our author "the second lady at court; as to taste, etiquette, etc., she is certainly the first." This hospitality in prison has its counterpart in that of General Marion who graciously entertained the visiting British officer with a share of his solitary sweet potato. The officer on his return said to his superiors: "you can never conquer a people who take adversity like that." I fear that Professor Sumner would never enter fully into the spirit of these things; for he seems to regard them all as "grim pleasantry." At Fort Sumter the soldiers ate their last crust amid exploding magazines and falling walls; they would have starved if that would have saved the fort; as it was they demanded and obtained the "honors of war." At Bunker Hill the soldiers stayed till their last shot was fired; they would still have stayed, if that would have held the hill. I take it that true heroism consists in rising superior to circumstances, and in maintaining an equable spirit and an exalted demeanor in the last extremity. The Roman sages used the expression 'equal mind" to denote this supreme test of character.

"The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexable to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamors and unmeaning cries :—
* * * *
Though the great frame of nature round him break,
Into mad ruin and confusion hurled,
He unconcerned would hear the mighty crack,
And stand unmoved amid the crash of worlds."

Two years of apparently perpetual imprisonment without a single scowl, and without a single note of repining! And the cultured wife sharing it with him with the same high-bred resignation! Is not this literally

"Patience sitting by a monument
And smiling extremely out of act"?

It was worth all their losses and misfortunes to enable Robert Morris and his great-hearted wife to show their character under such supreme tests, to be photographed in such a setting. In looking into the countenance of Gouverneur Morris they looked into the face of their vanished affluence without a quiver. Greatness of soul could go no further. I know no picture in history that equals it.

THE TITAN AGAIN.

BUT TO return from the aged philosopher in prison, let us follow the strong man in the arena. We left him at the beginning of the glorious Burgoyne campaign. "During December and January he may be said to have carried on the work of the continent." Our author might have said something here about Atlas and Titans; but he didn't: I have already intimated that this seemed to be a ticklish spot with him; the angel seemed to be getting dangerously near the surface; so he judiciously hurries away to safer ground. Robert Morris was ruling the country, and was getting things around on time,—Saratoga, French Alliance, Monmouth. But he was not a usurper; he did not seize the government which he wielded; he simply accepted a government that in a manner slid onto him. It had been well for the country had Congress continued to satisfy itself with the fiction of governing, and left the fact to Morris. But Congress never ran away except when they scented some danger from afar; then they would carry the fiction with them and leave the fact behind. That was ever Morris's opportunity. When the Gauls were at the threshold the people were sent away and the Roman senate remained. The senate remained behind this time; but their aggregate number in the crisis was somewhat reduced. They numbered all told just one man. And he did not sit calmly at his door-way waiting to have his throat slit; he waited to spring like a Hercules upon the Nemæan lion and to strangle him in his arms.

Things were fairly safe after Monmouth; so Congress took up the business again, and in the next two years succeeded in making a sorry mess of it. "The public men of the time truckled to public opinion to a degree modern

men cannot understand,"—consequently they will soon need Morris again. "At the close of 1780 the leading public men almost despaired of the struggle." "Almost," but not quite; for they had Robert Morris to fall back upon in the last extremity; and they somehow felt that he might in some way pull them through. "To the public men in positions of responsibility, it seemed that everything might be lost." Naturally; for the job was manifestly too big for them. "Congress was driven . . . to supersede the board . . . of the treasury by a single competent officer." Exactly; just what Robert Morris wanted them to do four years earlier; but there was too much "truckling" going on. They had at last to do a sensible thing or be totally shipwrecked. The breakers are just under the bow; the angry surf is roaring; who will prevent the crash? "Robert Morris was regarded as the one man in the country for this office." Indeed! What, this peculator, this speculator, this fussy money-bags, this vain popinjay, this insanely avaricious man, the "only one" in a great nation that can save that nation from immediate destruction? Well, Mr. Sumner, I have heard of people who were compelled to use food that was not particularly appetizing to them; and when I come to look back upon that sentence of yours, and consider what a troublesome part of the stone you have reached, I must say that it is a brave one. It is a strong one; the rhetorics would pass it; I am now ready to say that there is literature in your book. "Morris was in command of the situation." He always was where things were as desperate as they could be; they never gave him anything but the worst kind of job. As long as there was a ghost of a chance of getting along without him they did not permit him to be "master of the situation." "It no doubt flattered his vanity." Oh, fie! Mr. Sumner! You were brave a moment ago; why did you not stay so? You seem to be panicky again, and to be making a wild dash to the other side of the stone. "No doubt," did you say? Well, I answer that there are men in the world, and there are men. "That all should turn to him at a moment of supreme crisis." Those were the only moments in which they did turn to him. They "all" always came to their senses when everything was almost lost. They stopped "truckling" just on this side of ruin. It was hardly giving Robert a fair chance; but he did not split hairs. "As the one man who was indispensable to the country." You never spoke a truer word; there was just "one indispensable" man in the Revolution; and I am very glad to see that you know it. What surprises me is that it starts no reflections in your mind, except the entirely gratuitous and utterly unworthy one that "it no doubt flattered his vanity." We would like to get all that kind of vanity that is readily accessible. I think you said that they "all" knew it. They would all know it today if all the historians were as frank as you. Good things will keep; Robert Morris's character and career will keep; whether the historians think to write him up or not; indeed, even if some historian should try to write him down.

"He had a clear idea of what he wanted and of what ought to be done." So clear, that when Adam Smith's book came out a few months later they "all" saw that Morris had told it all beforehand. "He also had very definite convictions." Just what I have been maintaining. "He therefore set his conditions;" in other words he put the cane down. "He insisted, however, and carried his point;" in other words they always yielded when his yielding ceased. "Morris was one of the first to recognize the immense im-

portance of union among the States." Great idea; what a pity the others couldn't see it then. They wouldn't give him a Union to work with; they gave him the job and left him to grapple with a lot of loose recalcitrant States. He did not put the cane down on this point; and so when they would not let him get through in a sensible manner he pulled them through by hook and by crook (but never by ways that are crooked). I will allow our great historian, Professor Fiske, to voice this achievement: "That the government had in any way been able to finish the war after the downfall of the paper money, was due

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT BY THE POTOMAC.

to the gigantic efforts of one great man—Robert Morris." Mr. Fiske is usually calm and judicial; the utterance in this passage is Demosthenic. And it leaves him in no panic; it is an angel that he is chipping for. I think that some allusions have been made to Titans Well, "gigantic" is not very far from it. But I beg especially to call attention to the last two words, "great man." There are great generals, great financiers, great sculptors, great historians, great biographers, etc.; but when you have run your gamut through you reach the climax of all in a great man. I have seen different appellations ap-

plied to Morris; but I have waited long for that happy and just characterization of Professor Fiske. I have seen the appellation "Great Financier" applied to him until I am nauseated with it. I could bear "great patriot," "great soul," or some other similar epithet; but nothing tells it all so well as "great man."

> "Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
> Or, failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
> Like good Aurelins, let him reign, or bleed
> Like Socrates, that man is great indeed."

In the above spirited lines the poet allows alternatives. Morris needed none; he covered all the conditions, and is therefore in a manner doubly great. He "obtained the noblest ends" by only "noble means;" he "smiled in exile and in chains" without "failing;" "like good Aurelins" he did "reign;" and he reigned through crises, the like of which Aurelins never knew. "Like Socrates" he did "bleed" at every physical, mental, and moral pore; and he bled with the same lamb-like and saintly resignation.

He got the money and he got them through; that sums up the doings of 80–83. He got them out of Scylla and Charybdis, even though they denied him a decent pair of oars. He grasped at any sticks that he could lay his hands upon and paddled the doomed vessel out into the offing.

"Washington had long cherished a desire with the help of the French to dislodge the English from New York." And he intended to try it in '81. Here Pythias and Damon clashed for the first and only time. It ended in Damon's way; and it ended to Pythias's renown. The boldest thing in Morris's career was when he put the cane down to Washington. "Morris of course shrank from the enormous expense of that undertaking." That does not tell it; he maintained that New York was not worth having. He held that if Washington could get in at all, which was very doubtful, the British would immediately drive him out again with their fleet. "It was then determined to march against Cornwallis in Virginia." So his obstinacy, which was never ill-timed, but which was simply terrible when the cane came down, precipitated the most brilliant military movement in history. "When he found the demands upon him for money far exceeded the amount which he possessed (that is when he went to New York to wrestle with Washington) he gave none to anybody, but brought it back." The cane was down, you see. Another patriot has left the immortal shibboleth: "Millions for defense; not one dollar for tribute." Morris's idea was "Millions for Yorktown, but not one dollar for New York." "Hence, it was then determined"—a beautifully indefinite proposition to cover a particularly dangerous part of the stone. No money for New York; but "millions of rations" had been sent to Greene in the Carolinas; and, quick as was Washington's march to Philadelphia, when he got there the road-sides were lined for miles with army wagons laden with provisions and other supplies needful in an active campaign. To facilitate rapidity of movement other supplies were waiting at points along the Chesapeake. Morris "laid the train" in a double sense; the avenging fire sped along it and exploded the mine under Cornwallis's feet. Hostilities were ended; though the war dragged on two years longer. He got them temporarily into a safe offing. He got the money it seems by hook or by crook (but never by ways that are crooked). We are told that he advanced $1,400,000 of his own money to

fill those wagons. Our author says that this is probably "apocryphal." Well, I leave him to fight that out; it is only a question of detail. The short of it is that he got them through; and he held them through with his broken oars and his drift-wood sticks for two years longer—until independence was definitely secured. When the job became small enough for the others to handle it again he turned it over to them and went back to his neglected and honey-combed business. I have said that in the twenty years of his young manhood he had given a momentum to his business that would keep it going awhile. But ten years is more than "awhile;" he found his own vessel hopelessly out of repair. By superhuman exertions he kept her afloat ten years longer; and then she went to pieces after the manner of the overworked

THE "LAST CHIEFTAIN OF THE IROQUOIS"—GENERAL ELI PARKER OF GENERAL GRANT'S STAFF.

"one hoss shay." But in that ten years in which he escaped the prison walls he was enabled to perform three other services for his country. He assisted in making the Constitution which he had been clamoring for for fourteen years; he sat in the first Senate and helped Washington launch his first administration; and he virtually settled the location of the National Capitol. We have seen him financiering under the most trying and distressing circumstances. He was now offered the opportunity to distinguish himself with the

finest craft ever launched, and upon the fairest sea. He quietly declined and recommended the brainy young Hamilton. Hamilton straightened matters out on lines laid down by Robert Morris fifteen years before.

SOME THOUGHTS ON ICONOCLASM.

THE BATTLE of opinion is always on; terrific blows are given and received by those who never forget the amenities. It is unfair warfare to undertake to strike down the opinion by striking down the good man who entertains it. This is worse than persecution; the hero can face the gallows calmly; but he groans under defamation of character. When Epaminondas was asked why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he said that it should be passed upon him, for he had deliberately disobeyed a mandate of his country. But he craved that his countrymen would do justice to his memory. He wished it carefully inscribed upon his tomb that he had disobeyed his country in order to save her and in order to bring her lasting prestige and renown, and not through any lower motive. With this assurance he was ready to embrace the block and face posterity. Then did it dawn upon the hearts of his countrymen that there is something higher than legal justice; there is that equity that brings the heart alone to trial. They spared their hero and condoned his noble crime. Morris was never even a constructive criminal in his public station; he had not only legal sanction for every act that he performed, but he also had with it the urgent appeal of his countrymen. He obeyed that appeal whenever the emergency was great enough to make obedience a duty. He did become a constructive criminal by becoming poor. He asked no mercy for the technical crime of having sunk his fortune to save his country; and he got none. Nor did his country give him a tomb on which his record could be put right before posterity. The axe fell at once upon his defenceless neck and upon his reputation. He lies in an unmarked grave, the victim of his brave sacrifices, of the austerity of his country's law, unrelieved by equity, and, worst of all, the victim of foul slander.

In the heat of passion even good men may make personal attacks which they afterwards sincerely regret. In the strife of factions there are always those who do not scruple to impugn the motives of their advarsaries, and to deliberately blacken private character. It is the cowardly method of striking down the opinion by striking down its possessor; it is the carrying out of the atrocious doctrine that "the end justifies the means."

It is dangerous to go groping among the scurrillity of a by-gone time; for one may be caught warming up old venom with which to asperse a pure character no longer able to rise in its own defense. In our history we shall never be all on one side; we shall always have opposing houses; and it is better so. Never will the good men be all in one party; and never will a man's opinion be the key to his private character. Morris could have escaped all obloquy had he stayed at the desk of his counting-house. But he was too brave and high-minded to do that. He accounted the rectitude of his intentions a sufficient safe-guard; and with it he took all chances of annoyance and injury.

"The men who have labored to influence public opinion in this direction, however, have always been unpopular." Please bear that in mind, Mr. Sumner, and be careful and charitable when you strike the reckless language of that unpopularity. Please remember how easy it was to screen ones self and what great moral courage it required to face the storm. Washington and Morris had this courage; and the very things for which they were abused are the things for which they are venerated to-day, and for which they will be venerated to the end of time. Yes, the vile things that were said about Washington himself would make a large literature. "They have always had to contend with and overcome the traditional prejudices and the inertia of the popular bodies, while those who floated with the popular tide have enjoyed popularity and ease together." Please remember that you are saying this

PIONEER ARCHITECTURE—THE HOME OF GEORGE W. LAY (WITH MODERN ALTERATIONS).

yourself, and that you are saying it about Robert Morris. It is all that I have contended for; and it is all that is necessary to establish his noble character. I am glad that your book is written; for this is the testimony of an opponent; but I will be glad to see it succeeded by one that comes straight from the heart; and that one we will put into the hands of our children. You have made a discriminating life of this good man necessary; and the man who will prepare it will confer a boon.

In Western New York we have a special interest in Robest Morris. He appears in our annals as the first proprietor of most of the beautiful Genesee

country. He is one of us; and it is with clansmen's loyalty that we spring to arms against his defamers. We are not ashamed that our titles all run back to that great man, that worthy gentleman. He lived in Philadelphia; and Philadelphia gives him a "cold, dark corner." He just appeared among us; and we give him the warmest place in our hearts, and will make as manful battle as we can for justice to him. He is the beginning of our history; the centuries of savagery led down to Robert Morris and civilization. We are glad that the epoch was a Titan—that the new era began with a moral and intellectual giant. As well strike down Arminius in Germany as Robert Morris along the banks of the Genesee. They may be able to forget him in Philadelphia; we could not forget him here, if we would; the slightest retrospect of our region compels us to go back to "the time of Robert Morris." But we don't want to forget him; we feel honored in dating our history from a man who thrice saved the Revolution from failure, and who did it as much by his "honor," his "credit," and his respectability, as by his imperial intellect and his sublime pertinacity. We feel honored in dating our history from a man who gave the United States its liberty, its independence, its Constitution, and its polity, and who did it without incurring a single stain upon his integrity, without disturbing in the least the quiet simplicity of his character—the trusted friend of Washington. "Morris was the one man to whom Washington unbent." The words of his own step-son—the voice out of his own household—the *ex cathedra* assertion of Morris's personal worth. "Probably because"—be careful, Mr. Sumner; you are on dangerous ground; you are now imputing motives to Washington. I know that you are at the tenderest part of your stone; you have my sympathies; but—forbear.

That is what Washington thought of him. How did the others regard him? "Mr. Otis said that Morris was esteemed next to Washington;" and Mr. Otis appends no "probably" at all. "Was esteemed"——by whom? There is only one interpretation to that sentence; Washington and the implied subject of that passive verb esteemed only good men. We all have our limitations. I could not write a book on music; and I would not try it. Never can a painting of mine grace the gallery wall of a Columbian World's Fair. The Lord has blessed me with powers to admire far beyond my powers to create. "Along the smooth sequestered vale of life" I am content to pursue "the even tenor of my way." I cannot make the rose that blooms for my delight; but I can resent the vandalism that would ruthlessly trample it down. I cannot make the flowers of art; but I can storm with wrath when the destroyer's hand gets among them. But the flower of all creation is a noble human character;

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

The hand of the iconoclast reaches the height of audacity when it assails a good name. History has no meaning except in the types of men it has produced; a much greater offence than the destruction of Washington's statues, would be an attempt to destroy his identity. The hero worship that consists in admiring a man who displayed the extreme of fortitude in contending for a great principle, is the hero worship that the world needs. The present is inspired to noble deeds by remembrance of the past. Webster knew what chord to touch when with the names of good men north and south he fired the popular heart to the defense of the Union thirty years before it was directly as-

sailed. Men have a prevision of victory when a supreme effort is to be made; when he sat down in cosy comfort that night before his reply to Hayne, he knew that he had won not only the battle of the forum but also the greater battle of the field. He knew that his words would resound like clarion notes should the question ever come to the stern arbitrament of war; he knew that "Liberty *and* Union, *now* and *forever*, ONE and INSEPARABLE!" would call millions of citizens from their vocations to the defense of the Star Spangled Banner. The blaze of that cavernous deep dark eye was the blaze of prophecy. He knew that they would save the Union; for he told them what "it was worth" in terms which they could understand. It was worth just what it cost—the heroic sacrifices of "good men and true." Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platæa, and Bannockburn, are only names to sum up cases of individual heroism. The heroism consisted in baring the breast for a principle. Thousands of more destructive conflicts have passed into oblivion, because

A GHOST OF THE PAST—THE OLD TERRAPIN TOWER AT NIAGARA FALLS.

they were fought by the victors solely for advantage. But the names mentioned above have furnished a battle cry in every subsequent struggle for the right. How much greater is the force of the appeal when one is called to his duty by the heroism of his own country. The ghostly leaders of Regillus were no empty fiction; the shades of departed worthies do hover above the banners of every new host arrayed in battle for the right. The magician who can evoke them is the real leader of the time.

"One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men."

I have no sympathy with the precisionism that lays its clammy hand of destruction upon the harmless little myths that spring up in popular tradition. Those myths are often an inspiration to youthful minds; and they are quite

likely to have at their basis a solid kernel of fact. To destroy them is to take much food from youthful enthusiasm; it is to take from youth the history which it can understand; and it is to mutilate history itself. It is the people's way of telling their own story; and in those myths the youth sits down at the fireside of his ancestors. Historical evidence proved that there was no Troy, and that Homer had a marvelous imagination. The people said there was a Troy; and Dr. Schlieman believed them. He admitted that the precisionists had proved their case; but he went over just the same and dug up Troy. It was still questioned whether there had been such persons as Agamemnon and Menelaus; so he went over to the other side and dug up Mycenæ. The Berkleyan philosophers proved that there is no food; but when the dinner time came around they somehow did not exactly relish an empty plate. So the wisest of men sometimes find themselves staggered by the troublesome facts of history. You may explain them away, argue them away, deny their existence; but, like Banquo's ghost they will not down; when you get through they are still there. Common report is a wonderful receptacle of history; and it has its basis in the contact with concrete facts. Who will doubt that this generation has a pretty clear notion of Sheridan? Yet it is quite among the possibilities that some one a hundred years hence may arise and prove that we don't know anything about him at all. I prefer to get my ideas of Socrates from some one who has seen him. A utilitarian philosopher of the nineteenth century, after spending a night with the Sophists, may claim that Xenophon and Plato knew nothing about their master; but I prefer all the same to listen to Xenophon and Plato. There may be a pardonable bias in the minds of those admiring youths faithful to the end, and affectionately painting him for posterity; but it is far less misleading than the bitter prejudices of those bad men whom Socrates had stung to the quick and driven out of the schools. But there is always a consensus of opinion that adjusts the portrait to very correct proportions. And what perfect pictures the people do draw; Hector is Hector, and nobody else; Andromache has her sweet individuality; even Astyanax is not the generic baby. Brutus and Tarquin could be identified on the streets. Bruce and Wallace will never be confounded. And so I take it that remotest ages will see Lincoln just as we see him, not in the light of his photograph, but in the light of his character; and they will see him as we see him, because we have seen him. There is no other law in the matter. Somebody may try on the basis of musty and obsolete documents, on things said in a corner, and so on, to reconstruct his character so as to suit the writer's prepossessions; but the wave of a world's consensus will move right over such an experiment, and engulf it in a prompt oblivion. It is a pretty well established principle that all the world knows more than any man in it; and woe to the man who would reverse the principle. In recognition of this principle it is the settled practice of psychologists to study the content of the terms used by the people as a whole in speaking of any of the mental activities. They find in this study the side-lights which they know must be there. The idea is the aggregate result of millions of shrewd observations; and the analyst finds a golden mine of laboratory work well done. The people live to teach.

You cannot by writing change the altitude of Mont Blanc; you cannot argue away the snowy crown of that "Monarch of mountains," bathed in

eternal sunlight; but I deplore the temporary mental confusion which you can produce by the attempt to do so.

In defense of Robert Morris I have called up his life and deeds to speak for him; I have cited the opinions of the highest authorities of his time; I have called into court his neighbors, his friends, his public to speak for him; I have attempted to force his critic to construct the apotheosis of the great hero whom he would belittle. I might have multiplied citations to a voluminous extent, but I have tried to make a few characteristic types do the work of the whole. I will now permit the worthy defendant to speak for himself.

A COVE IN SILVER LAKE.

"There oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me."

The Spartan mother told her son to come back with his shield or on it. A French King sent back to his Capital the dispatch: "All is lost but honor." This was a note of triumph; and his people did not put on sack-cloth and ashes. Our Samson, shorn of the locks which he had deliberately scattered right and left in the service of his country, staggers at last to his fall: "I am sensible that I have lost the confidence of the world as to my pecuniary ability, but I believe not as to my honor and integrity."

THE MAN OF BUNKER HILL.

GEO. H. HOLDEN.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old continentals,
Yielding not,
When the grenadlers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles
From the smoky night encampment bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn.

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
And the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires;
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers on the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gunpowder
Cracking amain!

* * * * * *

Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet loud.
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder rolled the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death.

——*Guy Humphrey McMaster.*

MY GRANDFATHER, Capt. James Holden, came to Batavia with his family in 1803. He lived in a white house just across the creek from the Land Office. He had been in the Revolutionary war. Was present at the Battle of Bunker Hill. I have heard him describe that battle many times. It was very amusing to hear him describe the battle. He always got intensely excited when describing that struggle. His eyes would glitter, and he would prance around the room. "Our powder gave out; but, confound them! we clubbed our muskets and made it as warm for them as we could." He had nine sons and three daughters. Five of the sons were out in the war of 1812. One morning my father saw a man rush out of the woods west of our house without hat, coat, vest, or

shoes. When the excited individual came up, he found that it was his own brother, who had run all the way from the Niagara river to give the alarm that the British were coming. The inhabitants all fled to Canandaigua. Our folks buried their silver when they fled; but it was found by some recruits that were passing through to the front, and was all taken but one spoon, which I now have in my possession. The spoon seems to have been made by hammering. My grandfather on my mother's side, General Towner, thought he would not run with the rest of them. He gathered together some militia, and took a stand northwest of Batavia to protect the town. But the British did not come.

TONAWANDA BRIDGE—LAND OFFICE IN THE DISTANCE.

As my father was only fifteen they thought he had better stay at home. But the war got him. In 1813 he was hauling stone for the old arsenal when General Scott's officers came along and impressed his team and him. He was sent to Albany to bring on supplies. He got a land warrant for eighty acres of land for this involuntary service. He said that it was the only time that lightning ever struck him.

One of my father's brothers became accidentally a hero at Black Rock. The Americans were keeping a sharp watch day and night against surprise. One evening my uncle was in a squad that was reconnoitering with lanterns near the edge of the cliff. The officer decided to send some of the men down to the water's edge. My uncle, in moving forward, lost his footing and tumbled down to the bottom. He almost fell upon three British soldiers. Taking in the situation at once, he shouted, "Here they are, men, come on." The

poor Britishers begged permission to surrender; and he took the three of them back to camp. When they asked him how he captured them, he said: "O, I surrounded them."

I have heard John B. Ellicott describe the coming over of the British. They had a long line of boats filled with soldiers. Directly in front of him an officer was standing in the bow of a boat giving orders. Ellicott drew a bead on him; but his heart failed him, and he didn't shoot. Again he took a sight on him; but again he could not prevail upon himself to kill that man. The third time he let her fly. "Did you hit him?" "I don't know. Somebody hit him; but by the time I shot there was a crash all along the line."

Ellicott would also tell of a funny panic that once took place among the troops at Black Rock. They were posted on the bluff; and one evening a violent clatter was heard down by the water's edge. A panic seized the detachment, and they fled with their arms in their hands. Pretty soon some one stumbled, and down went his bayonet into the fellow ahead of him. Then began a general stumbling, and a general bayoneting of the poor fellows that chanced to be ahead. "And what did you do?" "Why, I ran with the rest of them." When they came to investigate the cause of their terror and bloodshed, they found that an old blind horse was fumbling and stumbling around in the narrow passageway.

Grandfather died at the age of 88. His death was hastened, I think, by a fall he received on the bridge where he slipped on the ice. None of his children died under 80, except one who died of cholera in 1834.

The bears were very familiar in the early days in Batavia. My grandfather had a pig-pen eight rails high just back of his house. In that pen they were fattening a lusty porker that had reached dimensions that would gratify the eye of Phil. Armour. One evening, when my father and grandmother were the sole occupants of the house, the big piggy gave forth notes of positive distress. Peering out they saw a monstrous black bear depositing chuffy on the outside of that eight rail fence, without disturbing a rail. And they decided not to interfere with the proceedings. The eight rail pen knew chuffy no more forever.

I regret to say that my last encounter with my excellent old grandfather was of such a nature as to leave our relations a little strained. I was a very frequent visitor at his residence, and always had the run of the house. One day as I was roaming through the upper chambers, to my inexpressable delight, I chanced upon a violin and bow. I had never taken lessons from Paganini; but what I lacked in skill I made up in energy. I sawed and sawed until I was red in the face; and I certainly succeeded in making myself heard. In fact, I thought that the remotest settler could not fail to catch my dulcet strains. I have said that my grandfather was not in robust health after his fall on the bridge; so he was not in a condition to enjoy my music. I heard a very wrathful voice at the foot of the stairs; and when I tremblingly responded to its call I found my grandfather in such a rage that his wrath at the Britishers at Bunker Hill might in comparison be called amiability itself. I shrank home, and never had the courage to enter his home again, though he lived several years longer. But I used to see him at a safe distance strolling up the street every day to get his mail.

The Batavia bar has always been strong. But the early bar of Batavia

was exceedingly strong. There were Daniel H. Chandler, Albert Smith, Isaac H. Verplank, John B. Skinner, Ethan B. Allen, John H. Martindale, Edgar C. Dibble, Moses Taggart, Phineas Tracy, George W. Lay, Glen Carpenter, and Seth Wakemen. Those were strong men.

HALCYON DAYS—PEACE AT LAST ON THE TONAWANDA.

I can see him now—as I saw him then,
When I was a lad—and my years but ten;
Though the years have sped and my beard is gray—
I can see him now as I did that day;
That aged miller—whose locks thin and white,
Were fanned by a breeze that was cool and light,
At eventide of a summer's day,
When the old grist mill had ceased to play,
And the over-shot wheel no longer rolled round,
With a splash of water, and rumbling sound;
When the King of day with a shining vest,
Behind the green hill retiring to rest,
Cast a golden gleam o'er the sky's deep blue,
As he bade the world an evening adieu.
Then he came forth from that old brown mill,
That stood by the race that ran down the hill;
With his ruddy cheeks and his look serene,
His full round chest and his martial mien.
Though his garb was white with flour and dust,
He looked like a man a nation could trust.
The music he loved and had from a boy,

Was the shrill-toned fife—his solace and joy,
And he played it still;—and at close of day,
When the old mill ceased its jarring play,
Its whirring around with a rumbling sound,
While many a grist for neighbors was ground.
In "Seventy-six" with his fife in hand,
Then a lad—he joined the patriot band,
Who periled their lives that this might be,
From thenceforth called "The Land of the Free;"
Though then too young to take up arms,
He sought a place mid war's alarms,
The thicker the bullets around him flew,
The louder his shrill-toned fife he blew,
And its piercing tones gave the patriots cheer,
For the fifer showed no signs of fear;
And that fife was heard on the left and right,
Wherever occurred the thickest fight.
That war was a long and weary one;
But it ceased at last, when freedom was won;
And the lad, a youth, unharmed went home,
But clung to that fife—where'er he might roam.
In the war with England which next occurred,
That warlike fife at the front was heard,
He marched at the head of a martial band,
That played for the men who fought for the land,
Warlike and stirring were the tunes he played,
When battallions stood in battle arrayed;
Sad and mournful were the notes for the dead,
When a comrade's tears for the slain were shed.
He went through the war with never a wound,
Became a miller—and many grists ground;
Yet, still played the fife, and at close of day,
In front of the mill, would stand and play.
I can see him now as I saw him then,
When I was a lad and my years but ten;
Though the years have sped and my beard is gray,
I can see him now as I did that day;
That aged fifer with locks thin and white
Blown back by a breeze that was cool and light,
And the tune he played was a dirge for the brave,
It was called, he said: "Napoleon's Grave;"
So mournful the notes that they touched my heart
And he played them too, with such magic art,
That I saw before me a great man dead,
Who had lately stood at a nation's head;
A soldier of fortune who had won renown,
A coffined hero, who late wore a crown,
Who fought great battles, his last battle o'er,
And monarchs shall dread his frown nevermore.
An august warrior—so mighty and brave,
About to be laid in the cold, damp grave,
And I saw them place the turf o'er his head,
As they laid him to rest in his lonely bed,
On a rocky isle—where the sobbing surge,
And the wind's sad wail, are his only dirge.

* * * * *

The musical notes of that tuneful life,
Oft heard by the brave, in the battle strife,
No longer are heard in front of the mill,
For that mill is gone—it hath passed away—

The tooth of time hath wrought its decay;
The grists at the mill, no longer are tolled,
By that robust miller—so brave and bold;
At four score and ten, the good man died.
They laid him to rest—his fife by his side,
For he loved it still, with his latest breath,
And they parted them not, in sable death.
A plain marble slab now marks the place,
A worthier monument ought to grace.

—*N. A. Woodward.*

THE OLD GENESEE COURT HOUSE AT THE JUNCTION OF THE INDIAN TRAILS.

THE JUDGE.

JOHN F. LAY.

BATAVIA figured in the War of 1812 as a sort of rendezvous for the troops assembling from different parts of the interior of the State on their way to the front, and as a city of refuge for the wounded and fugitives. Batavia had at that time a very unique character in the person of Judge Stevens. The Judge had served for a time on the staff of General Porter, as his adjutant-general. Among the duties of his position was the locating and setting up of the headquarters tent. On one occasion

the enemy seemed disposed to disturb the ordinarily peaceful procedure of going into camp. The discreet limb of the law rode back to his general and made the following report: "General, the bullets are flying over there; it is positively dangerous to proceed with the setting up of that tent; I shall surely be killed if I tarry in that locality." The irate general at once discharged the full vial of his wrath upon the head of his cautious penman and mouthpiece: "Go back, immediately, sir, and proceed with your duties; it is your duty to direct the setting up of that tent." But the Judge had not studied law in vain; he had very clear notions of the limitations of jurisdictions, prerogatives, duties, vested rights, inalienable privileges, and other world-controlling abstractions and distinctions. Though prudent and discreet in regard to the enemies' bullets, he was nevertheless a very lion where his own rights seemed to be trenched upon. Drawing himself up with great dignity he proceeded to lay down the law of the matter to the very face of his testy commander: "General Porter, sir, I would have you to understand that I am your *writing* aid, not your *fighting* aid."

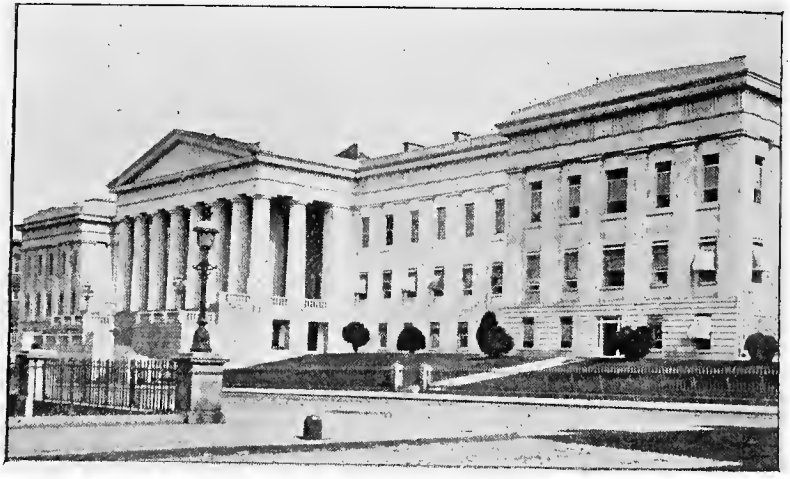
The unfailing prudence and discretion of the worthy adjutant-general enabled him to avoid disagreeable contact with the ill-mannered bullets and to return with an unbroken skin to his chosen Batavia. Thenceforth his prowess in arms gave an added interest to a character that was never lacking in unique attractions.

"As driftwood spars, that meet and pass
Upon the boundless ocean's plain.
So in the sea of life, alas!
Man meets man; meets and quits again."

The Judge was destined to give to literature and history another flash of genius. He had his residence on the south side of the creek, on the site of the present famous Law Mansion. On the Tonawanda bridge, which was afterwards the scene of such thrilling doings in the Land Office war, the history of the old world and the new came together. It is well known that after the battle of Waterloo the air of France was not congenial to the tardy Marshal Grouchy. He was seized with a desire to see foreign lands. Wrapped in his own reflections and his military cloak he seemed to stalk abroad like a restless ghost. In due time he appeared in the quiet frontier hamlet of Batavia, a solitary, contemplative, undisturbed figure. As the Marshal was strolling in solitary pensiveness across the Tonawanda bridge in the gloaming, another solitary figure was approaching from the opposite direction. Sympathy often springs forth like an electric thrill; he who was behind time at Waterloo could not fail to awaken an interest in him who was behind the lines at Lundy's Lane and Queenstown and Fort Niagara. The Judge, being on his native heath, felt that the initiative rested with him. Stopping short in front of the silent, gliding exile, and with his characteristic abruptness, he said: "You, I believe, are Marshal Grouchy. I am Judge Stevens of Batavia." It was not exactly the manner of the French capital, so for a moment the Marshal's sensibilities were thrown into a chaotic condition. But, quickly collecting himself, it is said that a gleam of intellectual illumination came over his countenance; and just at that point tradition is silent.

The Judge was for many years a clerk in the Land Office. His assistant was Junius A. Smith. The statements were made quarterly; and it often re-

quired commendable diligence to get them ready on time. The burden fell largely upon the shoulders of the faithful Junius. The Judge, being really a kind-hearted man, felt like cheering his toiling Achates: "Now, Junius, when we get off these reports we will take some recreation." Junius brightened at the idea like an overtaxed race-horse that has had a word of encouragement cooed into his ear. The reports were ready in good season; and, the benevolent Judge, true to his word, said: "Now, Junius, we will proceed to take some recreation." The pair strolled together across the bridge to the Judge's house, where, to the surprise of the laborious assistant, his host produced a *bottle* of "recreation." "Well, Junius, *dum vivimus vivamus.*" Having thus taken the "recreation," they at once returned to the Land Office and the new records.



UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

Although the Judge had his "recreation" at home, he also had there his domestic infelicities. He thought his wife extravagant, and deemed it necessary to post her. Ebenezer Kimberly presented a bill contracted by the better half. "Wont pay it. Posted my wife. You can't collect it." Presently Homer Kimberly came with the same bill. "Well, Homer, what have you there?" "A bill." "Well, Homer, I'll pay you, because you are an honest man; but that brother of yours is a rascal."

His young hopeful amused himself by shooting the eyes out of his grandparents' portraits. The judge took him aside and gave him a severe lecture, of which only the closing words have come down to us: "Ambrose, I banish you my presence."

The Judge went to Medina to celebrate the opening of the Erie Canal. "Great era!" he exclaimed. "Wonderful events! We haven't time to talk this thing all over now; but we will when we are singing halleluiahs in heaven."

The Judge was very slow in adding. This was noticed by his observant assistant, Junius. The latter, after footing up a vast array of columns, complacently appended a little memorandum: "I have footed up these columns in just one hour. J. A. S." The Judge having no confidence in such expedition, went over the whole matter in his usual laborious, careful and slow manner, after which he appended the following supplementary memorandum: "And in doing so you have made fifteen mistakes. J. W. S."

Ellicott criticized Stevens to the effect that in his first view of things he got everything wrong side up, confused and mixed, but in the end he got them clarified, and brought them out all straight.

With all his oddities the Judge was a cultured man. He was a graduate of Princeton College. In Philadelphia, before coming to Batavia, he crossed swords with the famous Cobbett in a series of articles published over the signature of Peter Porcupine. It must be borne in mind that Batavia never was primitive in the sense of being illiterate. It abounded at the very outstart in men of the ripest scholarship, the richest culture, and the most remarkable acumen. The opening words were vocal with the most remarkable command of English; and the tone of the society of the village was baronial.

A DESCRIPTIVE DIGRESSION.

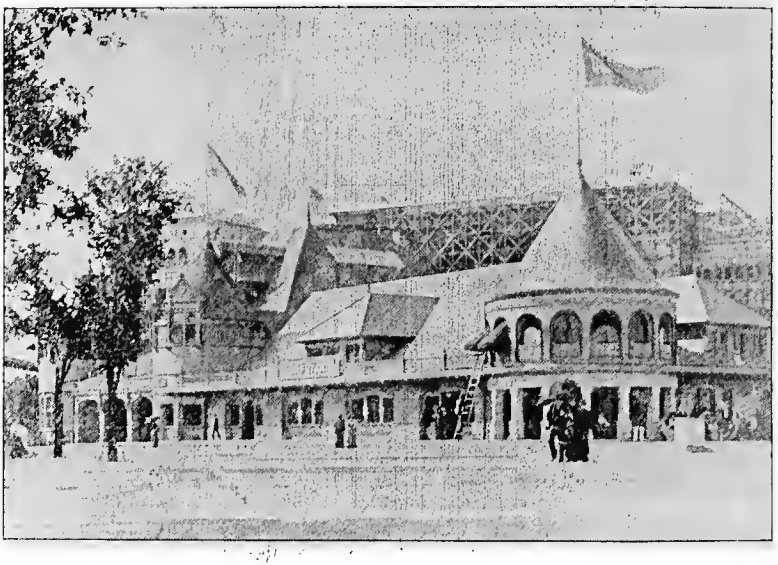
"Land of my fathers! I have stood
Where lordly Hudson rolls his flood;
Seen sun-rise gleam and day-light fade
Upon his frowning Palisade."

THE greatest sin in literature is digression, the tendency to scatter into everything and come out nowhere. But in some the tendency to digress is as natal and as fatal as is the tendency in others to lisp. We are back again in the Empire State still chatting or chattering of the sublime, the beautiful, the pathetic, the historical, the traditional, the mythological, the fanciful. And the grandeur of our own great triangle with its teeming history and folk-lore seems to rise in jealous protest of the fine things that we have been saying of the far away. It would take much space to do justice to the fair Mrs. Knickerbocker; but I will endeavor to propitiate the worthy lady by a glimpse or two that would not suffer by comparison with the great vision of the Dakotas.

The Genesee country is the apex of that magnificent triangle known as the Empire State. That triangle as a whole is a subject to inspire the greatest pen. It is truly imperial in whatever aspect it is viewed. I will venture only to say a few words about the wonderful base. Whenever I think of scenery, history, mythology, folk-lore, romance, empire, that great base with its unparalleled scenery, its teeming associations, and its extraordinary development, rises before my mind and demands attention.

To see a thing is one thing; to see it under right conditions is another. I was very lucky when I first got the view from the Catskill Mountain House.

The New York boat delivered me at the village in the early afternoon; and the strong mountain stage, with its four stalwart horses, stood ready to receive me. The white building on the mountain was distinctly visible; and it seemed as though we would be up on that hill in a few minutes. If I remember correctly it was about six hours before we drove into the entrance. The afternoon was consumed in getting to the base of the mountain which seemed just a stone's throw away. After ten miles of heavy staging we were still on the plain. Night dropped down suddenly with dark clouds portending a respectable storm. It was useless to keep pulling aside the leather curtain to see things; for there was nothing to see. We went steadily up the mountain; but the darkness was so dense that it might be cut with a knife. Cimmerian darkness or Egyptian midnight could not improve upon it. When



THE IOWA "CORN PALACE."
(*From "Glimpses of the World's Fair."*)

we got to Hendrick Hudson's bowling alley he and his phantom Dutch sailors with their great pantaloons, their wide belts, and large buckles, and their high steeple hats, were at it in great form. The rumble of the balls along the alley was continuous; and crash after crash told of a ten-strike, or at least of great slaughter among the standing pins. We did not see them; I have only Rip Van Winkle's word as to their costumes, their mode of procedure, and the collations with which they indulged themselves. But the clatter of it all was startlingly distinct; and the echoes traveled around the mountain in crashing roll after roll. On coming down the mountain a day or two later all was quiet as the grave where we had encountered the uproar. And near the roadside on a smooth flat stone we read the legend: "On this spot Rip Van

Winkle slept for twenty years." A sweet mountain spring bubbled up near by; and a little solitary hostelry supplied refreshments to the weary wayfarer. All else was dense native forest and rocky walls rising sheer to the height of hundreds of feet. The changes below bewildered Rip after an absence of twenty years; the unchanging identity of things above would have impressed him after the absence of a century.

We entered the hotel enclosure that night with no view beyond where the lantern shot its beams. I was able to get a room on the east side. The clerk took down my order to be called just before day-break. I slept a mountain sleep, and was awakened exactly at the appointed time. I slipped to the window with ravenous eagerness and drew aside the veil. The day was just breaking on the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts, on the Green Mountains in Vermont, and on the distant Highlands of the Hudson. The storm was all gone, sweeping away with it every trace of mist or haze, leaving an atmosphere so pure that it seemed that one could see through it to the end of the world. Vision faded only where the far mountain barriers shut it in. Rosy-fingered Aurora was at her daintiest as she lifted the curtain of the eastern sky and gradually let in the light of day upon a realm of grandeur and beauty, with the silver ribbon of the Hudson glinting down the middle. I am not foolish enough to try to describe that picture. It would have been grand, magnificent, sublime, if built up piece-meal from below. Seen all at once and from above it was thrilling.

The shower-bath of the previous night had washed the face of nature clean. She showed a "shining morning face" to the grand illumination that soon flooded it all. Every tree, and house, and grove, and villa, and farm, and road-stead for a hundred miles was bright and fresh in the glow of that morning sun. It was a magnificent mosaic. The creation that spread out before us was an unbroken series of little squares, and patches, and clumps, and curves of a teeming civilization. The lift of 250 feet in the Ferris Wheel at Chicago was thrilling; but here was a view-point 3,000 feet in the air. What better could a balloon do for us? Mrs. Knickerbocker has the call; there is nothing in the West like that.

Later, as I was selecting points of view on the mountain, I encountered a gentleman who frankly acknowledged that he was a globe-trotter, and had been a mountain climber for years. He said that he had often been at greater altitudes in the Alps, the Pyrenees, and elsewhere, but nowhere else had he encountered as extended and fine a mountain prospect as that which spread out before us.

We boast of our nerves; but I have been twice rebuked; once on that mountain, and once at Niagara Falls. I went to the highest summits without any nervous disturbance; and I went to the very edge of those rocky walls that sink away sheer for hundreds of feet and looked down as calmly as I would from a six-foot wall. At last I took a little pathway that led out below the brow of the mountain and followed it till it ceased, or ran out into a squirrel track and up a tree. There was no trouble so long as the slightest trace of human foot-step was below me. But the instant that I was on pathless ground the enormous height and the awful depth below took hold of me, and I cowered in terror. I seized the bushes and held on for dear life. I was humbled and crushed, a dizzy man three-quarters of a mile in the air and with

loose pebbles rolling from under his feet down, down, down to the depths, where he seemed destined to go headlong after them. But the instant that I reached the little foot path I was as brave as ever.

More serious was my mishap at Niagara Falls. I sat one day for a long time by the very edge of that sinking flood, seeing

> "All its store of inland waters hurled
> In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,"

NOT WINDSOR PARK—MERELY A POPULOUS STREET IN A PIONEER TOWN—THEY CLEARED THE FOREST, BUT REPLACED IT. IN MORE THAN ROYAL STATE, ABOUT AND ABOVE THEIR HOMES.

when suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the fatal fascination was upon me. Had I tarried half a minute I would probably have gone with the moving water. But I fled to the hotel. And all that night long I was sinking away with the water. At every sinking spell I would seize the bed-stead for protection. Be charitable to those who go over Niagara. It is not always suicide.

At Mount Macgreggor General Grant's last view of earth fell upon a prospect nearly as extended, nearly as grand, as that seen from the Catskill mountain. It is still the Hudson plain, walled in by the towering Green Mountains and the Adirondacks. In the very center of the field of view is the spot so fatal to Burgoyne, so fortunate for America and the world.

Midst greens and shades the Catterskill leaps,
From cliffs where the wood-flower clings;
All summer he moistens his verdant steeps
With the sweet light spray of the mountain springs;
And he shakes the woods on the mountain side,
When they drip with the rains of autumn tide.

But when, in the forest bare and old,
The blast of December calls,
He builds, in the starlight clear and cold,
A palace of ice where his torrent falls,
With turret, and arch, and fretwork fair,
And pillars blue as the summer air.

For whom are those glorious chambers wrought,
In the cold and cloudless night?
Is there neither spirit nor motion of thought
In forms so lovely and hues so bright?
Hear what the gray-haired woodmen tell
Of this wild stream and its rocky dell.

'Twas hither a youth of dreamy mood,
A hundred winters ago,
Had wandered over the mighty wood,
When the panther's track was fresh on the snow,
And keen were the winds that came to stir
The long dark boughs of the hemlock fir.

Too gentle of mien he seemed and fair,
For a child of those rugged steeps;
His home lay low in the valley where
The kingly Hudson rolls to the deeps;
But he wore the hunter's frock that day,
And a slender gun on his shoulder lay.

And here he paused, and against the trunk
Of a tall gray linden leant,
When the broad clear orb of the sun had sunk
From his path in the frosty firmament,
And over the round dark edge of the hill
A cold green light was quivering still.

And the crescent moon, high over the green,
From a sky of crimson shone,
On that icy palace, whose towers were seen
To sparkle as if with stars of their own;
While the water, fell with a hollow sound,
'Twixt the glistening pillars ranged around.

Is that a being of life, that moves
Where the crystal battlements rise?
A maiden, watching the moon she loves,
At the twilight hour, with pensive eyes?
Was that a garment which seemed to gleam
Betwixt the eye and the falling stream?

'Tis only the torrent, tumbling o'er,
In the midst of those glassy walls,
Gushing, and plunging, and beating the floor
Of the rocky basin in which it falls.
'Tis only the torrent—but why that start?
Why gazes the youth with a throbbing heart?

He thinks no more of his home afar,
Where his sire and sister wait.

He heeds no longer how star after star
  Looks forth on the night, as the hour grows late.
He heeds not the snow-wreaths, lifted and cast,
From a thousand boughs, by the rising blast.

His thoughts are alone of those who dwell
  In the halls of frost and snow,
Who pass where the crystal domes upswell
  From the alabaster floors below,
Where the frost-trees bourgeon with leaf and spray,
And frost-gems scatter a silvery day.

"And oh that those glorious haunts were mine!"
  He speaks, and throughout the glen
Thin shadows swim in the faint moonshine,
  And take a ghastly likeness of men,
As if the slain by the wintry storms
Came forth to the air in their earthly forms.

WHERE GRASS-LAWN AND SHRUBBERY MEET—THE SUMMIT OF THE STATE PARK MOUND.

There pass the chasers of seal and whale,
  With their weapons quaint and grim,
And bands of warriors in glimmering mail,
  And herdsmen and hunters huge of limb.
There are naked arms, with bow and spear,
And furry gauntlets the carbine rear.

There are mothers—and oh how sadly their eyes
  On their children's white brows rest;
There are youthful lovers—the maiden lies
  In seeming sleep, on the chosen breast;
There are fair wan women with moonstruck air,
The snow stars flecking their long loose hair.

They eye him not as they pass along,
  But his hair stands up with dread,
When he feels that he moves with that phantom throng,
  Till those icy turrets are over his head,
And the torrent's roar as they enter seems
Like a drowsy murmur heard in dreams.

The glittering threshold is scarcely passed,
  When there gathers and wraps him round
A thick white twilight, sullen and vast,
  In which there is neither form nor sound;
The phantoms, the glory, vanish all,
With the dying voice of the waterfall.

Slow passes the darkness of that trance,
  And the youth now faintly sees
Huge shadows and gushes of light that dance
  On a rugged ceiling of unhewn trees,
And walls where the skins of beasts are hung,
And rifles glitter on antlers strung.

On a couch of shaggy skins he lies;
  As he strives to raise his head,
Hard-featured woodmen, with kindly eyes,
  Come round him and smooth his furry bed,
And bid him rest, for the evening star
Is scarcely set, and the day is far.

They had found at eve the dreaming one
  By the base of that icy steep,
When over his stiffening limbs begun
  The deadly slumber of frost to creep,
And they cherished the pale and breathless form,
Till the stagnant blood ran free and warm.

—*Bryant.*

A WILDERNESS AT HOME.

"Never hear the sweet music of speech,—
  I start at the sound of my own."

FOLLOW the Hudson to its sources if you would know what solitude means. The poet speaks of "hearing the silence." In the Adirondacks you feel it. It is not silence in itself that is awe-inspiring. There is something interesting in the silence of a prairie, in the silence of a trackless forest. But the silence of those eternal giants is crushing to a little human being. They stand around in all directions, giving you much of the time just space enough to pass through. The silence of those granite masses, and the silence of those birch trees and those hardy pines! Stillness intense, and stillness immense! You pant for breath. But it is only a phase of the subduing sublime which always brings man's littleness home to him, making him feel that he is but a speck, but a passing butterfly on the surface of eternal greatness. Hark! a movement, a stir! It is a little solitary bird; and it has vanished only to intensify the resuming stillness. Such are the Adirondacks, with uproarious civilization on every side. Such are the Adirondacks, dome after dome, and peak after peak, with their living lakes at intervals, and with their innumerable beds of lakes extinct.

"Centuries old are the mountains,
Their foreheads wrinkled and rifted,
Helios crowns by day,
Pallid Selene by night.
* * * *
Guarding the mountains around
Majestic the forests are standing.
Bright are their crested helms,
Dark is their armor of leaves."

* * * *

Wandering through the Adirondacks in such a mood, I chanced upon a sight that was truly appalling to me. I came suddenly upon a little hamlet

ROUNDING WOODED ISLAND.

scattered over a little widening in the valley. This ought not to appall one after being oppressed with solitude; and at first it did not appall me. I was delighted to run up against my kind. I would have caressed the veriest ragamuffin that roamed about the streets. There was the tavern on the corner; there was the store; there were the dwelling houses; there was the little school-house; there was the little meeting-house; and over there was God's acre gleaming with its little white stones. But to my horror I found that not one of the houses was inhabited. The houses were not demolished; they were scarcely defaced; they were simply abandoned. It was as if I had run against a buried Pompeii, as if I had run across a wreck at the bottom of the ocean

with all its appointments for living, but with none but silent spectres around. It was worse than Goldsmith's Deserted Village; for that village had been demolished, thus removing its gruesomeness from the eyes of the stranger.

> "Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
> And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
> There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
> The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

But here the modest mansion actually stood, silent and tenantless. The silence of a world without human life is awful; but the silence of a world from which human life has gone out is appalling. Some mountain industry had evidently suddenly failed; and the people had vanished in quest of bread.

But most appalling of all were those deserted graves. No one left to shed a tear of remembrance; no one left to plant a little flower; no one left to trim the grass, or fix the fence, or sink the failing inscriptions.

> "The dead reign there alone."

It would be an error to intimate that the Adirondacks have only their solemn side. There is solitude for him who wants it and society for him who prefers it. They swarm with happy tourists boating, fishing, hunting, driving, camping, resting, and enjoying themselves to the full. There is perhaps no region in the world more health-giving or enjoyable. It is ready for every mood.

A LITERARY NEMESIS.

I WAS READY for the ascent of the Catskill mountain, because I had read Rip Van Winkle. But I was not ready to visit the falls of the Hudson river when I first saw that fine sight; and I suffered a smarting chastisement in consequence. He who overlooks any of the romantic literature of his country deserves a sharp reminder; and he is fortunate to have the lash of remembrance fall upon him.

The Hudson gathers up all its trout streams and lake outlets in the Adirondacks and starts on its grand march to the sea.

Grand is the word that expresses it all the way along until the Rhine of America debouches into its beautiful doubly land-locked bay. As it emerges from the wilderness one of its first pranks is to turn on its side at Luzerne. There with unknown depths it rushes between rocks so near together that one might almost think of jumping across. But it quickly assumes its normal condition and proceeds with uneventful flow to Glen's Falls. There it divides on an island promontory and dashes down in two well-balanced cataracts some eighty feet into the gorge below. The island descends from the beetling acropolis above to a tapering plain below.

The sight from below of the two dashing showers is very fine. It was a warm July morning when I first enjoyed the scene; and I was well pleased to stumble upon a cave in the back-bone of the island. In that cavern I found a pleasant respite from the downward-beating rays of a July sun. The cave might have been some twenty feet long by five or six feet wide by about seven

feet high. After being rested and refreshed in the opportune coolness I started up the hill again. As I was climbing up I encountered a gentleman climbing down. He addressed me with exquisite politeness and with a pleasing foreign accent, asking if I would be so kind as to tell him where Cooper's cave was. The question staggered me and I looked very blank, at which the gentleman became much excited and very foreign. And the more excited he became the more foreign he became. "Cooper's cave, Cooper's cave! Zhay Fennimore Cooper. Zee Last of zee Moheeken. Eet moost be nearr hearr. Why, efery man in my coontree knows Cooperr's cave. I would not daerr go back to my coontree after coming within three hoonderred mile of Cooperr's cave without stopping to see it." Well, I was caught. I had not read "The

A FOREST IDYL—HOW THE CHILDREN OF THE PIONEERS EMBOWER THEMSELVES.

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch't, embower."

Last of the Mohicans;" and the torture I suffered in consequence was very keen. The gentleman did not intend to be unkind or impolite; he was just a little excited. The blush in my face was not due entirely to climbing the ridge in the heat. I at length found speech, and said that I could pilot him to a cavity in the rock, at which he was instantly mollified and very grateful. As we approached the entrance from which I had recently emerged the gentleman became very much excited, and very foreign again. "Oh, thees ees eet! I rraocognize eet! Beanteefool!" We sat down in the cool chamber;

and he drank in the sight with all the eagerness of a devotee. In tones more quiet and less foreign he requested me to break off that little piece of stone that he might carry it back to his country, a memento at once of this renowned cave and of the good friend who had visited it with him. The badly hammered "friend" got a little soothing revenge before leaving the cave by being able to tell the gentleman something about France which he did not know. Thus we both bore out the adage that a "prophet is not without honor except in his own country."

It is needless to say that I hastened to get a copy of "The Last of the Mohicans," in which I found a most thrilling incident located in that identical cave.

But you can go nowhere in the Hudson region without Cooper. You need him at Lake George, and Fort Edward, and all the way down to Sandy Hook. "The Last of the Mohicans," "Satanstoe," "The Spy," and "The Chainbearer" carry you all the way down to Staten Island; and there "The Water Witch" takes possession of you and sends you dancing through all the bays and the Sound. Yes, the rugged Cooper and the delicate Irving have made the region their own forever. The people of their imagination can never be dispossessed. All hail to the creative genius that can add a human interest to the grand domains of nature!

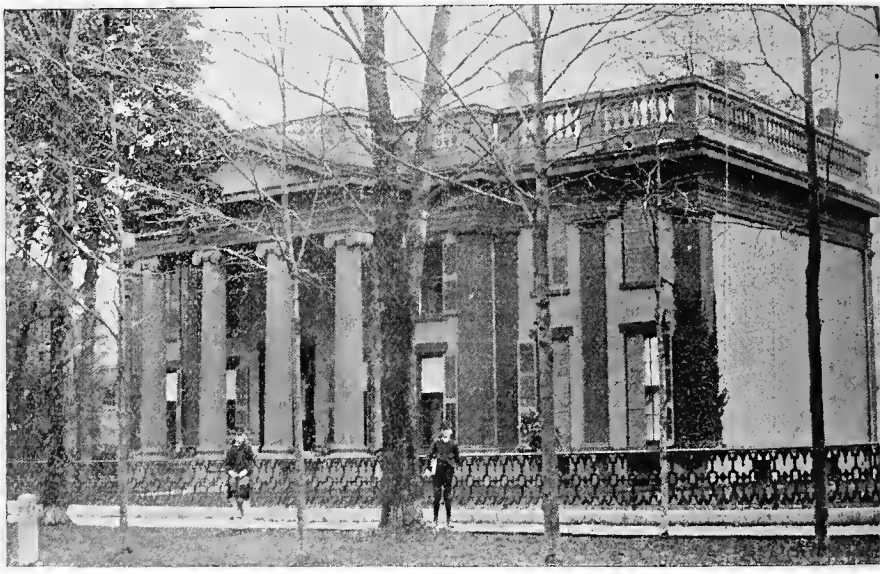
THE HUDSON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I THANK God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature; a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight forward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary;

he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life as I bathe in its ample billows and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy-land among the distant mountains; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine. * * * *



PIONEER ARCHITECTURE—THE RESIDENCE OF DEAN RICHMOND AT BATAVIA.

It was indeed—as my great-great-grandfather used to say—though in truth I never heard him, for he died, as might be expected, before I was born —"it was indeed a spot on which the eye might have revelled for ever, in ever-new and never-ending beauties." The island of Mannahata spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others loaded with a verdant burthen of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the

hills were scattered, in gay profusion, the dog-wood, the sumach, and the wild brier, whose scarlet berries and white blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that open along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow-creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers, issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods like a wild deer, to the utter astonishment of the phlegmatic Dutchmen, who had never heard such a noise, or witnessed such a caper, in their whole lives. * * * *

The name most current at the present day, and which is likewise countenanced by the great historian Vander Donck, is MANHATTAN; which is said to have originated in a custom among the squaws, in the early settlement, of wearing men's hats, as is still done among many tribes. "Hence," as we are told by an old governor who was somewhat of a wag, and flourished almost a century since, and had paid a visit to the wits of Philadelphia, "hence arose the appellation of man-hat-on, first given to the Indians, and afterwards to the island"—a stupid joke!—but well enough for a governor.

Another etymology still more ancient, and sanctioned by the countenance of our ever-to-be-lamented Dutch ancestors, is that found in certain letters still extant; which passed between the early governors and their neighbouring powers, wherein it is called indifferently Monhattoes—Munhatos, and Manhattoes, which are evidently unimportant variations of the same name; for our wise forefathers set little store by those niceties either in orthography or orthœpy which form the sole study and ambition of many learned men and women of this hypercritical age. This last name is said to be derived from the great Indian spirit Manetho, who was supposed to make this island his favorite abode, on account of its uncommon delights. For the Indian traditions affirm that the bay was once a translucid lake, filled with silver and golden fish, in the midst of which lay this beautiful island, covered with every variety of fruits and flowers; but that the sudden irruption of the Hudson laid waste these blissful scenes, and Manetho took his flight beyond the great waters of Ontario.

These, however, are fabulous legends to which very cautious credence must be given; and although I am willing to admit the last quoted orthography of the name, as very suitable for prose, yet is there another one founded on still more ancient and indisputable authority, which I particularly delight in, seeing that it is at once poetical, melodious, and significant—and this is recorded in the before-mentioned voyage of the great Hudson, written by master Juet; who clearly and correctly calls it MANNA-HATA—that is to say the island of Manna, or in other words—"a land flowing with milk and honey."

* * * * *

Thus rarely decorated, in style befitting the state of the puissant potentate of the Manhattoes, did the galley of Peter Stuyvesant launch forth upon the bosom of the lordly Hudson; which, as it rolled its broad waves to the ocean, seemed to pause for a while, and swell with pride, as if conscious of the illustrious burthen it sustained.

But trust me, gentlefolk, far other was the scene presented to the contemplation of the crew, from that which may be witnessed at this degenerate day. Wildness and savage majesty reigned on the borders of this mighty river—the hand of cultivation had not as yet laid down the dark forests, and tamed the features of the landscape—nor had the frequent sail of commerce yet broken in upon the profound and awful solitude of ages. Here and there might be seen a rude wigwam perched among the cliffs of the mountains, with its curling column of smoke mounting in the transparent atmosphere—but so loftily situated, that the whoopings of the savage children, gamboling on the margin of the dizzy heights, fell almost as faintly on the ears as do the notes of the lark, when lost in the azure vault of heaven. Now and then, from the

NOT THE BLACK FOREST—BUT A BEAUTIFUL POPULOUS STREET IN A PIONEER TOWN—HIDDEN TREASURES.

beetling brow of some rocky precipice, the wild deer would look timidly down upon the splendid pageant as it passed below; and then, tossing his branching antlers in the air, would bound away into the thickets of the forest.

Through such scenes did the stately vessel of Peter Stuyvesant pass. Now did they skirt the bases of the rocky heights of Jersey, which spring up like everlasting walls, reaching from the waves unto the heavens; and were fashioned, if traditions may be believed, in times long past, by the mighty spirit Manetho, to protect his favorite abodes from the unhallowed eyes of mortals. Now did they career it gayly across the vast expanse of Tappan Bay, whose wide extended shores present a vast variety of delectable scenery —here the bold promontory, crowned with embowering trees, advancing into

the bay—there the long woodland slope, sweeping up from the shore in rich luxuriance, and terminating in the upland precipice—while at a distance a long waving line of rocky heights threw their gigantic shades across the water. Now would they pass where some modest little interval, opening among these stupendous scenes, yet retreating as it were for protection into the embraces of the neighboring mountains, displayed a rural paradise, fraught with sweet and pastoral beauties; the velvet-tufted lawn, the bushy copse, the tinkling rivulet, stealing through the fresh and vivid verdure—on whose banks was situated some little Indian village, or, peradventure, the rude cabin of some solitary hunter.

The different periods of the revolving day seemed each, with cunning magic, to diffuse a different charm over the scene. Now would the jovial sun break gloriously from the east, blazing from the summits of the hills, and sparkling the landscape with a thousand dewy gems; while along the borders of the river were seen heavy masses of mist, which, like midnight caitiffs, disturbed at his approach, made a sluggish retreat, rolling in sullen reluctance up the mountains. At such times, all was brightness and life and gayety—the atmosphere seemed of an indescribable pureness and transparency—the birds broke forth in wanton madrigals, and the freshening breezes wafted the vessel merrily on her course. But when the sun sank amid a flood of glory in the west, mantling the heavens and the earth with a thousand gorgeous dyes—then all was calm, and silent, and magnificent. The late swelling sail hung lifelessly against the mast; the seamen with folded arms leaned against the shrouds, lost in that involuntary musing which the sober grandeur of nature commands in the rudest of her children. The vast bosom of the Hudson was like an unruffled mirror, reflecting the golden splendor of the heavens, excepting that now and then a dark canoe would steal across its surface, filled with painted savages, whose gay feathers glared brightly, as perchance a lingering ray of the setting sun gleamed upon them from the western mountains.

But when the hour of twilight spread its magic mists around, then did the face of nature assume a thousand fugitive charms, which, to the worthy heart that seeks enjoyment in the glorious works of its Maker, are inexpressibly captivating. The mellow dubious light that prevailed, just served to tinge with illusive colors the softened features of the scenery. The deceived but delighted eye sought vainly to discern, in the broad masses of shade, the separating line between the land and water; or to distinguish the fading objects that seemed sinking into chaos. Now did the busy fancy supply the feebleness of vision, producing with industrious craft a fairy creation of her own. Under her plastic wand the barren rock frowned upon the watery waste, in the semblance of lofty towers and high embattled castles—trees assumed the direful forms of mighty giants, and the inaccessible summits of the mountains seemed peopled with a thousand shadowy beings.

Now broke forth from the shores the notes of an innumerable variety of insects, which filled the air with a strange but not inharmonious concert—while ever and anon was heard the melancholy plaint of the whip-poor-will, who, perched on some lone tree, wearied the ear of night with his incessant moanings. The mind, soothed into a hallowed melancholy, listened with

pensive stillness to catch and distinguish each sound that vaguely echoed from the shore—now and then startled perchance by the whoop of some straggling savage, or the dreary howl of a wolf, stealing forth upon his nightly prowlings.

Thus happily did they pursue their course, until they entered upon those awful defiles denominated the Highlands, where it would seem that the gigantic Titans had erst waged their impious war with heaven, piling up cliffs on cliffs, and hurling vast masses of rock in wild confusion. But in sooth, very different is the history of these cloud-capped mountains. These in ancient days, before the Hudson poured his waters from the lakes, formed one vast prison, within whose rocky bosom the omnipotent Manetho confined the rebellious spirits who repined at his control. Here, bound in adamantine chains, or jammed in rifted pines, or crushed by ponderous rocks, they groaned for

Ellicott Square - south from Main

A GLIMPSE OF PARADISE—THE HIDDEN TREASURES COMING INTO VIEW.

many an age. At length the conquering Hudson, in his irresistible career towards the ocean, burst open their prison-house, rolling his tide triumphantly through its stupendous ruins.

Still, however, do many of them lurk about their old abodes; and these it is, according to venerable legends, that cause the echoes which resound throughout these awful solitudes; which are nothing but their angry clamors, when any noise disturbs the profoundness of their repose. For when the elements are agitated by tempest, when the winds are up and the thunder rolls, then horrible is the yelling and howling of these troubled spirits, making the mountains to rebellow with their hideous uproar; for at such times, it is said, they think the great Manetho is returning once more to plunge them in gloomy caverns, and renew their intolerable captivity.

But all these fair and glorious scenes were lost upon the gallant Stuyvesant; naught occupied his mind but thoughts of iron war, and proud anticipations of hardy deeds of arms. Neither did his honest crew trouble their vacant heads with any romantic speculations of the kind. The pilot at the helm quietly smoked his pipe, thinking of nothing either past, present, or to come—those of his comrades who were not industriously snoring under the hatches were listening with open mouths to Antony Van Corlear; who, seated on the windlass, was relating to them the marvelous history of those myriads of fire-flies that sparkled like gems and spangles upon the dusky robe of night. These, according to tradition, were originally a race of pestilent sempiternous beldames, who peopled these parts long before the memory of man; being of that abominated race emphatically called brimstones; and who, for their innumerable sins against the children of men, and to furnish an awful warning to the beauteous sex, were doomed to infest the earth in the shape of these threatening and terrible little bugs; enduring the internal torments of that fire, which they formerly carried in their hearts, and breathed forth in their words.

And now am I going to tell a fact, which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe; but if they do, they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history, for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be known then that the nose of Antony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda; being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Antony having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter-railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below—just at this moment, the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendor from behind one of the high bluffs of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down, hissing hot, into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel! This huge monster, being with infinite labor hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavor, excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people.

When this astonishing miracle came to be made known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marveled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Antony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighborhood—and it has continued to be called Antony's Nose ever since that time.

Cool shades and dews are round my way,
And silence of the early day;
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled, save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the still clear water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

All, save this little nook of land
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth, that soonest pass away.
The rose that lives its little hour,
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thoughts of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose,
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shalt turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

—*Bryant.*

THE MAN OF VALLEY FORGE.

F. B. REDFIELD.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;

A world of blossom for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant springs of bloom,
We plant with the apple-tree.

* * * *

"Who planted this apple-tree?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say;
And gazing on its mossy stem
The gray-haired man shall answer them;
"A poet of the land was he
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple-tree."

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

MY GRANDFATHER, Peleg Redfield, came to the Genesee country from Sheffield, Connecticut, in 1799, and took a soldier's claim in the town of Manchester, Ontario county, a few miles from Clifton Springs. He had served throughout the Revolutionary War, was with Washington at Valley Forge, and shared in all the horrors of

that winter encampment. He had two peculiarly bitter experiences that winter on the top of all the other troubles. He was taken down with small-pox and narrowly escaped with his life. While out on a scout with another soldier, they were espied and chased by a detachment of Hessian cavalry. The fugitives turned in at a farm-house to run across a field to some woods beyond. In passing the barn the other soldier slipped around to an over-turned sleigh and got in under the box. Grandfather ran on, and was half way across the field before he realized that the other soldier was not with him. He halted a moment, and saw the Hessians tearing down the bars and rushing through the yard. They quickly located the poor soldier by his tracks in the snow. Grandfather saw them order him out from under the box and cut him down without a moment's grace. He then ran for his life to the woods, and succeeded in eluding his pursuers. He passed the whole night in the woods. It

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON.

was bitterly cold, and both his feet were frozen. They were never entirely right afterwards. He was with Washington all through the war; on Long Island, at White Plains, on the retreat through the Jerseys, at Trenton and Princeton, at Brandywine, Germantown, Valley Forge, Monmouth and Yorktown. He witnessed the execution of Major Andre, and always spoke of his fate with sympathy and regret. He told of the horrible destitution of the army when a year's pay in paper money would hardly buy a meal of victuals. We have a piece of the Continental scrip which he received at Valley Forge. But he used to describe vividly the change that took place in their comforts when Robert Morris came to their assistance. The soldiers revered Morris as their savior.

After all his sufferings in the Revolution he was ready for a struggle with the wilderness; and he fought out the battle of pioneering for nearly fifty

years longer. My father used to say that if privations did not kill them, you could not kill those old fellows with a club.

My grandfather lived to be 91, and was a hale and lively old gentleman to the last. He stayed to the last on the farm which he took up in 1799. He retired, of course, from active business in his later life, and turned his farm over to one of his sons, with whom he continued to live. He kept for his own use a white mare and a buggy. The well-preserved old Continental and his unique little turn-out, were quite an interesting sight in the neighborhood. When my father would go to visit him in his last years the old gentleman would meet him at Clifton Springs with his little white mare and his little buggy and carry him out to the farm. On one occasion, on reaching the house, he bounded to the ground like an India-rubber ball, and began to pull down some steps, saying slyly to his son: "Heman, here are some steps that I have fixed for the convenience of the women folks."

It was his fate to die a sort of violent death after all. A boy came into the neighborhood suffering with small-pox. No one would go near him. Grandfather said that the boy must have care, and, as he had had the small-pox at Valley Forge, he claimed that he was small-pox proof, and would attend the boy. He was warned of the peril; but he said that the poor boy must have care. He went to the pest house, took the small-pox, and died. By a curious coincidence the figures were just reversed; he was just 19 when he was stricken with the disease at Valley Forge; he was just 91 when he died of it in the Genesee country.

His was a long life of unremitting service; but it was throughout a life of spotless purity and integrity.

The pioneers were always kind and helpful to each other; but what they did they did as a matter of course, and never said anything about it. The gates of my grandfather's silence, however, were once broken open in the midst of a spectacular and amusing scene. My father served in the State Senate in the early twenties. He was one of the "seventeen" who successfully resisted the attempt to change the law relating to the election of Presidential electors. For this they were for a time intensely unpopular, though the reaction afterwards came, and they were then known as the "glorious seventeen." But they were all burned in effigy, and were threatened with personal violence. Coffin handbills were sent to them, and "King Caucus" was denounced as "over-riding the will of the people." Father found a placard posted on a wooden horse and left near his door. No pioneer needed any explanation of the hint intended to be conveyed by the wooden horse. In order to have some help in case of violence he had his law clerk sleep in his house.

In the midst of these troubles he paid a visit to my grandfather. As the evening was wearing on they were suddenly astonished by a great illumination in the yard. Looking out they saw my father's effigy yielding to the devouring flames in the presence of a great crowd. My father was rather amused than otherwise, and stood gazing through the window at the martyrdom of his own poor image. Suddenly an apparition darted into the midst of the glare. It was that of an old man in his shirt sleeves with a pitchfork in his hands, and his white hair flying in the breeze, as he charged upon the nearest squad of the disturbers, and drove them off into the darkness. Then

returning to another squad, he drove them off pell-mell in another direction. And as they rallied Old '76 would give them again and again the charge of Trenton, and Stony Point, and Yorktown, until he stood in victorious possession of the evacuated field. And he accompanied every vicious lunge with an objurgation: "Insult my son, will you, you worthless wretches? I'll teach you your manners, if you've never learned them before. Was it for this that I sheltered your families when you came into the wilderness?" And the murderous fork came gleaming into the faces of his quondam proteges. "Was it for this that I gave you a cow?" And where there were once bowels of mercy, there was now a raging fury, seeking with his pitchfork the bowels

THE COURT OF HONOR FROM THE PERISTYLE.

that had once digested his food. I have heard it said that people can tell when a man means to hit. This was the only occasion when my grandfather ever alluded to his benefactions; and this was the only collision he ever had with his neighbors. It was the one solitary outburst of violence in half a century of quiet attention to duty.

My grandfather and his boys came to be possessed of a very comfortable competence. But they started in a very humble way. After filing on his claim he went back to Connecticut and brought his family out the next year, 1800. They came in a sleigh, and fed their horses the last day on brown bread. My father assisted in building the house that stands there to-day, and in doing so he fell and cut off his finger. They made the brick for the chimney by hand, and those bricks are still in their place. Some of the apple-trees planted by them nearly a century ago are still standing.

The typical pioneer was ready for any emergency. After leaving the army my grandfather worked for a time at making shoes. His neighbors availed themselves freely of this skill. When one came with a pair of shoes to be cobbled he would hand him the axe and tell him to go on chopping while he did the cobbling. And when the job was finished the accounts were always squared. One pair of shoes a year was the rule; and no one could break over it. If any one's shoes went to pieces before the end of the year he

THE MAUSOLEUM OF DEAN RICHMOND AT BATAVIA.

would have to tie them up with birch bark and hobble along to the appointed limit.

When our people came to the Genesee country they were guided by blazed trees in the woods.

The wolves would come right into the door-yard. One Sunday, while all the rest of the family were away at church, a very fine deer came into the yard; and my father took down the gun and shot it. The neighborhood was very much scandalized by this desecration of the Sabbath, and my father was under a cloud for quite awhile. One evening while out looking for the cows he

saw a gigantic bear sitting up on his haunches on the opposite side of a creek. He beat a retreat for home, and left the cows out that night.

Speaking of the shoes, the settlers tanned the hides themselves, and supplied about all their own wants at first hand.

When a man got into the nineties they began to look upon him as a little old. Delos Dodgson, however, says that his uncle was a good squirrel hunter at 98, and did not die till he was 103.

My grandfather drew a soldier's pension. He gave it all away in charity, and much more with it. He was always ready to leave anything that he was doing and go berrying with the children.

My father taught school and boarded around. He said that he always preferred the houses where the pretty girls were.

He served in the war of 1812. Was in the battle of Queenstown Heights. He rode through Buffalo soon after it was burned and saw just two houses standing.

He studied law with John C. Spencer at Canandaigua and hung out his shingle at Le Roy. When he selected Batavia he thought that on the whole it promised to be a larger town than Buffalo.

He was in the Legislature in 1824, and was collector of the port of New York under Pierce. He came to Batavia to take charge of the Land Office.

My brothers were in the war of the Rebellion. We had no one in Mexico. That is the one break in our military history.

[The following additional information in regard to Heman J. Redfield is from Beers's Gazetteer of Genesee County. "He was in the battle of Queenstown Heights, and was with General Harrison at Fort George, where he received a brevet from the commanding general for gallant services. . . . He soon became distinguished as a lawyer. When arrangements were made for the trial of those accused of abducting William Morgan he was offered the position of special counsel to assist the attorney-general. . . . In 1835 he also declined the office of circuit judge tendered him by Governor Marcy. . . . It was highly creditable to him that, when he rendered his accounts as collector of the port of New York, involving the large sum of $143,493,957 they were settled exactly as he rendered them. . . . In all the perils to which our country has been exposed, he has ever been on the side of the Government. He sustained Mr. Polk throughout the Mexican war, and exerted himself on the side of the Government during the late war. . . . His first wife was Abby Noyes Gould, whom he married at Canandaigua, Ontario county, January 27, 1817. She died at Batavia on the 11th of February, 1841, in the 44th year of her age. The following children only survive them both: Elizabeth Gould, wife of Robert W. Lowber, of Bald Mountain, Washington county; Mary Judd, wife of Major Henry I. Glowacki, residing at Batavia; Jane, wife of Lawrence Turnure, of New York City; Cornelia, the widow of Rear Admiral Ralph Chandler, U. S. N., lately in command of the Asiatic station, at preset residing at Yokohama, Japan; and Anna M., the widow of George Evan, of Albany, N. Y. In 1846 he married for his second wife Constance C. Bolles, of Newark, N. J., of English and French ancestry, who survives him, and by whom he had four children, as follows: Frank B. Redfield, Abby L. Sunderland, Una Clark (Mrs. Daniel W. Tomlinson), all of whom reside at Batavia, and Martha Evans, wife of Lieut. Rodman, U. S. N., now stationed at Newport, R. I."]

GENERAL SCOTT.

JOHN F. LAY.

THE OLD "Frontier House" in Batavia was situated on Brisbane Place, almost on the site of the present Brisbane mansion, and was kept by a man named Keyes. Mrs. Keyes was a very tidy and capable body, and was the moving spirit of the hotel. It was General Scott's fortune to come twice to Batavia, each time under very interesting circumstances, and once in the broad light of history. When he fell wounded

STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING, WASHINGTON CITY.

at Lundy's Lane, his first field of fame, he was brought with other mangled sufferers to Batavia for care and treatment. There is a tradition that the Land Office was, for a time, his hospital. Here he was nursed back into health for the making of other great pages in history. But about the first history he made was a brilliant marriage, the bride of the hero of Lundy's Lane being a bud or blossom of one of the first families of Virginia. The distinguished bridal party appeared in Batavia on their way to Niagara Falls and the old battlefields, and sought accommodations at the old Frontier Hotel. Business was very brisk, and the old Frontier House had heavy demands upon its accommodations. The quarters assigned to the bridal party seemed to the Belle of the old Dominion utterly unworthy of such guests, and she spoke very freely of what she thought was due to General Scott, and Mrs. General Scott, and Mrs. General Scott's sister. The reply of the sturdy Mrs. Keyes has come down to us: "I told Mrs. General Scott and Mrs. General Scott's sister

that my house was as of good standing as any in the country, and if they did not like my accommodations they might go elsewhere."

The imperious Mrs. Scott had been a Miss Mayo, the reigning beauty of Richmond. When Captain Scott attempted to storm the citadel of her heart he was told that it was "impossible; not to be thought of." When *Colonel* Scott attempted the same bold enterprise, he was assurred that it was "somewhat more reasonable." But when *General* Scott came crowned with the laurels of Lundy's Lane, he was pronounced "irresistible," and the fortress at once surrendered at discretion.

My father and General Scott became close friends. I remember seeing the latter at our house. We have a large portrait of the General in full regimentals. We have also an autograph letter of the General to my father, deploring a somewhat amusing mistake. My father was taking my brother George W. and me to Yale College, and passing through New York he took us up to General Scott's hotel to present us. He sent up his card, and the reply came down that the General was not in. The letter explains why he was "not in." There was at the time at West Point an obstreperous cadet from Virginia bearing the same name as my father, George W. Lay. The irregularities of this young man had put him under a cloud with all the military authorities, and the General was not disposed to give him audience. The letter states that when the General found out his mistake he sent out three servants in as many different directions to find my father; but their quest was vain.

The breach between the General and the rebuked cadet could not have been very deep, for the young man afterwards served on the General's staff during the Mexican war as his military secretary.

The father of the offending cadet was a distant relation of ours, and his name was John O. Lay. His two sons bore the same names as my brother and myself, John F. and George W. He had a third son, Henry C., who afterwards became Bishop of Maryland.

When General Scott was brought wounded from the battle-field of Lundy's Lane to Batavia he was carried all the way in a litter on the shoulders of men.

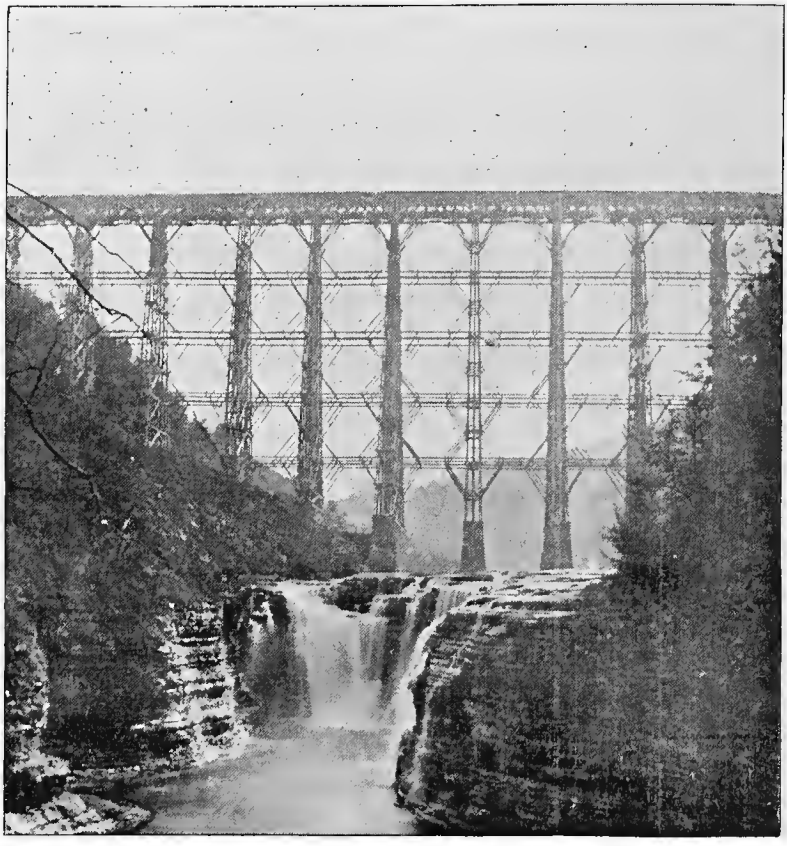
When convalescent he started for Geneva. On the way he stopped for dinner at a hotel in Stafford kept by a man by the name of Ezekiel Hall. The pigeons that were served up were not quite as savory as a delicate palate could wish; and the General, being still irritable from the state of his health, took the objectionable birds and threw them out of the window.

Game and fish were very abundant in the primeval Genesee woods. Wild turkeys were found running through the woods. Five hundred deer were killed in one season in Steuben county.

Hall afterwards kept the Eagle Hotel in Batavia. He came into collision with a temperance lecturer by the name of Hyde, who was reforming the town; and they had a vicious interchange of puns. Hall wrathfully cried out, "That fellow's *hyde* will be hanging on the fence before he leaves. He'll steal." Hyde returned to the charge. Mounting a barrel in the street he vociferated: "Old King Alcohol, or rather his son, *Zeke Hall*, says that my hide's on the fence, and that I'll steal before I leave town."

James Brisbane was inclined to be contentious. There were few of the

citizens with whom he had not at some time come into collision. In due time he had an altercation with the landlord Hall mentioned above. He discharged a crushing epithet at Hall by calling him a "non-producer." "You keep tavern and live upon the laboring men." "Well," was the reply, "what do you produce?" "I have cleared more land than any one in Western New York." "Yes, you take settlers contracts and clear them off from their farms



THE OLD WOODEN RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTAGE.

and rob them of their improvements. That's all you do in the way of production."

The region toward Oakfield was called the "great plain," because of its openings. The people used to go out there in parties from Batavia to gather strawberries, and get plums, peaches, and apples at the farm of Gideon Dunham, an old pioneer, one of the followers of Shay in his rebellion. He was an exceedingly rough, profane man. The place is now known as Dunham's Cor-

ners. Gideon Dunham was the pioneer fruit grower in the Genesee country.

I must put on record one more little anecdote in regard to Daniel H. Chandler. I see that the Swiss government has abolished the story of William Tell. But I regard the exploit as quite possible after what was actually done here. Indeed, I think that in this case fiction will have to humble itself before fact.

Mr. Chandler prided himself on shooting with a rifle. He had a rifle he called Selter. When he was building his house, which is now the residence of Gad B. Worthington, he was on the roof, superintending the workmen, when his attention was called to a piggy with a tail curled so tight as to lift its hind legs from the ground. Being impressed with the novelty of the sight and wishing to secure the curl of the tail, he rushed down for Selter and ascended to the roof, Selter in hand. He loaded Selter with an extra charge of powder and rammed the bullet home with all his strength. He then placed himself in position on the timbers of the roof, and having placed Selter in line, took accurate aim at the point where the curled ring of piggy's tail connected with the body. After he became satisfied that his aim did not vary a hair breadth he fired, and piggy ran away squealing. After watching piggy's movements for some time, and becoming satisfied that he was not injured, he descended from the roof and went to the spot where piggy stood when he fired, and to his great astonishment he found the curled tail lying on the ground, cut off as smoothly as if it had been done with a razor. He then looked for piggy, and on examination found that his caudal appendage had been shaved off close to the body, demonstrating the wonderful accuracy of his aim and the surpassing excellence of Selter for shooting long distances.

MORRISIANA.

WE (the Board of War) had exhausted all the lead accessible to us; having caused even the spouts of houses to be melted; and had unsuccessfully offered the equivalent of two shillings specie (25 cents) per pound for lead. I went on the evening of the day in which I received a letter from the army, to a splendid entertainment given by Don Mirailles, the Spanish minister. My heart was sad, but I had the faculty of brightening my countenance even under the most gloomy disasters; yet it seems not then with sufficient adroitness, for Mr. Morris, who was one of the guests, and knew me well, discovered some casual trait of depression. He accosted me in his usual frank and ingenuous manner, saying: "I see some clouds passing across the sunny countenance you assume; what is the matter?" After some hesitation I showed him the General's letter which I had brought from the office, with the intention of placing it at home in a private cabinet. He played with my anxiety, which he did not relieve for some time. At length, with good and sincere delight, he called me aside and told me that the Holker privateer had just arrived at the wharf with ninety tons of lead, which she had brought as ballast. "You shall have," said Mr. Morris, "my half of this fortunate supply; there are the owners of the other half" (indi-

cating gentlemen in the department). The other half was obtained. Before morning a supply of cartridges was ready and sent off to the army.—*Judge Peters.*

In his person (as now recollected) he was of nearly six feet in stature; of large, full, well-formed, vigorous frame, with clear, smooth, florid complexion. His loose, gray hair was unpowdered; his eyes were gray, of middle size, and uncommonly brilliant. He wore, as was common at that day, a full suit of broadcloth of the same color, and of light mixture. His manners were gracious and simple, and free from the formality which generally prevails. He was very affable, and mingled in common conversation, even with the young. —*Sullivan.*

Frank, generous and manly mortal.—*John Adams.*

Upon him had devolved the financiering for our country in a period of peril and embarrassment. When the army of Washington, unpaid, were lacking food and raiment; murmuring as they well might be; *it was his purse and credit that more than once prevented its dispersion, and the failure of the glorious achievement of Independence. His ships were upon the ocean, his notes of hand forming a currency, his drafts honored everywhere among capitalists in his own country, and in many of the marts of commerce in Europe.*

A reverse of fortune, saddening to those who are now enjoying the blessings to which he so eminently contributed—who wish that no cloud had gathered around the close of his useful life—intervened between the dates of the two letters.—*O. Turner.*

This building, within whose walls has been transferred the original title to every piece of ground in Western New York, is the memorial dedicated today to Robert Morris, and with shame be it said, it is the only monument his countrymen have thus far granted to his memory.

Washington's lofty monument is red with the setting sun after the electric lights are lit in the streets; Lincoln's name has not yet died out of the newspapers; Grant will sleep in a marble palace by the lovely Hudson; but Morris——. *Frank C. Drake.*

The whole Morris family will always feel grateful to Batavia for the honor shown the memory of our patriot ancestor. To be the first to do tardy justice is something to be proud of, and will always be remembered. The base ingratitude shown him during his final years, shows more clearly now than it probably did then, as our manners and customs are so different, but justice, thanks to Batavia, is at last being done to all that he was in our struggle for Independence.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the patriotism of Batavia, and the name of your town is now known broadcast over the country.

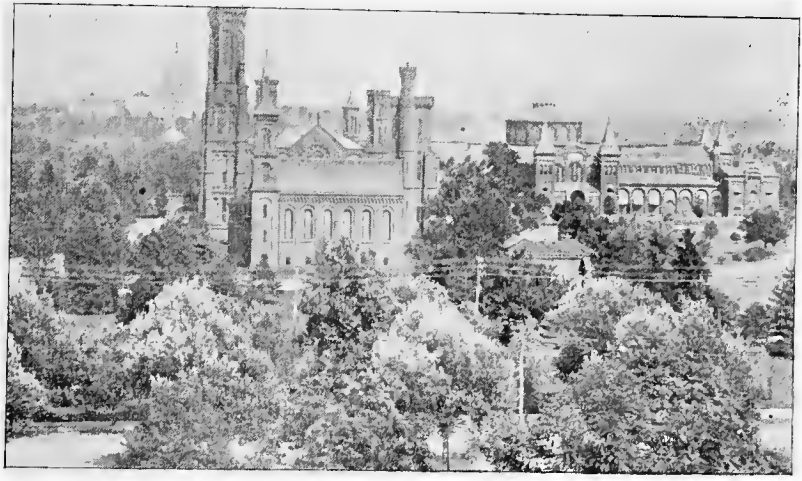
We would express our appreciation of all the delightful hospitality shown us on Saturday. It will always remain a charming memory.—*Mary Morris White Church.*

Now this venerable building has become the first, and lamentably the only, monument to the memory of a unique patriot—a man who involved himself in financial ruin and went to a debtor's prison that his country might live. —*Harper's Weekly.*

The celebration at Batavia yesterday became an event of national sig-

nificance because the occasion had been seized to do public honor, for the first time, to the memory of Robert Morris, the patriot, to whom as much as any other one man America owes its freedom, who gave all his substance freely to his country, and whom his country left to die in poverty and forgot with all convenient speed.

The direct occasion of the commemoration that crowded Batavia with visitors yesterday was the preservation of a famous local landmark and historical relic, the old land office, by the Holland Purchase Historical Society. The substantial stone building, dating from 1813, which in its early days had been the business headquarters of the whole region, was diverted from its original purpose in 1839, when the Holland Land Company ceased to exist, and since then has passed through many hands and known evil days. The building was falling into decay, and would soon have been torn down, had not a



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON.

number of patriotic citizens determined to save it. They formed a historical society, acquired title to the building, and will make it a historical museum, the shrine and conservator of the history and tradition of the region. It was decided to publicly dedicate it to its new uses, and out of this decision grew the celebration of yesterday, which made Batavia a center of national interest.

It was a happy thought that suggested linking the name and memory of a man to whom the country had owed much and rendered nothing, with the local celebration. Robert Morris had been the original white owner of all the land which passed from him to the Holland Land Company, and might have remained its owner but for the fact that he had made himself a bankrupt as a result of his services to his country. There may be other places on whom the duty of honoring his memory rested more particularly than on Batavia; indeed, there was no American city or village or hamlet on which this

duty did not rest. But they had all with one accord neglected it, and it is peculiarly to Batavia's honor that, first of all American communities, it paid honor to this great and neglected patriot. It was this feature of the celebration that brought the members of the present national cabinet to Batavia to take part in the celebration, that made it particularly appropriate that the present Secretary of the Treasury of the United States should deliver the address at the dedication of a monument to the memory of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United Colonies.

For the old Holland Land Office will stand as this nation's first monument to one of its foremost founders, somewhat mitigating a long-standing disgrace. He asked for bread and, after many years, we have given him, at least, a stone. Whittier's "Prisoner for Debt" applies, in every line, to Robert Morris, who spent more than one Independence Day in a debtor's prison, and remembering that, no American could read it without a tingle of shame.

Batavia has earned general thanks for the spirit of patriotism that prompted yesterday's observance as well as general congratulations upon the success of the occasion.—*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.*

The Batavians are making no mistake in emphasizing the relation of Robert Morris, a truly great man, with the development of our region. There has been organized the Holland Purchase Historical Society, which has acquired title to the property, and will preserve it and make it an historical museum. It is appropriate that Secretary Carlisle, who now presides over the Department which was first directed by Robert Morris, should make the dedicatory address. The historical celebration at Batavia on October 13th has aroused a widespread interest, and should prove stimulative to other places which have buildings of historic interest worthy of preservation.—*Buffalo Express.*

I had not the pleasure of meeting you on Saturday, when I could, in person, have given you my congratulations on the great success of the Morris memorial enterprise. You can fairly say of it: *Magna pars fui.*

Its conception was original and not without an element of courage.

Additional to the local virtue of the Morris memorial at Batavia, I believe its moral influence will lead to acts of National justice to a long, almost criminally, neglected character.

Even Philadelphia must now feel her own honor is in question, and be moved to do justice to the memory of her great citzen.—*James O. Putnam.*

Yesterday's dedication of the Holland Land Office to the memory of Robert Morris was a National affair. Had the efficient committee which planned and so admirably carried out the celebration stopped at lesser lines the ceremonies would have been local, and Western New York would not have been linked with the history of the Nation in so marked a manner.

It was no small undertaking which Batavia's people so successfully carried out yesterday. Planned on broad lines and executed without a hitch, the people of Genesee's county-seat have every reason to feel proud of what they accomplished. The presence of members of the Cabinet lent the affair National importance in addition to its historical interest. And among some of the invited guests were lineal descendants of the great Morris.—*Buffalo Express.*

All honor to that man who forward came
In "times that tried men's souls," long years ago.
And gave his wealth and pledged his spotless name,
To drive forever from our shores the foe.

The memory of Morris long shall stand,
With honor crowned beneath these sunny skies;
The sons and daughters of our favored land
Will not forget his love and sacrifice.

'Twas he who awakened from their wild repose
These hills and valleys, stretching far away,
That now unfold their beauty like the rose.
That gives its dew drops to the kiss of Day.

When armies faltered for the lack of bread,
When bugles ceased to call and drums to beat,
He came with patriot heart and hasty tread,
And laid his millions at his country's feet,

Freedom's immortal Declaration bears
The name of Morris on its sacred page;
With changing years his record brighter wears,
While granite crumbles at the touch of Age

Then dedicate this structure to his name,
While music sweet floats out upon the air,
These walls shall to the world speak forth his fame,
And these fair valleys shall be still more fair.

—*John H. Yates.*

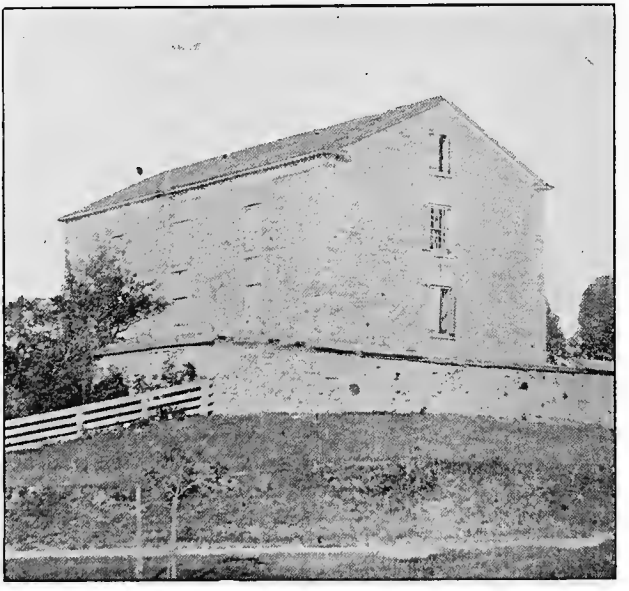
A LINGUISTIC DIGRESSION.

THAT veracious traveler, the Baron Munschausen, relates that when he was in the Artic regions he was one day much surprised at hearing the tones of sweet music, though no musicians were visible anywhere within the bleak and desolate landscape. After much mystification the remarkable truth at last dawed upon his intelligence. Some musicians had been in that neighborhood the previous year and as they played their entrancing strains the music was quickly frozen in the air in that severly low temperature, and the lucky Baron had arrived just in time to hear it as it thawed out again under the mellow influence of the brief Arctic summer.

This fable has its exact counterpart in a recent experience of the world. After the silence of scores of centuries the ear of the world is astonished by a sound in the air. It is the voice of remotest ages singing of the whereabouts of mankind, and of the experiences of its life and soul.

Notwithstanding the Hindoo philosophy the human heart yearns to escape oblivion. Human nature shrinks from sinking back into nothingness. The highest note of triumph in the poetry of Horace and the prose of Thucydides was where each expressed the conviction that he had achieved immortality for his name. With an ecstatic thrill the poet sings; "I have built me a monument more enduring than brass; my name shall never die." Then with the vision, as well as the instinct, of prophecy, he says: "In remotest ages the boys in schools will be thumbing my books." We know that two thous-

and years after his time the boys are diligently thumbing his books; and we see no reason why the boys may not be doing so thousands of years hence. To enjoy Horace is the peculiar privilege of the best of scholars in the best of schools. When Herodotus, the Father of History, read at the Olympian games his story of the nations, that masterpiece of a new art and a new literature attracted the most profound attention. Among the silent auditors a mere lad was observed to give vent to extreme emotion. When questioned as to the cause of his distress the young Thucydides said that he would know no peace of mind until he had produced a work that should equal that to which he had just listened. In due time there appeared that stately classic, the History of the Peloponnesian war. The simple narrative of Herodotus was eclipsed by the painting of a master who had seen the Parthenon rise



THE GUARDIAN OF THE FRONTIER—THE OLD ARSENAL AT BATAVIA ON A MOUND OF THE GENESEE.

and who tingled in every fibre of his being with the art of the Golden Age. The contemporary of Pericles could not be deficient in form; his work is as symmetrical, chaste, and grand as a Doric temple. Though taking the form of prose, it is yet in its harmonies of language an outpouring of sweetest music, the music of an Athenian's sensitive lyre. His diction affords the best example of the famous "Attic salt;" and his work at every turn bears the key-note of the Parthenon. In form and sense he is the very expression of his time, the very blossom of that great Golden Age of art. The provincial Ionic dialect of Herodotus was succeeded in history by the metropolitan diction of Thucydides. Herodotus's string of charming episodes was succeeded by a great picture with a central unity and a consistent plan. The guileless

credulity and ravishing gossip of Herodotus were in marked contrast to the careful statement and the masterly analysis of the philosophical historian.

The boy had achieved his object in eclipsing the book that had moved his tears of emulation. But when the work was done he realized that the victory over Herodotus was but a minor incident in the achievement. The idea of immortal fame came over him; it thrilled him to the depths of his soul; and four hundred years before Horace did the same thing, he cast all false modesty to the winds and ejaculated: "Why, this will live forever, carrying my name down to the admiration of remotest ages." Yes, the greatest canvas of history is that which portrays Pericles standing with the Parthenon for a back-ground and delivering to Thucydides, Phidias, Praxiteles, Euripides, Socrates, and thirty thousand other Athenians that marvelous panegyric on the dead of the first year of the war. But greater than the picture was the artist that could portray it; and when he realized what he had done, he then knew what immortality meant. Thucydides is read with avidity to-day by those most classical of classical students who have not been unwise enough to evade the study of Greek. Milton felt the same thrill; and he, too, announced his own apotheosis, though in a more subdued form. He ventured to express the hope that he had produced something that the world would not willingly let die. Bacon rose superior to all his misfortunes by the conviction that he had won the attentive ear of ages that would not be prejudiced by his faults.

The struggles after fame are in a sense the struggles of individuality against annihilation. One of the most touching passages in Horace is his statement that there were certainly great men before Agamemnon; but, lacking a Homer to sing of their deeds, they are as though they had not been. The genius of Homer has made all ages familiar with the personality of Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, Diomed, Ajax, Nestor, Tencer, Hector, Priam, and Æneas.

There *were* brave men before Agamemnon; and they did not always trust to having some timely Homer hear of and recount their deeds. A hundred years before the wooden horse was dragged through the dismantled wall of Troy the great Sesostris of Egypt was committing the story of his deeds to the apparently imperishable granite. That story may be read in Central Park, New York, to-day, on the very piece of granite selected by himself to preserve his name and fame immortal. That story is very distinct and definite to those who can decipher the hieroglyphic characters of that time; and its authenticity is vouched for by the royal ellipse or cartouch of the monarch himself, the unauthorized use of which was punishable with death.

The sovereign whose record thus drifted to Central Park three thousand years after his time was the identical Pharaoh who persecuted the Israelites and whose armies were engulfed in the waters of the Red Sea.

But the stone itself was not even then freshly hewn from the quarry; it had already been standing five hundred years in the rainless and frostless valley of the Nile, proclaiming on one of its surfaces the life and deeds of a still more ancient Pharaoh, a contemporary of Abraham, the same who had looked upon Sarah and saw that she was beautiful.

In the battle of the Pyramids Napoleon electrified his troops with the trumpet call: "Soldiers, forty centuries are looking down upon you!" The

obelisk now in Central Park, pointing its graceful shaft Heavenward, seems to pin together forty centuries of the world's history, as though it were a file made ready to receive them.

THE ARYANS.

HUMANITY has at last waked up to a realization of what it is to have an ancestry and to be deemed an "heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time." What is this past from which we have sprung? is one of the eager questions of the time; and it is found to a certain extent more answerable than the other great question, its correlative, what is this great future into which as a world we are going?

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

As to what this past has been we have for the first 2,500 years the direct testimony of witnesses who have deliberately undertaken to place on record their knowledge of passing events; in other words we have the historians. Back of the historians we have the apparently silent, but nevertheless eloquent testimony of monuments and material remains. A still earlier period sends us down the story in the traditions of the people transmitted from father to son. These are familiar sources of our knowledge of the past; and until recently it was thought that when we reached the misty period of tradition there was not much farther to go.

Just as history seemed completed, both as a story and a science, then there suddenly came to the astonished ears of the world this music in the air, singing of life and ages far back of history, far back of material monuments, far back of the earliest preserved traditions of mankind.

This wonderful revelation, this song in the air, teaches us not only who and what were the ancestors of the present races of the earth, but it also reveals the fact that mankind is its own unconscious historian—that the escape of a race from oblivion is not conditional in the fortunate appearance of a Homer, or the forethought of ambitious sovereigns.

We often hear of documents that contain a deeper import than is noticeable at the first glance. This deeper import is manifested only to him who is capable of reading between the lines. This music in the air is but a reading between the lines in the languages of the earth, a most marvelous undertone in the voice of humanity.

Words have a current sense as the media of communication between man and man; but words as organic forms have become the most enduring monuments of human life and experience. Generations come and go; but the generations do not altogether die; they leave their lives behind them, in an aggregate of knowledge and culture called civilization. But they also leave behind them their story crystallized in their language. This is the frozen music made manifest by the summer of scientific observation.

Nor am I now expressing a thought entirely new; the thought has not only been entertained, but beautifully expressed by one of our own finest poets:

> "Still linger in our noon of time
> And on our tongue
> The echoes of the earlier prime
> By Aryan mothers sung."

From this music in the air, and from that source alone, we learn that all the languages of Europe, and several of those of Asia, are descended from a common stock. The seat of that ancient prehistoric tribe has been located near the south-eastern shore of the Caspian Sea.

We are told in this wonderful minor key that they were agriculturists advanced to a very considerable degree above the stage of savagery, that they were a home-loving, cleanly, industrious race. This might have been presupposed by the traits manifest in their remote descendants, the present historic races of the world.

This ancient tribe were called Aryans from their territory of Ariana, the "Land of the plow." The same name is still applied to their descendants; but the latter are also called Indo-Europeans, from the territory which they now occupy.

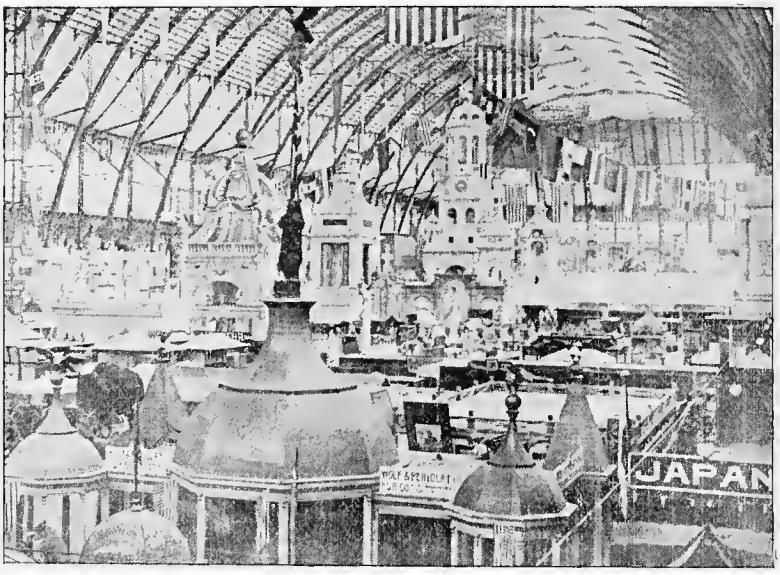
These Aryans, or Indo-Europeans, have made whatever is worth reading in the history of the world. They are called emphatically the historic races. The story of their achievements they have written, and carved, and sung; and they have unconsciously committed it to the indestructable media of the words constituting their speech.

The Aryans are making history to-day with most prodigious strides.

The leaders of this history-making are those who speak the English dialect. The English language is penetrating everywhere, and bids fair to become the universal language of the globe. Then will all be sharers in the Aryan tradition.

THE AWAKENING OF JAPAN.

ONE OF the most amazing occurrences in all history was the recent re-habilitation of Japan. The doctrine of the persistence of type, customs, and civilization received a great shock when the Japanese threw off their civilization as conveniently as they would throw aside an old garment, and stepped forth fully arrayed in western costume and in full sympathy with all western notions. But the secret is out; the mystery is revealed; there has been no miracle in Japan; there has been no exception to universal law.



A CITY WITHIN A BUILDING.

Instead of becoming Westernized in a few weeks it has taken nearly four hundred years to convert a Japanese on his native soil into an American gentleman.

Six years after Columbus discovered America the world was again stirred with the remarkable news that the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled, that Africa had been circumnavigated, that India had been reached by a continuous water route, entirely distinct from the western direction.

When Magellan realized the idea of Columbus, and got his vessel to India by way of the west, he found that the Portuguese had been there trading with their vessels for twenty-one years before him.

Those enterprising Portuguese had not tarried at India proper; they had pushed on around the coast out into the Pacific Ocean among the Spice Islands

and the Philippines, off even to distant Japan, the famous Cathay of Marco Polo.

The upper class of the Japanese were an astute and enterprising race. They were greatly taken by the strange wares brought by the mariners from afar; and for a time a lively commerce sprang up between them. The western articles that made the most profound impression were books, telling the story of the western world.

With all the delight of children listening to fairy tales, Japan began to read the wonderful stories of Cyrus and Darius and Miltiades, of Solon and Croesus and Xenophon, of Pericles and Phidias and Socrates, of Alexander and Hannibal and Cæsar, of Demosthenes and Cicero and Cato, of Charlemagne and Alfred and the Cid, of Richard and Saladin and Columbus.

They were rapidly becoming saturated with western ideas, when the government took the alarm. Fearing that the whole structure of society was in danger of being overturned, the foreigners were summarily excluded, and the natives were forbidden, under penalty of death, to have any intercourse with them whatsoever. It was made a capital offence for a native to have in his possession a single article of western production.

Having thus driven off the disturbing foreigners, the authorities felt again secure; and for over three hundred years, on account of her closed ports, Japan became a *terra incognita*, or unknown land.

In the early part of the present century the cannon of an American fleet compelled the opening of the ports, never to be closed again.

Instead of encountering a strange and alien race, the outside world found an intelligent nobility, well-read in the history of ancient and mediæval times, and ready not only to sympathize with, but even to affiliate with the ideas and customs of the western world.

At first it was a marvel, until the secret became known. Under the dreadful edicts of that ancient government all European articles were committed to the flames ; all except only one class of the treasures, those precious books.

At the risk of life those books were spirited away into caves under ground, and in those caves, at the risk of life, little societies were formed to preserve the art of reading those books, and to discuss their contents. Thus the Aryan civilization, by spiritual momentum alone, overturned one of the early civilizations of the earth.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

AMONG the Aryan languages, and even among the languages of the earth, the English language stands pre-eminent and unique. It is pre-eminent as the language of Shakespeare, the highest point to which literature has attained in the world. It is pre-eminent in being the language which is dominating the commerce, the business affairs, and the diplomacy of the earth. It is the speech of the aggressive, all-mastering, man.

The English language is unique in that it is a composite language, whereas the other languages of the earth are substantially simple. Whereas

the other languages are all pre-historic, the English language has been made in comparatively recent times, in the full glare of the historic period, and, as it were, right before our face and eyes. Other languages are all the result of evolution; the English language, on the contrary, is the result of coalescence, of fusion. Other languages, as dialects, are the result of the operation of a centrifugal force; the English language, on the contrary, is the result of the principle of collection, a centripetal force.

In all that is going on in nature there seems a wise provision of Providence; nor is the matter of language-making an exception. The Aryans were dispersed from their native seats by a series of migrations of more or less magnitude. Those migrations were pushed on and on by impulse and necessity until the remotest parts of Europe were occupied in one direction, and Persia and India in the other.

The tendency to dispersion was also in each successive migration. By subdivision each migration broke apart and formed more or less modified dialects. It seems that those active people were pushed out by Providence into all latitudes, into all varieties of situation and environment, in order to gain the experience resulting from the most varied conditions.

In the fullness of time the scattered Aryans received the signal for re-assembling; and they all came trooping to England to deposit there the aggregate results of their experience in all quarters of the world. The island of Britain stood there midway of the Atlantic coast as a latent magnet ready at the appointed time to arrest all previous tendencies and call the scattered Aryans home.

No wonder then that the Englishman should be stronger than any other man; since the best blood of all flows in his veins; no wonder that he represents a higher civilization than any other; since he inherits the experiences and tendencies of them all. No wonder that his language surpasses all others in strength, in its possibilities of expression, and in the richness of its forms; since it has abserbed them all. No wonder that the English language is dominating every other speech; a consolidated army ought to be able to overpower a series of detachments taken in detail.

The north and the south of Europe have always presented very sharp contrasts. Each has been sturdy, aggressive, and successful in its way. The Greek admiration of the beautiful culminated in the glorious literature, architecture, sculpture, painting, and music of the Golden age. In all these departments the Greeks have been the delight and the despair of the moderns. That wonderful people were also distinguished by their remarkable activity of intellect. They laid the very foundations of a multitude of sciences; and they carried that multitude of sciences to a very high point of completeness.

The Romans distinguished themselves by their military conquests and by their great development of civil law. From a struggle at first for mere existence they finally became the conquerors and masters of the world. They did not produce a culture; but they absorbed what they could of the culture previously developed by the Greeks. Getting all their instruction in matters of science and culture from the Greeks their language of necessity became richly freighted with Greek terms. As they moved abroad over the earth they carried the Greek thought and Greek words with them, and finally deposited both in England. When the Roman armies over-ran Gaul, now

France and Spain, the Celtic language of those regions gave place entirely to the language of Rome, though the Celtic populatian still remained. The Romans occupied their conquered territory with garrisons, around which Roman towns were formed, and the Roman traders carried their activities to the bounds of the Roman dominion.

The language of the master prevailed where the master represented a higher civilization; and thus the Latin language spread to the ocean.

Roman conquest and Roman occupation extended also in the other direction; but the same change in language did not take place. The Roman master among the Greeks represented the lower civilizatıon of the two. As a result his speech gave way to the prevailing speech of the country, he was, as it were, himself assimilated by forces too strong for him to resist. "Grecia capta Romam captavit." After suffering continuous subjugations and suc-

THE FALLS OF THE GENESEE AT PORTAGE.

cessive conquests for over 2,000 years the speech in Athens to-day would be quite intelligible to the contemporaries of Pericles.

When Gaul lay prostrate under Cæsar's power the conquerer led his legions to the Rhine, built across that river a bridge that was a marvel of engineering for that time, moved his army across, and undertook the conquest of Germany. When Pyrrhus of Epirus was congratulated on his victory over the Romans at Tarentum he replied lugubriously that "one more such victory would be utter ruin." Cæsar met with such a furious reception from the Germans, the great tribe of the Suevi, the modern Suabians, who were destined to make their dialect the German language proper, that he thought the conquest of Germany would be too expensive an undertaking. He therefore applied a salve to his wounded pride by claiming a victory on paper, claiming a conquest that was not effected, and started away with his forces for more promising fields. Fifty years later an entire Roman army was utterly destroyed

in trying to take possession of the territory which Cæsar claimed to have conquered. The news broke the heart of Augustus; and he sank to his death bewailing: "O Varus! Varus! give me back my legions."

While campaigning on the coast Cæsar had heard of the beautiful and fertile island in mid ocean; and smarting under his failure in Germany, he undertook to conquer this island for the rapidly expanding Roman empire. He contrived to construct a fleet with which he transported his army across the channel; and even before his troops reached the shore, while they were still knee-deep in the water, the history of England began. In the note book of the great conqueror, which has been preserved to our time, and which is a text-book in every classical school, he pays a tribute to German valor; and he accounted the Belgians the bravest of all the Gauls because they were compelled to struggle almost continually with those Germans.

All the Gauls of the mainland were conquered and subjugated, and Cæsar went to England because he found it easier to fight Gauls than Germans. In going to England he had only passed from Scylla to Charybdis. He encountered a Celtic population in Britain closely resembling the Germans in point of physique and fierce courage. They fell upon his troops even in the water, and, though steadily driven back, they yet harassed the conqueror sorely. Again Cæsar thought he could not afford more than a technical victory. Instead of conquering Britain he simply claimed it, and turned his arms toward an easier prize, toward the capture of the Roman Empire itself. He dashed his horse into the Rubicon and wrested the liberties of Rome from their brave defenders at Pharsalia.

The attempts to make real the nominal conquest of Britain by Cæsar were sorely distressing tasks to the succeeding emperors. Though the Roman armies over-ran the main portion of the island, and planted their camps everywhere, as indicated to-day by all the *Casters* and *Chesters* of England, yet they never effected anything more than a purely military occupation. The garrisons were shut up within their fortifications; and the masses of the people were scarcely affected in their routine of life or in their speech by the presence of the Romans. Some of those nearest to the camp picked up a few Roman words, the names of purely Roman articles.

After a precarious occupation of four hundred years, the Romans withdrew their legions from Britain to the defense of their tottering empire; and the island lapsed back into the possession of its native Celts, speaking still their native speech. The Romans acquired great wealth from the plunder of conquered nations. This wealth afforded the means of self-indulgence. Luxury and vice spread abroad, sapping the vigor of the people and leaving them an easy prey to the uncorrupted races of the north. Goths, Vandals, and Huns in succession broke into the decayed empire, making sad havoc with its civilization but laying the foundations of the modern nations on its ruins.

By keeping out the Romans the Germans kept out Roman luxury and demoralization. Cæsar found a Watch on the Rhine two thousand years before Louis Napoleon heard "Die Wacht am Rhein" and reeled back to his ruin at Sedan.

The cultured historian Tacitus made a special study of the interesting race that could hurl back the power of imperial Rome. He was impressed with their massive frames and great strength, with their fair complexion, blue eyes,

and flaxen hair. He was impressed with the chastity and temperance of their lives, with their love of home, and with their sense of personal independence. They were ideal fathers, sons, brothers, uncles. Their affections were intense; with them blood went a long way. The adage "An Englishman's house is his castle" had its origin among those large-limbed, great-hearted, home-loving men of the German forests. And to them wife, mother, sister were endearing terms. They were warriors, terrific in battle; and they were engaged in incessant warfare. But they never fought to extend some hero's fame or power; they ever fought simply and solely in defense of their firesides and their kindred. The Providence of God seemed to have preserved those glorious men uncontaminated in their forest homes to be the makers of a greater history when the old Roman vigor was exhausted.

A STRETCH OF FAIRY LAND.

Scarcely had the Romans evacuated Britain when the northern Germans, (the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes) began to pour in. The Celts resisted the Germans with the same furious and uncompromising valor with which they had met the legions of Cæsar and his successors. But Celtic valor fell steadily back before a greater race than the Romans; and after two hundred years of unremitting struggle the remnants of the brave Celts found a secure retreat behind the Scottish mountains and within the fastnesses of Wales. The northern Germans moved into England. Others of the stalwart, fair-haired, blue-eyed home-lovers swept into France, and still others into Italy, very much to the disturbance of the language of those regions; but very much to their political and moral gain. They came among an effete population like th demi-gods of old; they came teeming with all kinds of energy; and they

have been the very motive force of the later history in those regions. The very name of Gaul was changed to France, or the land of the German Franks, the "Free Warriors" who knew no man's authority and obeyed no dictates but those of their own sweet will. While they held the countries which they conquered and acted as a wholesome leaven on the mass, yet their language was almost utterly swallowed up in the language of the greater members and of the higher civilization.

Not so in England; for there the Celtic masses would not accept a foreign master. They resisted to the death, and vanished utterly before the invader's advancing lines. For six hundred years the language of England was simply German of the Anglo-Saxon variety or dialect. The Danes had crowded in meanwhile and obtained a foothold; but the Danes were only a sort of German cousins; and they looked and talked very much like the people already there. For six hundred years the Englishman spoke pure German, and his speech in certain moods is almost pure German to-day. "When I was a child I thought as a child, I spoke as a child, I acted as a child." Those great stalwart Saxons were only big boys; and it was a boy's language which they brought to England. Let the Englishman of to-day with his big body, his fair skin, his blue eyes and his sandy hair just step over to the very spot where Cæsar struck the troublesome Suevi two thousand years ago, and he will find the Suevi still there. He will see the large limbs, the blue eyes, and the flaxen hair which made such a deep impression on the ancient Romans. He will see himself as it were, though just bleached out a little. But that is not the fact; it is the other way; the Englishman has had just a little color sprinkled into him by the Norman Conquest. Let him listen to the modern Suevi; and he will not understand them; for when they parted in the long ago, both were boys. Both since have grown to man's estate; and each has possessed himself of a man's vocabulary obtained under widely different conditions. But if the English man cannot understand the German man the English boy can understand the German boy. The latter, while claiming to speak German, does actually speak very fair English. Listen to him. He has a *vater*, and a *mutter*, and a *bruder*, and a *schwester*; he has an *oncle* and a *tante*; he is acquainted with the *grüin grass* and the *rennen wasser*; he knows all about *land* and *see;* the *sonne* and the *mond*, and the *sterne* are quite as familiar to him as to the boy beyond the channel or the latter's cousin in America. The German hopeful may be silent about the Norman *beef* and *pork*, and *mutton;* but from four to seven times a day he is clamorous for *brod* and *butter* and *caffee*, and *thee*, and *zucher* and *sals* and *pfeffer*, and the *fleish* of the *schwein*, and the *ffeisch* of the *kalb*, and *fleisch* of the *huhne*. He gets *milch* from the *kuh* and puts it in his *caffee*. He can *sitzen* and *stand* and *tanz* and *sing;* you can tell him nothing about a *hand* or an *arm* or a *finger*, or a *naegel*, or a *lip*, or a *nase*, or the *haar*, or the *bard*, or the *tsin*, or the *shulter*, or the *brust*, or the *fuss*. He lives in a *haus* built of *stein*, and *briek* and *sand*. This house may be painted *weiss*, or *roth*, or *grüin*, or *blau*, or *gelb*, just as the case may be or the taste of the owner dictate. His house is *baut* on the solid *grund*. He can *geh in* and *aus* through the *thur*. He has *glass* in his *fenster* to let *in* the *licht* and the *sonneschein*, and to keep out the *wind* and the *regen*. He has a *feuer* at which to *warm* himself when he is *kald*. The *summer*, the *winter*, the *eis*, the *schuee*, the *hegel*, the *sturm*, are

all familiar matters to him. He will not know what you mean by a *coach*, or an *omnibus*, or a *coupe*, or a *carriage*, or any other ambitious *vehicle;* but his mind is thoroughly luminous with intelligence when you speak of *treiben* the *oxen* in the *wagen*. No one has a higher opinion of a *gut mann* who loves his *weib* and his *kinder* and the *land* of his *vaters*. He sees such a man lead an honored life; and in the end *schlafe* as quietly in his *grab* in the *erd* as one might rest in his *bett* at *nacht*.

Our German knows nothing of Latin *volumes* nor of Greek *tomes*; but he is thoroughly acquainted with the good old *buchs*, the modern representatives of the *beach* boards of the ancient and unlettered Germans.

But let our observant Englishman retrace his steps across the Rhine, and everything is changed. He sees a smaller race with darker skin and darker eyes and hair. He may not at first glance realize that he has struck the field of color that has changed his own flaxen hair to a warmer brown. But it is nevertheless true; from the fields of sunny France and Italy he gets the tinge that distinguishes him from his unmixed brethren beyond the Rhine and the Alps. He finds in this Southland that he cannot understand the children. An unreflecting Englishman once remarked as a matter of great surprise, that in France even the little children could speak French. No, he cannot understand the children. It was not French childhood that secured a lodgement in Britain; it was only the ripest of French manhood that resisted the assimilating influences of Saxon childhood and youth. There was nothing but childhood and glorious youth among the Saxons; the mature manhood of England was of necessity Norman French after the great conquest; or, in other words, it was Greek-mixed Latin, somewhat spoiled by the inroads of illiterate barbarians. It is true that our wandering Briton cannot understand the children of the South; but he can understand the men. The very first one he meets wants to hold a *parley* with him. *Parley vous Francaise, Monsieur?* He will want to take the stranger into the *parloir*, and perhaps talk to him of the doings of *Parlement*. Now let our Englishman rise out of the commonplace and be at his best estate, and there is not a man from Cape Finisterre to Otranto, from the Atlantic Ocean to Sicily, who will not understand him. He need not now tell what he *thinks;* for they will not understand him; but he may still *express* his *convictions* to very *intelligent* ears. He will need no interpreter to make known to them what he means by *cultivating science, literature* and *art. Libraries, pictures, statuary, schools, colleges, universities, museums, mansions, structures, edifices, palaces, castles, villas,* and other *residences* are very familiar terms to the Southern understanding. While our Englishman may not now *talk* of the *work* of the farm, he may yet *discuss* the *processes* and *products* of *agriculture, manufacturing*, and every other *industry*. While our Englishman will not find the Southerners literally *worshipping God*, yet he will find them *venerating* the *Deity*, and *offering sacrifices* and *supplication* at his *sacred altars*. He does not need to leave the South in order to find people who understand what is meant by *religion, virtue, integrity, honor, fortitude, courage, patience*, He will encounter on every hand people who *observe, discriminate* and *commend* every *robust trait*, every *scholastic attainment*, every *elegant accomplishment*, and every *exquisite production*. It is true that our traveling Englishman finds nothing in common between himself and the rabble of Paris or the lazaroni of Naples; but he will be delighted to find that he

has ten thousand points of contact with the Southern gentleman. And when he sees that Southern gentleman he will not regret to know that he has coursing through his veins a little of "all the blood of all the Howards." It took every god of Olympus to endow the beautiful Pandora with all her rare perfections; it took every nation of Europe, and to some extent every nation on the globe, to supply the qualities and speech of an Englishman.

But, when at last the Englishman ceased to draw to himself the best blood of the world he moved to a new field, where all his magnetic qualities have been revived and intensified. The Englishman came to America and planted here his blood, his speech, his religion, his industry, his bravery, his home, and his laws. In this new situation he is again a powerful magnet, and people come rushing from every quarter of the earth to cast in their fortunes with him. The poet laureate could sing of the English in England: "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we." The American can sing all of that with perfect

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

truthfulness in the glorious language of his inheritance. But he can say that he is getting a double portion of everything that has made England great. Again the whole Aryan world is pouring its people and its resources to a common centre. Again the lines are converging from Norway to Gibraltar. But this time the focus is not in England; the point of attraction is west of the Atlantic.

If our doctrine establishes anything it is that our American man is to be the greatest type of man on the earth. It is the American Saxon who is to develop the earth, destroy despotisms, assimilate peoples, and promote the Millennium.

Compared with other nations, we are in our infancy, at the very dawn of

our career; yet, even at this early day, the material and spiritual supremacy of America are securing recognition. The American flag is respected at every capital; American claims are no where defiantly ignored; American diplomacy is molding the policies of the world. Within the lives of men now living the question was contemptuously asked: "Who reads an American book?" Within a couple of years one of the most critical reviews of England, in noticing the extensive use of American literature observed that England is rapidly becoming Americanized. If these things are true now, what may we not anticipate in that wonderful future into which America with all her aggregated energies is rushing?"

The American man gets his qualities from all the sources which have contributed to the making of his speech. But the American man is at his best when he is master of that wonderful language which represents his pre-eminence among the nations. It is only by a mastery of that language that he can be enabled to do his best thinking. It is only through a mastery of that language that he can impress his strength upon others.

The American is a school-man, and has by his example set all the nations educating their children. When his schools are fully developed and at their best the favorite branch, and the one most thoroughly taught, will be the instrument of English and American greatness, the English language. In that day attention will not stop with a mere section of the language, with the strong, intelligible, and useful monosylables of the north of Europe. That rich polysyllabic section that comes from the South, freighted with every form of culture, will be thoroughly examined; and its elements will be themselves mastered and appropriated as a vital living speech.

As an Englishman cannot be studied with reference to his Saxon antecedents alone, so the English language cannot be studied solely from a Saxon point of view. Not Saxon, but "Saxon and Norman and Dane are we."

There is one principle that breaks down every difficulty in the mastery of the English speech; and that is the principle of analysis. The South-European section of the English language is the language of mature discernment and of ripe erudition. But this is true only while it remains in composite form. Resolve those combinations and you have elements as simple and primitive in their use as any of the boyish monosyllables of the north. The little principle of analysis puts every one into possession of the key whereby a mastery of the language can be obtained. Being once in possession of the primary elements which compose learned phrases one quickly rises to a comprehension of the learning expressed in those phrases. For this reason the language of the south of Europe is a thousand times more educating than the language of the north, speaking, of course, only with reference to the two great contingents of our own speech.

The mutual relations of those languages may be fairly expressed by a fairly simple figure. The German primary words and the primary Latin elements are exactly similar in their form and function; they are usually monosyllables, and they express primitive ideas. They may be made the receptacles of secondary or higher thought. As regards the Saxon elements the receptacles are unused; they are in a sense empty; while the Latin elements in their combination are full to overflowing. This figure holds true only so far as culture is concerned; for the hard facts of experience and the every-day

duties of life there never existed a language more servicable than the English Saxon. But it never was used for culture, and has no affiliations with it.

The English-speaking man rising to his best estate, to his largest view, to his richest spiritual experience, must adjust himself sympathetically and victoriously to the South-European section of his glorious mother-tongue.

"Our Father Land! and wouldst thou know
Why we should call it Father Land?
It is that Adam here below
Was made of earth by nature's hand.
And he, our father made of earth,
Hath peopled earth on every hand;
And we in memory of his birth
Do call our country Father-Land.

At first in Eden's bowers, they say,
No sound of speech had Adam caught,
But whistled like a bird all day,
And may be 'twas for want of thought.
But Nature, with resistless laws,
Made Adam soon surpass the birds;
She gave him lovely Eve because
If he'd a wife they *must have words.*

And so the native land, I hold,
By male descent is proudly mine;
The language, as the tale hath told,
Was given in the female line,
And thus we see on either hand
We name our blessings whence they spring;
We call our country Father-Land,
We call our language Mother-Tongue."

THE PIONEER'S WARDROBE.

GEORGE TOMLINSON.

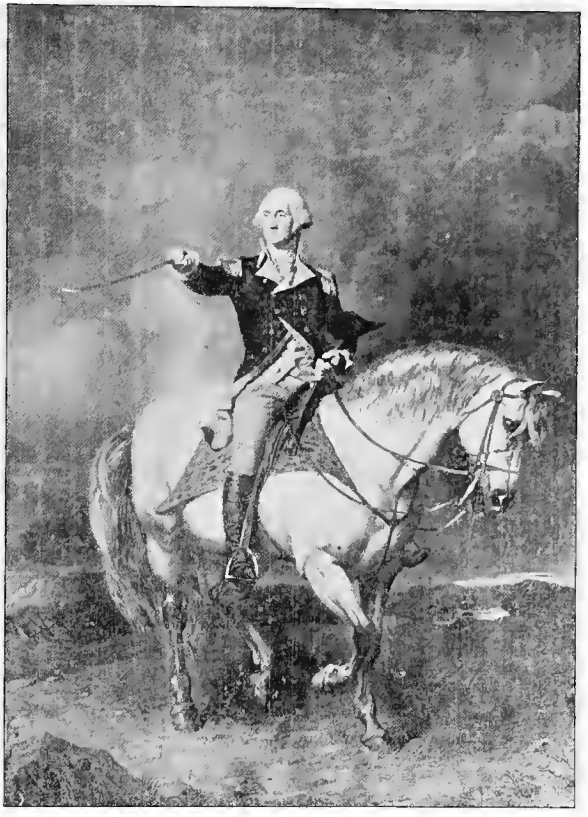
Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peels shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to heaven.

—*Samuel Rogers.*

AMONG the items in an inventory of articles composing a "setting out" of a daughter of a prominent wealthy citizen of Genesee county, was the following: "One loom with harness, reeds, shuttles, spools, swifts and warping bars; one spinning wheel and reel; one flax wheel with distaffs and flax and tow cards; one pounding barrel and pounder; two dozen candle rods." This was a duplicate of the wedding pres-

ents given each of his four daughters as their marriage outfit. It is substantially the equipment of every household, and what is more, they were not for ornament. The girls in the families were educated to their use, and when they went to housekeeping they could spin and weave both woolen and linen for flannel or full cloth for their husbands and dresses for themselves, which were frequently composed of linen and wool, which, even as I recollect them, were very elegant. Their entire wearing apparel, from stocking to bonnet,



WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

both of men and women, was home-made and made at home. It is not difficult to see how the girls and women were "employed."

Go with me into the house of a neighbor, where I went many a time during my early boyhood days, and see the rooms as I saw them then; and what we shall find was the occupation and surroundings of the early settlers of the whole country. As soon as the sheep were sheared and the rolls came home from the carding machine, spinning began. Warp for a piece of fulled cloth for men's wear was first prepared. As soon as the warp is spun and scoured the loom is started by one of the girls, another is spinning the filling, and still

another is winding the quill for the shuttle. As soon as the piece is out it is sent at once to the cloth draper's to be fulled, dyed and draped. It is a great object to get early to the mill, for so much is to be done that the late comer is delayed till winter.

I may digress here and say that many of the old ladies persisted in using the hand cards, particularly for stocking yarn. By an examination of the books of the cloth draping establishments of Caledonia, Stewarts of Jug City, Northrups near Roanoke, and Spragues of Pavilion, each of these carded ten to fifteen thousand pounds of wool into rolls and draped eight hundred to a thousand pieces of cloth each year. About half of this amount was for flannel for bedding and women's dresses. Next came a piece of woman's wear, and later for underwear and men's shirts and drawers, which was colored at home with sumac, golden-rod, peach tree leaves, beech or butternut bark, according to the fancy as to colors. Many pieces of striped or plaid flannels were made for "meeting dresses," the yarn for which was colored with native dyes. As elsewhere remarked, such was the wedding dress of my mother, carded, spun, dyed, woven and made entirely by her own hands. Stocking and mitten yarn was provided in abundant quantities. A blue dye tub was found in every kitchen fireplace corner, always a convenient seat for the children.

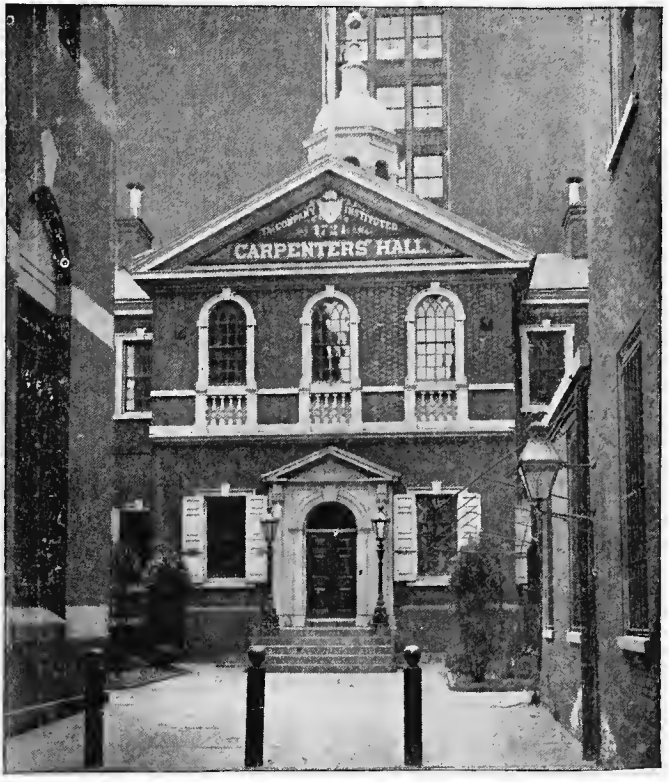
Every woman and girl had her knitting work, and all the mittens and stockings were knit at home, woolen for winter, and linen for summer. Many beautiful patterns of shell work were knit by the girls for their linen summer stockings. It was a New England tradition that each Puritan maiden should have a certain quantity of stockings, and when about to be married was asked, "have you your pillow case full of stockings?" This was a query that came with the early settlers and was seldom omitted. Should a woman chance to drop a ball from her knitting work while going visiting, the yarn would trail after her and passers by would say, "she spins more street yarn than she can reel."

Shoe-making for the family was done in the house by a cobbler, who took his lasts, bench, and all his equipments for boots and shoes for men, women and children. This was called "whipping the cat." The shoe was bound by the mother or one of the girls. A tailoress came next, and, with the assistance of the women of the household, cut and made the winter clothes for the boys and men. By this time the flax was broken and hatcheled, the little wheel set in motion, the loom again started and kept going till the needed supply of linen cloth was manufactured. Many girls went out to spin and work in the families of those who had no help of their own. Such were the employment of girls and women in the days of the mothers of the revolution, and up to the time within the memory of the writer. About this time cook stoves and washing machines came into use, greatly to the comfort of the women. Three mighty revolutionary forces were introduced, changing the industries of the country. The cotton-gin, the spinning jenny and power loom threw hundreds of women out of employment. Prosperity begot pride. "Store clothes" were in demand, home-spun and home-made were discarded; as a net result the wheel and loom went to the store room, and the girls of the country were sent in search of new employment. With what result?

DEAN RICHMOND.

W. C. WATSON.

THE tardy honors to Robert Morris, at last accorded by his much-indebted but strangely-forgetful country, have my fullest approval and my most heartfelt sympathy. I am proud that it has fallen to the lot of our little city to take the lead in rectifying the great injustice done by America to her greatest benefactor and perhaps her greatest man.



CARPENTERS' HALL—THE BIRTH-PLACE OF INDEPENDENCE.

Certainly never before did the burden of nation-making fall more fully upon one pair of shoulders; and never before was the burden more triumphantly sustained. Never before was the burden borne with greater meekness or less of self-seeking; and never before was power more readily surrendered when the need of its exercise was past. The return of Solon, Cincinnatus, and Washington to private station did not exceed in grace that of Robert Morris. Never before nor since did a man enter the public service with a more exalted

motive; never before nor since did a man exhibit greater abilities or achieve greater results in that service; never before nor since have greater sacrifices been made by an individual for the public weal; and never before nor since has a man stepped more quickly aside the moment he could be spared. Never before nor since has a man been more reticent about his public service; never before nor since has a man shown more fully his conviction that a consciousness of duty performed is its own best and sufficient reward. Viewed from every point of view the man is simply colossal. That he has disappeared from American histories is the strangest phenomenon of our first century. But if he has disappeared from American histories he has not disappeared from American history; he is there forever; and any honest gropings after fundamental causes will find him every time. The enthusiasm which gathered about our recent celebration, and which came up from all parts of the land, shows that the American people do not want to be unjust, and that they will not when they are once correctly informed. I am sure that I see in this movement the emergence of Robert Morris to his true place in American history and in the affections of the American people. And among all our great ones none can command higher admiration; none is more fitted to call forth the warmest love. He is the true protagonist of America; and I feel sure that he will be one of her most cherished idols.

But I feel that this occasion should not be permitted to pass without an appropriate recognition of another great American character. This celebration has been stimulated, perhaps brought to a successful issue, by the prestige of a great name, the name of Richmond. The names of Morris and Richmond are well met in American history. There is a remarkable parallel between the careers of the two men. Both were men of Titanic powers; both achieved extraordinary success in business; both were statesmen of the broadest outlook, and both were patriots of the most burning zeal. As Morris stood with his millions behind the war for American independence, so did Richmond stand with his millions behind the war for the preservation of the American Union. As furious as was Morris's determination to make the Revolution win, just so furious was Richmond's determination to make the war for the Union win. At his call regiments sprang up as it were from the ground; at his word the freightt were side-tracked and those regiments were rushed forward to the front to fight for the life of the nation. His patriotism burned high above all considerations of party; he turned upon the party associates of a lifetime, and gave his loyal support to a president elected from the ranks of the opposition. Who will say how far this turned the tide of civil war? A Richmond was keeping the war from becoming one of parties, an internecine struggle between factions. The Richmonds were making the rear secure; the Richmonds were nerving the arms of the Grants, the Thomases, the Logans, the Slocums, and the Farraguts. The historians of the war must do as Mr. Lincoln did, give great credit to the Richmonds.

But the mightiest Richmond of them all was Dean Richmond of Batavia. His service and his influence in that great convulsion make him a national and historical character; and they place him in the high ranks of disinterested patriots. I lived beside him all my life; I felt the intensity of his zeal; I felt the power of his mighty influence. I think he ought to be regarded as one of America's strong and national characters, as one of her truest patriots. He

had the history-making instinct, and the history-making force; and I hope to see him recognized as a historical character.

THE MEMOIRS OF ROBERT MORRIS.

I HAVE alluded to Grant's Memoirs and Cæsar's Commentaries. It will doubtless be a surprise to many to learn that the greatest actor in the Revolution left us the story of his service written with his own hand. But he left such a work. And the work is as remarkable as the man. As this unknown classic is not long, I will take the liberty of presenting it here. Like Cæsar's it was written, bit by bit, on the spot. But, unlike Cæsar's, it is not the complacent record of a series of personal triumphs. There is but one note of triumph in it; and that was for the established and assured independence of his country. There is nothing personal in it, except where the great heart glows with the grandeur of a duty yet to be performed, except where the great heart writhes under unjust and atrocious calumny, except where the great heart breaks under the accumulating avalanche of crushing misfortune.

The story begins on the eve of the signing of that dangerous Declaration of Independence. It continues consecutively throughout the mighty convulsion, written from the very core of it by him who bore it all upon his individual shoulders, and who was, as it were, forcing liberty upon an unwilling world. The story is terrible throughout. It is still terrible where it ends behind the prison bars, just as his well-loved pioneers are beginning the great history of his great Genesee country.

The first part of the story is written in fire. The virility of a strong man in the hey-day of his powers shines out through it. A strong man? Yea, it is the manifestation of nothing less than Titantic power. In every line and every word we hear the trumpet note of leadership in the world's great battle of progress. In it is the last note of sacrifice. While his enthusiasm is grand his indignation is sublime. He strikes before and behind. He strikes for his cause, and he strikes for his reputation. He strikes even with double fury for his reputation; for that is his main reliance in the winning of his cause. It is Samson guarding his locks with all the Phillistines before him. Oh! it was grand! And it is grandly told! Words are only too feeble to comment upon this remarkable spontaneous contribution to the world's literature. The hero has spoken in words of fire. It is Jove hurling his lightnings to blast his enemies. We are swept onward as on a mighty flood. The greatness of the cause and the greatness of the man fill us with uncontrollable awe. They make us feel that we are witnessing nothing less than the deeds of an instrument of Divine Providence working in the affairs of suffering mankind.

Nor is this last thought dispelled when we reach the awful close. The latter part of the story is written in blood. It is the note of anguish chastened by reverent submission. As it is greater to be a saint than a hero; as it is greater to endure than to do; so the appalling close of this wonderful Memoir is nothing less than the apotheosis of the Titanic hero who was just before raging in his strength across the field of the epochal conflict of the world.

He did not know that he was writing his own history for a people who would forget his great services. He did not know that he was building to himself a material monument that would lift his name above the waters of oblivion after a hundred years of neglect. But his solid and enduring monument stands on the bank of the Tonawanda in the Genesee country; and I will now present his Memoirs.

"It is the duty of every individual to act his part in whatever station his country may call him to in times of difficulty, danger and distress."

"The individual who declines the service of his country because its councils are not conformable to his ideas makes but a bad subject. A good one will follow if he cannot lead."

THE COLONNADE.
(*From "Glimpses of the World's Fair."*)

"You may be sure I have my full share of trouble on this occasion; but having got my family and books removed to a place of safety, my mind is more at ease, and my time is now given up to the public, although I have many thousand pounds' worth of effects here, without any prospects of saving them."

"Should time be lost in tedious negotiations and succours be withheld, America must sue for peace from her oppressors."

"Our people knew not the hardships and calamities of war when they so boldly dared Britain to arms. Every man was then a bold patriot, felt himself equal to the contest, and seemed to wish for an opportunity of evincing

his prowess. But now when we are fairly engaged, when death and ruin stare us in the face, and when nothing but the most intrepid courage can rescue us from contempt and disgrace, sorry am I to say it, many of these who were foremost in noise shrink coward-like from the danger, and are begging pardon without striking a blow."

"Nothing but the most arduous and virtuous conduct in the leaders, seconded by a spirited behaviour in the army, and a patient endurance of hardships by the people in general, can long support the contest."

"No treason either has operated or can operate so great injury to America as must follow from a loss of reputation."

"After serving my country in various public stations for upwards of four years, my routine in Congress was finished, and no sooner was I out than envious and malicious men began to attack my character. But my services were so universally known, and my integrity so clearly proved, I have, thank God, been able to look down with contempt on those that have endeavored to injure me; and, what is more, I can face the world with that consciousness which rectitude of conduct gives to those who pursue it invariably."

"The various scenes of distress and the extreme difficulties which presented themselves to my view at that time were sufficient to have deterred any man from the acceptance of such an appointment. But, however unequal to the station, the attempt was indispensable,"

"This appointment was unsought, unsolicited, and dangerous to accept, as it was evidently contrary to my private interests, and if accepted, must deprive me of those enjoyments, social and domestic, which my time of life required, and to which my circumstances entitled me; and a vigorous execution of the duties must inevitably expose me to the resentment of disappointed and designing men, and to the calumny and detraction of the envious and malicious."

"A full conviction of the necessity that some person should commence the work of reformation in our public affairs, by an attempt to introduce system and economy, and the persuasion that a refusal on my part would probably deter others from attempting this work, so absolutely necessary to the safety of our country."

"Putting myself out of the question, the sole motive is the public good; and this motive, I confess, comes home to my feelings. The contest we are engaged in appeared to me, in the first instance, just and necessary; therefore I took an active part in it. As it became dangerous, I thought it the more glorious, and was stimulated to the greatest exertions in my power when the affairs of America were at the worst."

"I cannot on any consideration consent to violate engagements or depart from those principles of honor which it is my pride to be governed by."

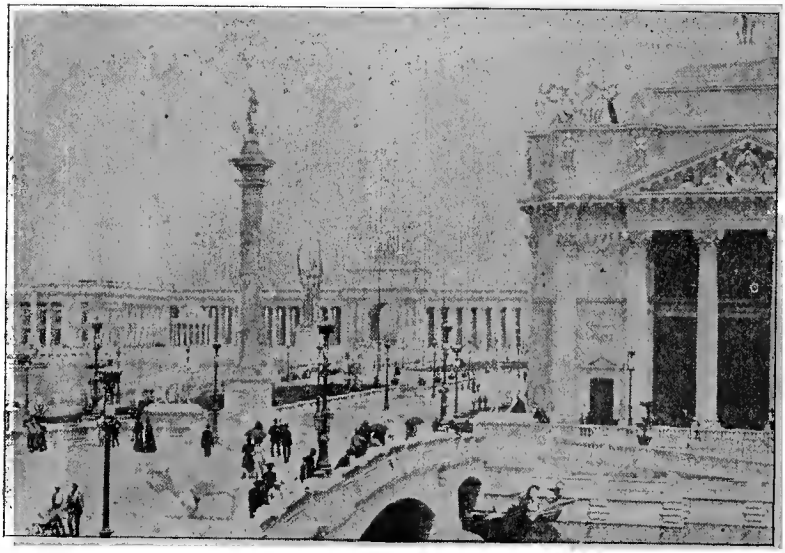
"My necesaary commercial connections, might, if the business were transacted by myself, give rise to illiberal reflections, equally painful to me and injurious to the public. This reason alone would deserve great attention; but further, I expect that my whole time, study, and attention will be necessarily devoted to the various business of my department."

"If from any other cause I am forced to commit a breach of faith, or even to incur the appearance of it, from that moment my utility ceases."

"In accepting the office bestowed on me, I sacrifice much of my interest, my ease, my domestic enjoyments, and internal tranquility. If I know my own heart, I make these sacrifices with a disinterested view to the service of my country."

"I am ready to go still farther, and the United States may command everything I have except my integrity, and the loss of that would effectually disable me from serving them more."

"I must again repeat my serious conviction that the least breach of faith must ruin us forever."



FAREWELL TO THE COURT OF HONOR.
(*From "Glimpses of the World's Fair."*)

"I am very confident, when they shall see exertions on the one hand and economy on the other, they will be willing to assist us all they consistently can."

"Many who see the right road and approve it continue to follow the wrong road, because it leads to popularity. The love of popularity is our endemial disease, and can only be checked by a change of seasons."

"For your reimbursement you may either take me as a public or private man, for I pledge myself to repay you with hard money wholly if required, or in part hard and part paper, if you so transact the business. In short, I promise, and you may rely that no consideration whatever shall induce me to make a promise that I do not see my capability to perform, that I will enab' you to fulfill your engagements for this supply of flour."